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Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME 2 JULY, 1924 NUMBER 12

Beginning—"The Fisherman"—By ZANE GREY

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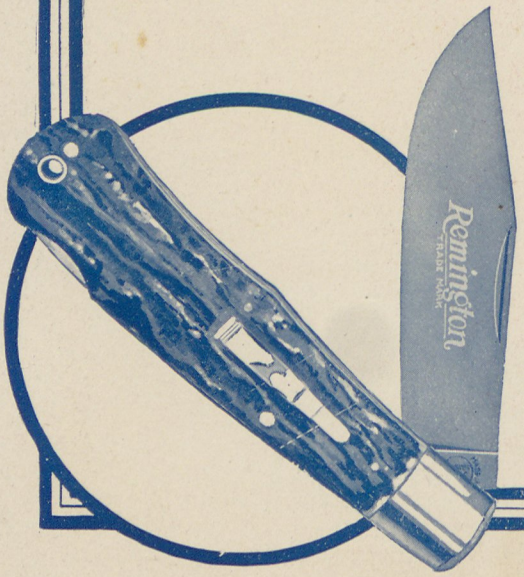

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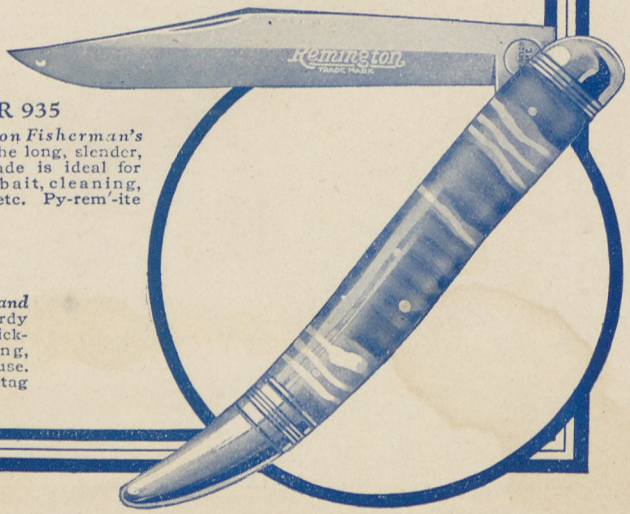

R 935

Remington Fisherman's Knife. The long, slender, sharp blade is ideal for cutting bait, cleaning, scaling, etc. Py-rem'-ite handle.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though but twenty eight months old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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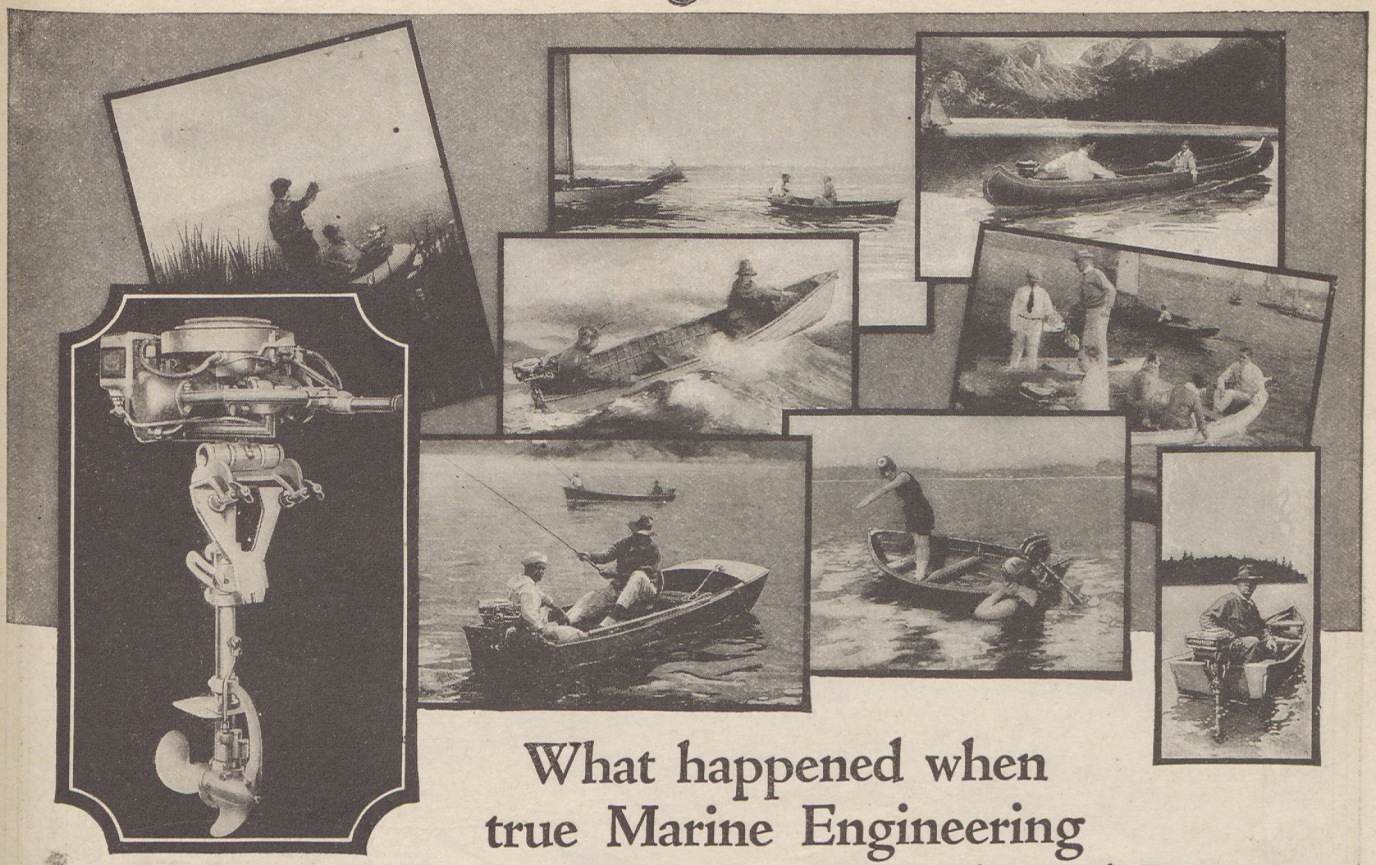

What happened when true Marine Engineering Principles were applied to the Outboard Motor

WHEN the outboard motor idea was new, people were so taken with the thought of putting a motor on a rowboat and giving their arms a rest that they didn't look much into the motors themselves.

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• • •

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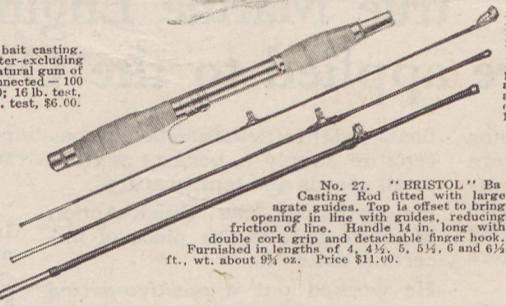

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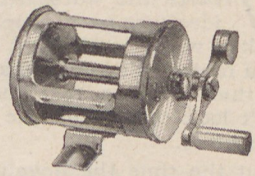

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Outdoor America

OWNED AND PUBLISHED BY THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

The Fisherman

by ZANE GREY

Illustrated by Frank Stick

THE entire English speaking world is familiar with the name of Zane Grey, who is writing The Fisherman, which will run intermittently over a period of several years in Outdoor America. The story will be The Compleat Angler of America told as the life story of an American. A story of childhood and youth, of manhood and maturity, of mellowing age! In this story Zane Grey will give the world the meaning of the joy, the beauty, the thrill, the religion, the philosophy and the soul of angling.

THE EDITOR

LORRY DUNN'S mother complained to her neighbors that the boy was older than his years and growing very precocious. His fourth birthday happened in June; and around that time Lorry developed a propensity to run off and hide in the willows along Joe's Run and divest himself of all his clothing. He loved to be alone. Then, too, the amazing discovery was made that he was actually fond of water, if he could wade and dabble in it. But Lorry had a most strenuous objection to water in connection with soap and wash rag.

At length Mrs. Dunn resorted to an expedient common to all mothers of little boys living on the Terrace.

"Lorry," she began severely, "Joe's Run is a bad place. Old Muddy Miser goes there, and he'll catch you if you don't watch out."

The name interested Lorry. He had heard it somewhere, in a connection that was fascinating and fearful. But he had forgotten.

"Who's old Muddy Miser?" he asked.

"He's a fisherman," replied his mother, with great force, "a lazy good-for-nothing fisherman who lives at Dillon's Falls."

"What's a fisherman?" queried Lorry curiously.

The good woman perceived that here was an instance of Lorry's awakening intelligence and an opportunity to stamp upon it an image of the general unworthiness Lorry's father attached to all fishermen. Personally she had never seen anything harmful in fishing, except that it encouraged an idle disposition and a habit of sitting in the sun.

"Lorry, a fisherman is a lazy bad boy grown up," she said, cudgeling her brains for apt expression to impress this youngster. "He never helps his mother. He is dirty and disobedient. He plays hookey and won't work. Then when he gets to be a man all he does is trudge off to Joe's Run or Licking Creek, with a long fishing pole over his shoulder. He stays away all day and is never home for supper. Folks say a fisherman always carries a bottle with him. You've seen a drunken man. That's what the bottle does."

"Uncle Jake Price gets drunk," replied Lorry. "But he never has a fissin' pole. . . . Mama, what's fissin'?"

"Well, Lorry, it's a terrible waste of time," replied Mrs. Dunn, feeling that in the way of sincerity the matter was getting beyond her. But Lorry's hazel eyes were hard to resist. "You go way off to the brook in the woods or farther to the river. You have a long pole with a line tied to it, and a hook on the end of the line. You stick a worm on the hook and throw it in the water. Then you sit there holding the pole for ever so long."

"Mama, what happens when you do that?" queried Lorry, intensely, and he clasped his mother's knees.

"Why, sonny, if you're lucky you catch a fish," she said, wondering what made him so much more curious than usual.

"What's lucky?" he flashed up at her.

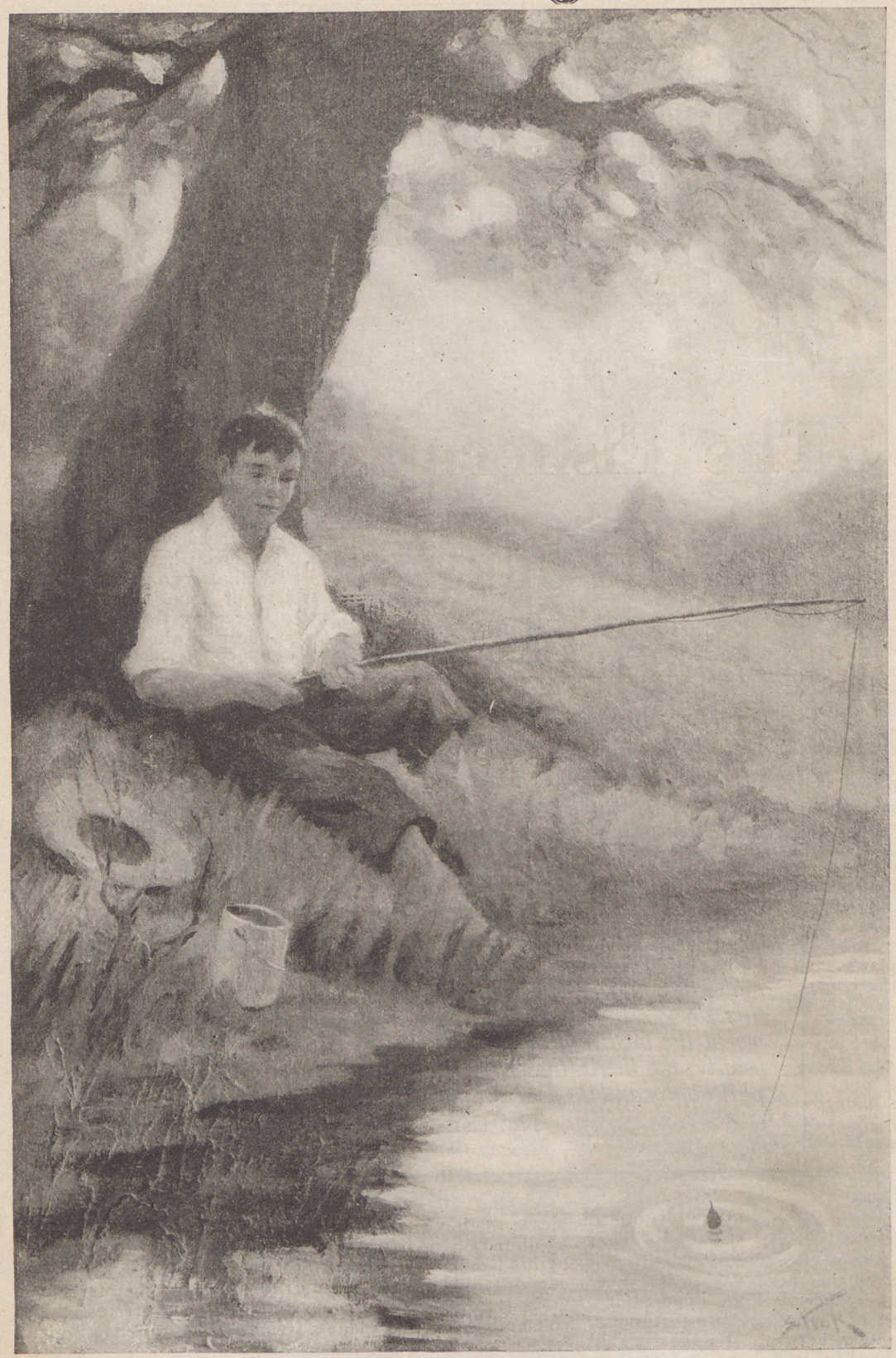
It turned out that Mrs. Dunn's limited knowledge of fish and fishing was greatly inadequate for the occasion. She feared that she had not at all given the unfavorable impression she knew would please the boy's father. On this particular subject Lorry exhibited an unabatable curiosity. He amazed her, too, by his babbling about the fish he had seen the rivermen carrying on a string, and on the shelves at the market.

"But, Mama, they were all dead," he averred, with solemnity, as if that made a tremendous difference, which he felt but could not understand.

It was on a stage ride to Brownsville that Lorry saw his first real live fish. His mother was taking him to visit an aunt who lived in the country. Lorry had the joy of sitting beside the stage driver on the front seat. At the foot of a long hill the driver halted the horses. The July day was hot and the road furnished little shade.

A tiny stream of water came down the hillside, along the road, in some places making little pools. It so happened that Lorry from his high perch looked down into a clear pool directly beneath him. What he saw transfixed him with strange rapture. Against the sunlit amber depths of the little pool shone a wondrous fish

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.



"sustained by an unfaltering trust that sometime he would capture a big one."

creature that came to the surface and snapped up a bug. It flashed silver and rose. It had a green back covered with many black specks.

"Oh, what's that?" gasped Lorry, clutching the driver, and pointing down with quivering hand.

The good-natured man leaned over to direct his gaze at the place indicated.

"That's a chub," he replied. "Boy, you've sharp eyes."

"Chub!" exclaimed Lorry, under his breath. "Could I catch him?"

"Reckon so, if we had time. All you'd need would be a stick, a piece of cord, a bent pin, an' a grasshopper. But we must be climbin' the hill."

Lorry leaned far back to hold the last glimpse of his first fish, and as the stage started he saw the chub dart into the shadow of the bank. He felt his rapture fade to a sickening sense of loss. No bird, no animal, no toy had ever roused the yearning so suddenly born for this shiny speckled little fish. Before the stage climbed to the summit of that long hill Lorry was a changed boy. The vagueness of childish dreams expanded into wonderful enchantments. The horses, the ride, the stage driver no longer excited his attention. He peered into the woods along the road, through the beech and oak trees, and on into the green obscurity with dreamy eyes haunted by a tiny brook.

Not long afterwards a second unforgettable event came to mark the tranquil course of Lorry's childhood. One day there was great excitement at his home on the Terrace and he was taken to play at Madden's Hill, a place of glamour consecrated to the elder boys. Upon his return he was told that he had a baby brother. At first Lorry was not thrilled, but he was curious. They let him see his mother and the queer little red-haired thing they said was the baby brother. Lorry felt concerned about his mother, she was so white and strange. But her smile seemed beautiful Something swelled his heart.

"Lorry," his mother whispered, "you'll have a playmate now. His name is Homer."

"I'm glad it's no girl," he said, suddenly awakening to a new aspect of the case. Then he dared to peer closer at the wrinkled little mite his mother called Homer. A sense of ownership gathered round that strange deep oppression in his breast. Brother! The word lingered with him, long after they took him away. Soon he could

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

have this brother to sleep with him in the dark room that for Lorry was always full of shadows of ghosts. Lorry had fear of the black night and that fear increased with him as the years passed. The terror of night and cold grew with Lorry's imagination.

Soon after Homer came Lorry started to school in the old Eighth Ward schoolhouse, a square brick structure about which his elder brother Cedric told such wonderful stories. But nothing happened as Lorry imagined it would happen. He guessed he did not like school very well. The boys of the Eighth Ward did not think much of the Terrace boys. There was a class hatred as old as Hainsville. Lorry felt it without understanding what it was all about, and was most eager to let these boys know it did not matter to him. His overtures, however, were rewarded by a buffet on the nose—which outstanding event of his early school days checked his predisposition for the companionship of Eighth Ward boys.

While Lorry packed his books down the winding path over the hill and across the park, through snow and grass and autumn leaves, the years sped by apace. Homer attained the remarkable age of four. He was a chubby little rascal, round-faced and freckled, with red hair and large ears. He was so fat he could not climb halfway to the first branch of the maple tree in the yard. His many efforts, however, were commendable and encouraged Lorry to hopes.

Lorry had lived through ages waiting for the long vacations, and that one of his tenth year seemed never to come. The more he went to school the lengthier grew the days! Aside from the allurement of the longed-for vacation there was a promise from his father to take them a whole day to Dillon's Falls. That name held magic music for Lorry's ears. He did not know why. It was associated only with vague dreams, and stories he could not recall. He had never been there.

At last the great day dawned. Lorry had not slept much. He was wild for this adventure and bewildered Homer with his ravings. It was to be a picnic day. All the Dunns were going, and had invited a neighbor family, the Lindens, who, numerous as they were, had no member quite so young and small as Homer.

Armed with baskets of good things to eat, and fishing poles and sunshades, they set out to walk the three miles to Dillon's Falls. The July day, beautiful and rich with its golden light, was yet warm. The green woods looked so inviting that Lorry did not wonder at Homer for wanting to stop there. Beyond the woods the road wound down a hill to meadowland, where larks and swamp blackbirds were singing, and a wandering line of willows marked the course of Joe's Run.

Lorry tarried on the wooden bridge that spanned the little stream and he peered down into the green water as it swirled under the drooping willows, and glided on to a shallow place, to ripple and rush and murmur over yellow rocks. The color, the movement, the mystery charmed the lad, and seemed to find something calling in his soul. He longed to stay there, to wade in the water, to linger under an enormous elm tree that spread cool shade over grassy bank and dark pool. But he had been given the task of looking after his little brother, and remembering this he hurried on to catch up.

The road was dusty, the distance long, the sun hot. They passed the county poor house, and Lorry's father, a tall man with large nose and piercing eyes, teased Lorry by remarking if he did not do better in school he might end up there. Beyond this point there were shade trees, maples and walnuts, bordering the road, affording a most welcome change. Then they passed a little red schoolhouse set back in a grove, and Lorry thought he would much rather go there than to the prison-like Eighth Ward schoolhouse.

A little while after passing this place the discovery was made that Homer was missing. Lorry espied him sitting back along the roadside. It turned out that Homer was so tired he did not want to go any farther. Lorry persuaded and scolded in vain. Then he resorted to a means he well remembered.

"Old Muddy Miser will catch you if you don't watch out."

This admonition was effective. Homer had heard of this old demon of the river and he found strength to continue the journey, not, however, without holding Lorry's hand.

They fell behind the rest of the picnic party, and together turned down the dusty road and entered the covered bridge that crossed Licking River. The boards on the floor were loose; they rattled, and bumped up, threatening to stub the boys' bare toes. Here and there were holes in the wall; and finally, they came to a place where a board had been broken out. Lorry heard running water. Still holding to his little brother Lorry peeped out. He saw green rushing water, clear over gravel bars, and huge gray rocks, and beautiful white-barked sycamore trees, and then a long lane of river broken by rifts and low falls and foamy rapids.

"Oh, Homer! Look! it's Dillon's Falls," cried Lorry.

That Homer looked long and had to be dragged away from the aperture argued well for Lorry's enthusiasm. They crossed the rattling bridge, out into the sunlight again, and ran the rest of the way down under shady elms and sycamores to where their father waited for them.

"Boys, this is Big Rock," he said, indicating the huge bank of gray stone that overhung the river. "Many a time I fished here with my Dad, when I was little."

"What'd you ketch?" queried Lorry, his eyes sparkling.

"Bass, catfish, and red-horse suckers—sometimes half a wagonload," replied his father.

Thus began for Lorry and Homer the dawn of enchantment by running waters. They fished for hours with a hope and patience worthy of better fortune. Perhaps it was an augury of their future in that nothing was to come easy. Homer sat beside his brother and waited with a most marvelous optimism. But no fish took their wormy lures. They were called, presently, to the picnic dinner spread on the verdant grass under the broad-leaved sycamores. It was a joyous occasion. Lorry did not realize it then, but that family group was limned on his memory forever. His father, with pale lined face for once bright with pleasure; his mother, with her soft dove eyes and gentle smile; Cedric and Gertrude, auburn-haired and handsome, bantering as usual after the manner of brothers and sisters; and last little Homer, with his round and freckled face, his shock of red hair, his chubby bare legs all scratched and muddy,—there they sat eating and laughing, carefree for that day, under the magic spell of summer time at Dillon's Falls. Orioles and cardinals sang in the trees; swallows darted over the green water; song sparrows made sweet music in the willows. Then dominating all was the low roar of the the falls. The sound entered Lorry's soul to dwell there always. This first visit to Dillon's Falls was like a dream come true.

In the afternoon the boys' father took them down off the high bank, into the willows that lined the stream. Here he showed them huge balls of water snakes wrapped and tangled round low branches, their squirming fat brown bodies woven together, and innumerable heads and tails sticking out. Homer was frightened, but Lorry threw stones at the writhing balls and sent snakes gliding into the water.

From there they went on to where the water grew shallow, and waded out upon the wide rock bottom of the river. There were dry ledges and shelves of rock that led far out toward where the rushing white channels roared. A long low fall of water, pouring over a four foot drop into a foamy green stretch, held unaccountable fascination for Lorry. At the edges of the dry places there were deep smooth holes worn in the rock, full of clear water, and peopled by tadpoles and crawfish and tiny minnows. At once these aquariums claimed Homer, and manifestly he was more bent upon capture than an unconscious study of natural history. When he muddied one hole he passed on to another. Lorry was hard put to it to keep a dutiful eye upon Homer while at the same time he bestowed a thrilling attention on the fishing pole Cedric had lent him. It was a real bamboo pole and Lorry felt proud to hold it. But there did not appear to be any fish and there was every indication that Homer would come to disaster. Despite this, however, Lorry forgot about him until electrified by a yell from his

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

father, who had retired to a shaded spot on the bank.

Homer was sliding down one of the slippery slants of rock into water that eventually grew deep. Lorry dropped the pole and bounded to Homer's assistance. But when he landed on the shiny declivity his feet flew up and he slid on his back into the water, so that he was much in need of rescue himself. Lorry got to his feet and clasped Homer. But it was impossible to climb up the slippery slant; indeed, they slid slowly deeper and deeper, and when their father reached them with a long stick the water had come up to Homer's chin.

They were pulled out, none the worse for the experience, and the hot sun soon dried their clothes. Lorry returned to his fishing pole and Homer hunted for more holes in the rocks. Their father remained close by.

Suddenly a most astonishing thing happened to Lorry. There came a sharp tug on his line. He jerked it up, over his head. Nothing else happened, except Lorry discovered the worm was gone from his hook.

"You had a bite," said his father.

"Was that—a fish?" gasped Lorry.

The smiling reply completed the realization of what was the second great fish event in Lorry's life. Never had he forgotten the first. Lorry was almost confounded. His fingers trembled so he could scarcely stick another worm on the hook. Awed, breathless, with beating heart he dropped the bait back into the green swirling water. What unknown treasure hid behind his piercing gaze. Long Lorry quivered there, waiting for a second bite. It never came.

Presently Lorry was amazed to see a strange figure of a man standing way out where the water poured over the long fall. He stood up to his bare knees in the current that foamed round his legs. He was an old man, gaunt and bowed, and he pointed a long straight fishing pole out over the swift water. Lorry saw that his clothes were ragged and that his gray hair protruded from a hole in his slouch hat.

"Pa, who is he?" asked Lorry, in great perturbation.

"Well, I declare," replied his father. "That's Muddy Miser, the old fisherman."

Before he asked the question Lorry had sustained a shock of memory of his mother's warnings years ago when he was wont to run naked in the willow brakes. Fearfully he gazed now. Muddy Miser had been a terrible mystifying unreality to his childhood. But standing out there in the flesh, holding a long pole, he seemed different. Lorry forgot his own fishing to watch the old man. He stood motionless, intent on the line that slanted into the water. Lorry could have watched for hours.

"Come, boys, we must go," said the father, at last; and so Lorry was rudely torn from his thrall.

The day had flown on the wings of uttermost joy. It was over, but for Lorry something indefinable and exquisite had just begun. On the start back, as he crossed the rattling-boarded covered bridge, he tarried to take a last look through the hole. How clear and swift the water ran! The roar of the falls filled his ears. He saw the solitary figure of the old fisherman standing like a statue, silhouetted against the white rapids. Lorry gazed long, wholly unconscious of the sensitiveness of his mind. Dillon's Falls was the most beautiful place in the world, a paradise of adventure; and somehow Muddy Miser was a part of it. Lorry wanted to ask his father more about the old fisherman, but something prompted him not to. Lorry had recognized Muddy Miser, yet he could not tell how. He carried away a vivid picture of the falls and the fisherman, a reality that sank deep into his unplumbed imagination.

Soon after that epochal day Lorry persuaded his mother to let him go to Joe's Run with boys of his own age and several older, upon which occasion he was initiated into the delights of bent-pin fishing. He made poor company for his companions, but by reason of his still rapture and unquenchable persistence he progressed mightily in the art of enticing and catching little silver-sided shiners. On the way home, so intent was he on preserving the minnows he carried in a tin can, that he did not join the boys in a wild chase of a chipmunk along the zigzag rail fence. For once the thrilling call: "Ground Jimmy!" failed of attractions for Lorry. Safely home he carried his little shining fish, to place them in a tub under the hydrant, and to share the wonder of them with his brother.

The waterways through the woods took possession of Lorry, and best beloved of all was Joe's Run. Homer was denied the fun of these explorations, because in the opinion of Lorry's boy friends he was not able to keep up with them. Lorry admitted it, yet that would not have made any difference to him. Homer's anguish at being left behind was not an easy thing to bear. But Lorry went and learned the inexhaustible charm of Joe's Run, and its unending possibilities for new and strange little fish.

This country brook meandered through open pasture land, through rustling cornfields, and between high hills heavily timbered with oak, hickory, chestnut, elm and beech. The meadows blazed with the gold of dandelions and the red and white of fragrant clover. Here the water flowed murmuringly over clean pebbly bars and there ran deep and dark under a grassy bank. There were sylvan sunny glades in butternut groves, where the water lost its shade of green for gold; and willow thickets where the leaves dropped in the current and catbirds called all day long.

Lorry's early career as a fisherboy had the virtue of being unspoiled by too much good luck. His beginning was ambitious, but far from spectacular. He had to labor for the little sunfish and chubs and bullheads that he caught, always spurred on and sustained by an unfaltering trust that sometime he would capture a big one. Once he came near it and that was the tragic fishing catastrophe of his boyhood.

He was alone, having forged ahead of his comrades. Coming to a shady dell where the water flowed dark under a shelving rock, he dropped his bait into the gentle current and watched it sink. A flash of silver and rose, deep down, strung him with keen excitement. Something heavy and slow moved off with his line. If that was a bite it was by far the mightiest he had ever experienced.

Lorry pulled up quickly. His line stopped. His reed pole bent almost double and cracked ominously, but he kept on pulling. The line described circles and cut the water with a little hiss. Then Lorry's eyes were startled by a silver and rose flash, circling, coming up, clearer, sharper. Frantically he pulled. The water splashed with a solid thump. He was lifting an enormous chub, rose and fat and speckled, beautiful as the chub of his dreams. He could scarcely lift it high enough to swing in above the rock. Then it wiggled and slipped off the pin-hook to flop back into the pool and vanish.

Lorry stared into the shadowy depths, unable to grasp the horror of his misfortune. It could not be true. At length he realized not only the sight of this glorious chub but also that he had almost had it in his hands only to lose it. Then his heart broke. He sat there in the solitude, a victim of exceeding grief. He could only measure his yearning for that fish by the absolutely new pang he suffered. His sorrow was too deep for tears. There was no alleviation, no recompense, no hope. All the other fish in the world could not compare to this huge chub, with his gaping mouth, his rainbow hue, his broad tail, his all that seemed the sum of the beauty and life of Joe's Run.

The August afternoon was drowsy and languorous. Only a faint breeze stirred. A snipe twittered and a rain-crow called his melancholy notes that were supposed to presage storm. Low and far away rumbled thunder. The dreamy hum of insects filled the air, and a locust suddenly pierced the stillness with its song of waning summer. The water flowed on under Lorry, swirling and eddying, to send back its soft music from the thickets and drift-wood below.

As Lorry sat there alone at last a strange thing seemed to happen to him. The solitude and loneliness, with gentle sounds in his ears, the drowsy spell of hot summer, the fragrance of the leafy dell, the movement of the water and the presence of living creatures—all these gradually grew upon Lorry, encompassing him, forcing upon him something vague and sweet, stealing with the sensations

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

"Flushed with victory the boys hurried home, arriving before supper time."

he could not help into his mind and heart. At last out of his poignant boyish disappointment, there formed the nucleus of a growing idea—all this that he saw and felt around him, scented in the summer heat and heard on the drowsy air, was an indestructible possession, his alone, a secret of recompense for any loss.

Sometimes they were built at a bend in the stream,

(Continued on page 42)

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

Portrait sketches of some of the prominent sportsmen and conservationists who attended the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation at Washington

Sketches made from life by Everett E. Lowry

Dr. Frank M. Chapman
American Museum of Nat. History
New York City
Dr. Henry Van Dyke
(The only man who ever has fly fished on the River Jordan and the Sea of Galilee)
David D. Walker, St. Louis, Mo.
Judge John Barton Payne
President Coolidge addressing the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation
D. Mark Cummings, Chicago
George E. Scott, Chicago
Sketched from life by Lowry Washington D. C.
Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday
Will H. Dilg, National President of the Izaak Walton League of America
Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Biological Survey
C. K. Knickerbocker, Chicago
Finley Barrell, Chicago
George R. Skinner, Chicago
Wm V Kelley, Chicago

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

The Outdoor Recreation Conference

Called by President Coolidge, May 22nd, 23rd and 24th

Report written by Blanche M. Joyce

THE meeting of the outdoor recreation conference, called by President Coolidge on May 22-24, has pointed the way for a program of expansion and extension of the work of the Izaak Walton League of America. Delegates to the convention were unanimous in their belief that only through club activities can the wonderful constructive program of the conference be carried out.

THE committees of the Conference practically adopted the letter and the spirit of President Dilg's message as given at the League's National Convention, April 10th, 11th, and 12th which declared Pollution, Reforestation and Indiscriminate Drainage the three great evils confronting outdoor America and stating that these problems are national matters and must be handled by national organization.

FOR the first time in the history of the United States has a President lent his personal interest and earnest support to the calling of an outdoor recreation conference. With the President of the United States thoroughly in sympathy with the work of outdoor organizations and giving his hearty cooperation to such work, it is the duty of every one of the hundreds of Izaak Walton Chapters to get behind the job and push to the utmost its endeavors to secure a working force in every county in the union. It is only by such an extensive and intensive plan that the purpose, aims and ideals of the conference can be realized most effectively.

AT the earnest wish of President Coolidge and of every delegate, a permanent outdoor conference was created, which will meet annually. It will be made up of the President's committee on outdoor recreation, such other officials as may be designated, and delegates representing organizations interested in outdoor recreation. There will be an advisory council, of seventy members, serving for one year, with an executive committee of not more than eleven.

GEORGE E. SCOTT, one of the Izaak Walton leaders, and chairman of the executive committee of the Izaak Walton League, was chosen treasurer of the permanent conference. Other members of the executive committee are as follows: Chauncey J. Hamlin, American Association of Museums, chairman; Dr. Vernon Kellogg, National Parks Association; Dr. John C. Merriam, American Association for Advancement of Sciences, National Academy of Sciences, Save the Redwoods League; John Barton Payne, American Red Cross; Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, Girl Scouts; Charles Sheldon, Boone and Crocket Club; Mrs. John Dickinson Sherman, General Federation of Women's Clubs; George Shiras, National Geographic Society, National League of Wild Life Photographers; James E. West, national executive, Boy Scouts, and Col. Wm. M. Martin.

THIRTY delegates of the Izaak Walton League attended the conference and gave generously and effectively of their advice, gained through experience, to committees in drafting resolutions as a working basis for the permanent organization.

THE purpose of the conference was stated by President Coolidge in his opening address when he declared "I want to see all Americans have a reasonable amount of leisure. Then I want to see them educated to use such leisure for their own enjoyment and betterment, and the strengthening quality of their citizenship." "Along with the learning of a trade by which a livelihood is to be earned," he continued, "should go the learning of how to participate in the activities of recreation, by which life may not only be more enjoyable, but more rounded out and complete. The country needs instruction in order that it may better secure these results.

THE aims of the conference were likewise stated by the President. "I am hopeful," he said, "that the conference can coordinate our national resources and opportunities in a way to better stimulate every possible interest in out-of-door health-giving recreation.

"This conference can be of great aid," he continued, "by making something of an inventory of our national resources and opportunities and determining how these may best be put to this most desirable use, and further by exchanging ideas create new interests and open to view new fields."

ASSISTANT Secretary of Navy Roosevelt was executive chairman. Voicing the teachings and ideals of his illustrious father, who was the prime mover for conservation in this country, he declared:

"We are a short-sighted people. We are too prone to live in the present without regard to the future. If we do this insofar as our national resources are concerned, we will have beggared the country for our children and grandchildren."

"Our country is rapidly growing," he continued. "We must plan and act with our eyes on the future, with an imagination which pictures what conditions will be, or else our people fifty years from now will not have the out-of-doors to which we are accustomed and which is so essential to Americanism. We must work out a general national policy of mutual support and coordination among the federal, state and private endeavors, to adopt, so to speak, a set of signals for the team and assign positions. Any idea of usurping or federalizing functions now held by the state, would be wrong, and tend to defeat the ends for which we aim."

MR. ROOSEVELT then proceeded to appoint seventeen special committees, in addition to one on permanent organization and one on resolutions, to lay out definite plans for adoption concerning every phase of outdoor recreation.

THE subjects presented for discussion were numerous. They embraced the economic, scientific, educational and international, as well as the moral, physical and spiritual value of out-door recreation.

WILL H. DILG, president of the Izaak Walton League of America, made an enthusiastic plea against the pollution of streams and the indiscriminate drainage of lowlands, and for reforestation and larger appropriations to master forest fires.

"WE can have no sport in our country, with our streams polluted," he said. "At present, eighty-five per cent of our waterways are polluted, and each year the percentage grows. Pollution is not so much a matter for sportsmen as it is of decent citizenship; a question of human life." Mr. Dilg told the delegates that the problem of pollution had been solved in other countries, and that the American people can do what other countries have successfully accomplished.

"WE can have no sport in this country with our forests destroyed and no adequate means used by our states and national government to reforest waste-

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

lands and to fight forest fires," he continued. "We can have no sport in this country if we pursue the mad policy of indiscriminate drainage. During the past fifty years, we have drained an area equal to that of the five great lakes and eleven million acres more. This must inevitably mean we cannot keep up our supply of wild water fowl unless we have adequate breeding, feeding and resting grounds. Seventy-five per cent of drainage lands has robbed the waterfowl of its paradise. Indiscriminate drainage such as we have pursued means the destruction of spawning grounds of many of our warm water game fish, especially black bass."

MR. DILG believes, and he convinced the conference that the problems of pollution, reforestation and indiscriminate drainage are national, and concern the life, character and happiness of our people.

"HUNDREDS of Izaak Walton Chapters are now making a fight to awaken the American people to their danger," he declared. "We have repealed old and decadent laws and replaced them with model fish and game laws. We intend to save at least the remnants of the old America for our children and our children's children."

DR. HENRY WARD of the University of Illinois, pointed out that fifty years ago stream pollution was hardly a noticeable feature in even the most thickly settled parts, but that the increased number of manufacturing establishments, as well as their character, had undergone a marked change. Manufacturers today depend in large measure upon chemical operations, involving chemical substances which, as waste products, must be disposed of.

THESE wastes are resistant in character, Dr. Ward explained, and attach themselves to banks and bottoms of streams where they remain relatively unchanged by atmospheric influences, so that from one year to the next there is an accumulation, widening in its influence upon the stream and its life.

MANUFACTURING wastes have polluted streams, lakes, rivers and coastal waters from one shore to the other. The splendid oyster beds along the Jersey coast have been destroyed by oily waters. A thin film of oil has shut off the oxygen and killed the finer organisms and driven away the stronger. Birds floating on the water with oil soaked feathers cannot rise from the surface.

"IT is not right," Dr. Ward declared, "that the carelessness of man, his indifference and lack of consideration should have resulted in this accumulation which has destroyed life in rivers which are a part of us and a part of all the American citizenship."

THE resolution adopted by the conference on pollution and drainage, suggests the education of public opinion to bring about cooperation of all corrective influences; securing detailed information concerning extent, sources and nature of pollution; encouraging technical investigation of exact conditions and means for transforming noxious into harmless substances; securing adoption of corrective measures by national and state authorities; making careful investigation in advance of all drainage operations.

DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, director, New York Zoological Park, sounded a warning to the American public in "its frantic effort to destroy its once magnificent heritage of wild life."

"TODAY more than half of the sportsmen and hunters of America are dwelling in a fool's paradise," he declared, "contented with the present, and scornful of the future. Today the great end and aim striven for by sportsmen, hunters, game-hogs, gunmakers, cartridge-loaders, guides and boatmen, is to give the game absolutely no chance to escape the bag limit, and little chance to feed undisturbed."

TWO supreme measures are needed, Dr. Hornaday believes, for the saving of game and sport on a long-continued basis. The first and most imperative is the placing of a stop order on at least forty per cent of the annual killing, through large reductions in bag and season limits. The second is the making of thousands of small game sanctuaries.

DR. HORNADAY also believes that throughout the United States there should be a one hundred per cent increase in the cost of hunting licenses, to double the present state funds for enforcement of game laws and to increase supply of game. "The average resident hunting license fee for the whole country is $1.40, a ridiculously low figure," he said. "Men who will not pay more than that for state-wide killing privileges during three or three and one-half months should not be permitted to kill public property in game."

THE Federal hunting license bill now before Congress will yield a large annual fund for expenditure by the government on game refuges, law enforcement and public shooting grounds.

DR. HORNADAY gave high recognition to and endorsement of the work of the Izaak Walton League. "The very praiseworthy demand of the Izaak Walton League for the saving of 250,000 acres of swamp lands stretching for 300 miles along the upper Mississippi should be granted by Congress, and at once," he declared, "for that demand is sane and for the benefit of a great area for centuries to come. Unnecessary drainage of lakes and swamps to obtain land worthless for agriculture, should be prevented," he told delegates.

"FOR three hundred years, the people of this country have been slaughtering its game, and not always with the gun," Dr. Chas. C. Adams, of New York State College of Forestry, said. "They have most effectually slaughtered game with the dredging machine, axe, and plow." He believes the solution of the problem is not a question of reducing bag limits or multiplying agencies for law enforcements.

"THE future of American shooting depends upon the realization that birds cannot live in the air," he pointed out, "and that wild life must have a suitable breeding and resting area in which to increase, multiply and replenish the earth." He believes that breeding game or birds is a business proposition into which should be injected business principles. That complete control must be had over the range in which the wild fowl is going to increase, for the purpose of eliminating the poacher, seeing the range is not overcrowded as well as not understocked, by some organization, either federal, state, municipal or private, but with sufficient autocratic power to do these things.

DR. ADAMS pointed out that the great reform and protection that has been brought about in wild life has been accomplished through the efforts of the sportsmen and with the sportsmen's money.

HONORABLE W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, cited the international responsibility of Canada and the United States in the preservation of migratory birds. Canada's responsibility is the protection of migratory birds in the critical nesting season while the responsibility of the United States is reservation of water and marsh areas of suitable character and extent and thus provide the birds with proper resting ground on their migratory route and wintering grounds in the south.

MR. CORY also suggested that the United States do for the life in the out-of-doors what it did in the matter of conservation of natural resources—call an international conference in order that all nations may become interested in their sense of trusteeship, with respect to their great recreational areas.

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Delegates to the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation portrayed in pen and ink

Sketches made from life by Everett E. Lowry

F.C. Walcott— Pres. Fish + Game Commission— Connecticut
Hal G. Evarts— Outdoor writer—Sat Eve-Post
John M. Phillips, Prominent Conservationist of Pennsylvania
Prof. Henry Baldwin Ward, chairman National Commission on Pollution
Long distance Sketch of Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, chairman of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation
Hon. Chauncey J. Hamlin— American Assn. of Museums. Buffalo. N.Y.
Wm B. Mershon, Saginaw Mich.
LOWRY— Washington D.C.
Mott L. Bartlett, Com. Fish + Game, New Hampshire
Richard Lieber, Director of Conservation Indiana
Dr. Wilfred Osgood, Field Museum, Chicago
Ernest Seton— Author-Artist-Naturalist
Wm C. Adams, Director of Conservation Massachusetts.
M. J. Gauntlett Washington D.C.
Louis Radke, Horicon, Wis.
M.D. Hart Sec State Commission Fish + Game Virginia
J. Gilbert Pearson Pres. Nat. Assn. Audubon Societies
J. W. Titcomb, Supt. F.+G. comm. Connecticut
Florent Gibson Pittsburg Post

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RECOMMENDATION was made in resolutions adopted for continued preservation of game animals through propagation, refuges, public shooting grounds, prevention of destructive practices, non-sale regulations, bag limits, and licensing systems.

DR. FRANK M. CHAPMAN, of the American Museum of Natural History, presented the cause of the bird. Asking the conference to help secure for the bird that consideration from man "which science, sport and sentiment acclaim he so well deserves," Mr. Chapman said: "The stork brings us into the world and at the call of the owl we leave it. We make war beneath the aegis of the eagle and the dove bears our emblem of peace, while everyone has intimate relations with those little birds which tell us things we are not supposed to know!

"Every one is born with a bird in his heart," Mr. Chapman continued. "We all have an inherent interest in bird life which needs only to be aroused and developed and becomes a bond between us and nature."

F. GILBERT PEARSON, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, reported song birds on the increase.

THERE was much discussion on the proper administration by the federal government of its recreational areas and its scenic resources. This subject was probably the most important of the conference.

ROBERT STERLING YARD, executive secretary of the National Parks Association, recommended an immediate survey under the auspices of the government of the scenic resources of the United States. "We should canvass the facts concerning our remarkable scenic possessions, estimate and compare them, and establish just relationships between recreational and industrial values, always with a keen eye to the requirements of the future for both recreation and industry," he said. "In this way only shall we secure to this generation and to posterity the enjoyment, health, education, and mental and spiritual inspiration which are the nation's due from its heritage of wilderness.

BARRINGTON MOORE, secretary of Council on National Parks, Forests and Wild Life, proposed to divide all federally owned lands into two broad classes—lands which it is in the public interest to dispose of under existing land laws, and lands which should be retained and administered.

RECREATION areas should be divided into three main classes he said. First, areas where land will be leased for permanent camp sites; second, lands where no camp sites would be leased, but where camping facilities of an artificial nature should be had with accommodation of a water supply system, sanitary facilities with sewerage systems, and possibility of simple shelters. The rest of the lands should be left without artificial dressing up for those who like to get away from the crowds, and camp as simply as possible. Motor roads should be built into the first two classes, but not into the third, which should be accessible only by trails. Some places should be left without trails.

"IT should be the policy of the federal government to utilize to the fullest extent possible all areas of public lands, such as National Parks, National Forests, National Monuments, National Military Parks, and other public lands that are devoted to the protection and conservation of wild life," declared Joseph Pratt, of North Carolina. "There is need for the federal government to consider what areas will be needed for recreational purposes one hundred and even two hundred years from now, and to make plans to acquire and set aside sufficient lands to meet future requirements."

MR. PRATT gave some suggestions on National Park and National Forest administration. Natural beauty should be maintained, he said. Increased and improved fire protection methods should be employed. Trees within a certain radius of camping sites should be labeled with names as well as shrubs and flowering plants. The federal government should bring into National Parks and National Forests an increased number of varieties of wild life. A list of the wild life in all preserves should be posted at camp sites, with notes and comments on their habits.

"ONE of the supreme administrative needs today for the forests and parks is a broad social and economic land policy," Dr. Charles C. Adams, of Roosevelt Wild Life Forest Experiment Station, told members of the conference. "The wild life problem is both social and economic, so that it really touches all the fundamentals of forest and park land problems."

"TO promote a safe and sane citizenry, we shall, in the next thirty years, legislate more for recreation than for industry," Martin C. Brumbaugh, former governor of Pennsylvania, predicted. "We shall do this because the physical fitness and moral strength of our people require it. The right use of leisure is as vital to good citizenship as is the right use of toil. Any one who does not cordially support all forms of wholesome recreation," he said, "who does not lend his efforts to its universal availability, is an enemy of the Republic."

RECOMMENDATIONS for Federal Land Policy adopted by the conference are as follows:

PARKS must be protected completely from all economic use; their scenic qualities should represent features of national importance; administration should be as uniform as possible.

ALL resources of National Forests should be developed to the greatest possible extent consistent with permanent productivity to insure highest use of all parts of the area involved. Adjustment of state and federal laws should be made so that the Forest Service can administer effectively the wild life of the forests and protect isolated gems of scenery.

A SURVEY should be made of all available resources of publicly owned lands to secure adequate information regarding recreational facilities; that consideration be given to such areas as are found to have special recreational features; that in determining administration of such areas the possibility of transfer of such lands to National Park Service, Forest Service, or to the states concerned be considered; that the conference recognize the desirability of setting up a continuing body, of commission form, centered in the President's cabinet, and having as its function the investigation of these problems.

SOME three hundred delegates, representing every organization in America interested in the out-of-doors, attended the opening session of the conference on Thursday, May 22, at the New National Museum Building, Washington, D. C. Thursday evening the delegates were guests of the President's committee, composed of cabinet members and high government officials. Late Friday afternoon, President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge received them at the White House.

IT is a notable fact that the Izaak Walton League National Convention had at the least two delegates to every one attracted to the President's Outdoor Recreation Conference. And it can no longer be doubted that the sportsmen of America are leading the way, and that the hope of saving for posterity the remnants of our old America depends mostly upon the man who loves the sports of his ancestors.

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

The Pasture of the Blessed

Illustration by H. E. Bryant

By MacKINLAY KANTOR

JOHN MADSEN was a financier. He was rated as high as any man with keen insight, unlimited courage and an excellent business sense is apt to be rated after he has spent twenty crowded years on La Salle street. As a financier, he was a great success, and from long practice could tell just when one line of securities should be discarded and another bought up. At the occupation he was pursuing on this, a warm afternoon in July, with the thick grass of a country pasture about him, he was, however, an admitted failure. John Madsen was catching grasshoppers.

From out of the humming air truant breezes fanned his perspiring face, and brought temporary relief, but the sun was very hot and gave no indication of passing behind a cloud for even the shortest moment. Far up the valley of Brewer Creek, a dozen fat cows gazed in astonishment at John Madsen. The cows might well be astonished. They had never before seen a tall, thin man in a Palm Beach suit crawling on his hands and knees on the banks of Brewer Creek. Billy Pringle, as well, had never seen such a sight, and he had roamed the pastures along the creek for the remembered summers of his eleven-year-old existence.

Now, John Madsen was not acquainted with Billy Pringle; he was embarrassed—nay, incensed—to find him casually watching the never-ending chase. Billy had been standing behind John for some time, when he had occasion to sneeze, and the hunter of grasshoppers turned and discovered him.

"What," asked Billy Pringle coolly, "do you want with them grasshoppers?"

John Madsen rose to his feet guiltily. "How long," he said, "have you been here?"

"I dunno," said Billy. He was not disturbed. "I was lookin' for Shadrach. I was comin' along the hill and I seen you down here crawlin' around and I thought you was him. Shadrach run away, and if I don't find him pretty quick, he'll get into Baker's pasture and start chasin' sheep, an' old man Baker said he'd shoot him if he done it again. I gotta find Shadrach."

Mr. Madsen searched vainly in the Biblical section of his subconscious mind for any connection between the Hebrew Shadrach and a sheep pasture in the Brewer Creek valley. "Perhaps," he suggested a trifle sarcastically, "Mashach and Abednego are also over in Baker's field chasing sheep. Possibly—" he grew very sarcastic—"the King Nebuchadnezzar is over there, too." Thin, spare men in Palm Beach suits do not like to be discovered on their hands and knees hunting grasshoppers; at least not by barefooted boys with no shirts to speak of, and the most simple of overalls.

Billy Pringle denied any Biblical connection. "He ain't the real Shadrach; I just named him that because he was born one Sunday after I come home from Sunday School. His brothers were Gyp and Colonel, but Gyp got stepped on by a horse when he was little and Auntie give Colonel away."

John Madsen could not long remain sarcastic or incensed, there in that late July afternoon with the vervain heathering the fields out into the western prairie. "I'm sorry about Gyp," he said. "And let us hope that Colonel has a nice home. What kind of a dog is Shadrach?"

"He's a good dog," answered Billy. "He's mostly collie, with some Airedale, and his father was mostly shepherd—" He broke off abruptly. "There he is now." A rather dirty brown and white dog, with long hair plastered into muddy pantalettes about his legs, was climbing up the bank from the creek bed and a moment later poured floundering and indiscriminate greetings impartially upon Billy and Mr. Madsen. The latter glanced with a slight frown at the resulting state of his trousers, sighed, and searched through his pockets for a package of cigarettes. But he had no matches.

"You don't happen to have a match?" he inquired of Billy Pringle.

"Come down to the cave and I'll give you one," returned Billy. Then he paused in a doubtful manner. "That is—I ain't supposed to—you won't tell, will you?"

"I certainly will not tell," Madsen assured him. "Is it a secret cave?"

The appreciative Billy grinned at him. "It sure is and nobody except me and Pat and Herb and some of the other kids know anything about it. Do you live around here anywheres?" he asked hopefully.

"I used to," said John Madsen. "It was a good while ago. I don't suppose that anyone here now would remember me. I have lived in Chicago for years."

Billy's eyes were very round. "Is that your car down by the grove on the Rainbo Trail? The big blue one, with the shoffer asleep in it?"

"I left my car over on the Rainbo Trail," the man replied. "It is blue, and I suppose the chauffeur is asleep by now. You see, I used to go fishing near here a long time ago, and I thought I'd go again—that was the reason I was catching the grasshoppers, or trying to . . ."

They were walking along the grassy bank of the stream, now and then climbing down the side to avoid a cornfield fence. Before them danced Shadrach, his tail floating like a banner.

"I'd like to go fishing," said Billy Pringle, "but there ain't been any fish in Brewer Creek for years and years. I can remember when there were lots of bass and catfish in the White Fox River, but the renderin' plant came, and there ain't any there no more."

"What's a rendering plant?"

"Oh, they've got a building and a lot of boilers in it, and a Ford truck and whenever a cow or a horse dies anywhere they go and get it and boil it into soap or lard or somethin'."

"Ah!" said John Madsen in disgust. "It must smell pretty bad."

"It does," Billy assured him. "Pretty bad. And what they don't use, goes into the river—I guess the fishes don't like it."

"I wouldn't think they'd like it!" John Madsen slashed viciously at a vervain stalk with a stick he was carrying.

"Here's our cave," said Billy Pringle. He dismissed the rendering plant as a necessary evil. "It ain't much of a cave, but the roots come out quite a ways, and three or four kids can get up under there."

A large tree stood at the edge of a sliding clay bank, with a great hollow extending back under the arching roots. Nearby, a small spring dripped restlessly from a

Consolation

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

O TINY pinprick days! What are your scars
To one stabbed by infinity of stars?

And how may cramped pale towns imprison me
When deserts give wide brown immunity?

No little shadows blacken and appal
Thoughts that escape to forests dark and tall

Or soar, forgetting puny cares of earth,
Where rivers lie in snowy throes of birth.

Nor shall despair clutch at my saddest nights
For I have walked with God upon the heights.

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

"John Madsen, financier, sat under the roots of the elm in the cool shade of the bank and thankfully smoked his cigarette."

ledge and littered about the place were various articles of boyish impedimenta—a broken shovel, two drygoods boxes and a tripod of sticks over a rock furnace. Billy burrowed up under the roots and dragged forth another box and a couple of rusty air rifles, which had seen better days.

"Here's matches and I got a bunch of potatoes. They're real good, roasted."

If someone had suggested to John Madsen the afternoon before in his sweltering office in the Loop, that a semi-raw potato, reeking with clay and hot enough to burn his hands, was appropriate refreshment for a July afternoon, he would probably have summoned the authorities to take the maniac in charge. Now, however, he leaned back against the roots of the elm in the cool shade of the bank, and thankfully smoked his cigarette.

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Billy Pringle and Shadrach were foraging about for dry sticks and presently accumulated a supply sufficient to warrant the beginning of operations.

"You take the potatoes and smear a lot of clay on them all around so they won't burn," instructed the boy.

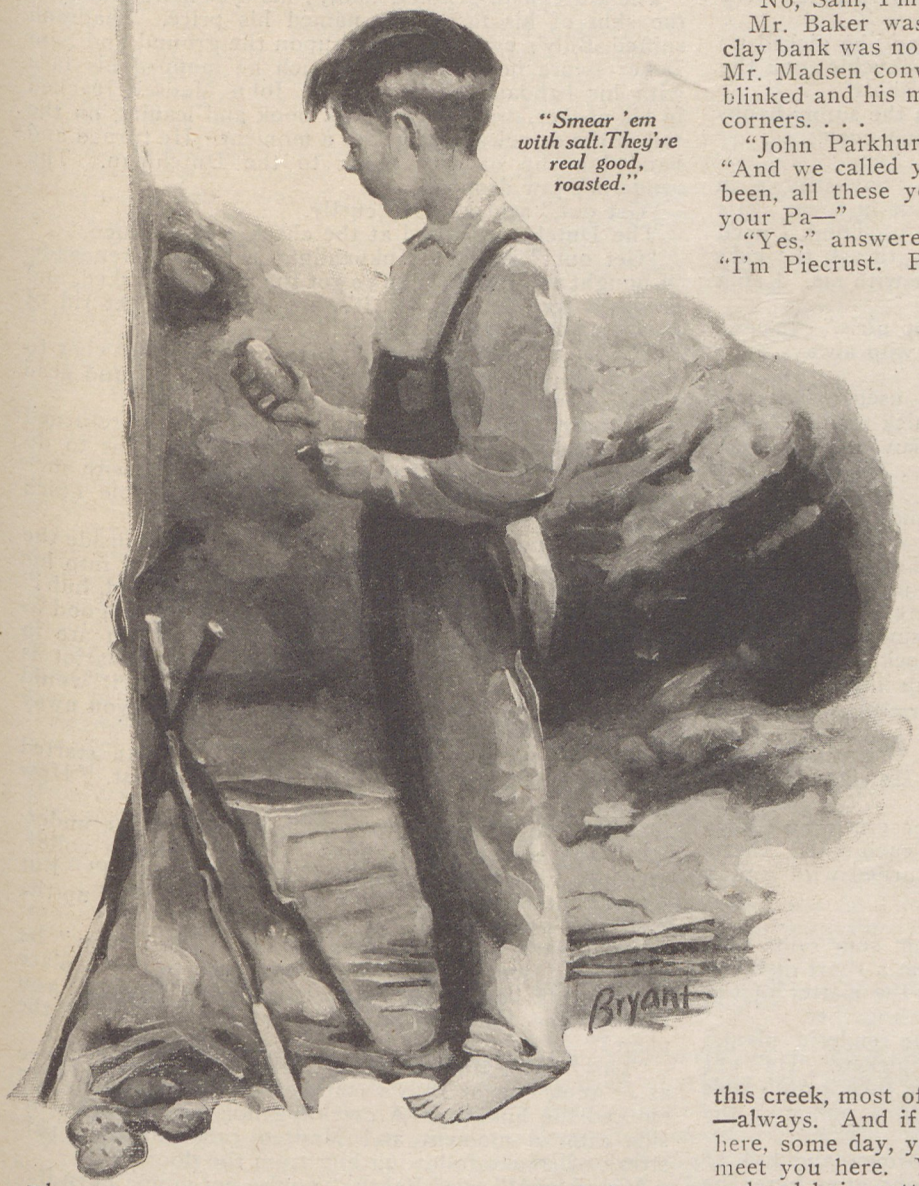
"I know," said John Madsen. "They're eaten with salt, aren't they?" He took up a potato and began the "smearing" process, while Billy fed the flames of the leaping blaze.

Shadrach growled fiercely and started to climb the clay bank, barking. John and Billy glanced up hastily as a loud voice smote their ears. "Back here again, ain't you?"

A perspiring farmer in khaki "coveralls" stood at the top of the bank. He could not discern Madsen as the tree concealed the city man from him. Billy arose in distress. "Aw, Mr. Baker, I wasn't doin' anything!"

"I told you to keep that dog outa here," roared the embattled Mr. Baker. "I won't have him in here chasin' sheep—"

Mr. Madsen arose and walked to Billy's side,



"Smear 'em with salt. They're real good, roasted."

where he faced the astonished farmer. "Isn't it unfortunate," he remarked easily, "what mistakes we make! Now, you thought it was Shadrach who was chasing sheep, but it wasn't, really. It was Mashach and Abednego, and bold, bad Nebuchadnezzar. Terrible of them, wasn't it? You ought—"

"And you ought to shut your face! I got a notion to come down there and wallop the everlastin' daylights outa you. It's bad enough to have kids underminin' the bank and stealin' corn and potatoes, without a man comin' along to help them!"

"Better look out how you go about that walloping business, Sam Baker. It's been thirty years—but I recall a little affair out behind the stable at the fair grounds. I gave you an awful black eye, and you ran all the way home, and your grandfather put a piece of steak on the eye and took a willow switch to you. I recall—"

"Who in hell," Mr. Baker irreverently demanded—for he had been taught that one should speak reverently of both hell and heaven—"Who in hell are you?"

"I'm Inkpahduta, the Sioux renegade. I'm a bold, bad man, as bad as Nebuchadnezzar—and you are Major Williams of the relief expedition—and Artie Burns played the part of Henry Lott, the white murderer, and later we burned him at the stake down in the old quarry. After which, we released the prisoner, and repaired to our camp on the White Fox River, and lunched on broiled fish and field corn."

"What the hell—"

"You shouldn't swear like that, and you know it."

"You ain't Artie Burns?"

"No, Sam, I'm John Madsen."

Mr. Baker was a heavy man and his descent of the clay bank was not graceful, but it was rapid. He clasped Mr. Madsen convulsively by the shoulders, and his eyes blinked and his mouth had a strange twitching about the corners. . . .

"John Parkhurst Madsen!" he said in a queer voice. "And we called you 'Piecrust'! How come—where you been, all these years . . . and where's Artie Burns and your Pa—"

"Yes," answered Mr. Madsen, also in a queer voice. "I'm Piecrust. Pa's been up in Graceland a long time, Sam. And Artie Burns— Did you ever hear of the Royal Highlanders of Canada, Sam? Artie went over with them, ten years ago—he was a major, and was at Ypres . . . the last time I saw his widow, she wore the ribbon of the Cross."

Mr. Baker was blinking rapidly and once a great, homely sob shook his body. "Don't, don't! I can't tell you . . . to think they're dead . . . Your Pa—I remember how he used to teach us to catch crawfish—"

"He also taught me how to catch grasshoppers, but I don't think I profited greatly by his instruction. I was trying it again this afternoon and was making a terrible job of it, when this youngster came along."

Sam Baker, alias Major Williams of the relief expedition, walked over to Billy Pringle, who was letting some clayless potatoes scorch, and watching with big eyes the strange scene before him. "Billy Pringle," he said, "stand up."

Billy stood up. Shadrach growled and bared his teeth.

"Billy Pringle," Baker said again, "do you see that?" He pointed up the Brewer Creek Valley, over the acres and fields that feathered themselves toward the faraway blueness of the horizon. "I own the land along this creek, most of it. Play in it! Dig in it! Come here—always. And if you find Artie Burns wanderin' along here, some day, you bring him up to your cave and I'll meet you here. You'll know Artie; he's got blue eyes and red hair, gotta toe tied up, usually—if you find him bring him up here, like you did Piecrust Madsen."

"And Shad," asked round-eyed Billy Pringle, "can Shad come, too?

"Shad can come. I'm pretty sure it wasn't him that was chasin' sheep. It must have been Hayrack and Abou Ben Adam, that Piecrust spoke about—'Abou Ben Adam, may his tribe increase—' We used to read that in school, remember, Piecrust?"

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

"I do," said John Madsen. "Sam, how would you like to go fishing in the river?"

"Damn well," Baker assured him. "But there ain't any fish in the river any more, hardly. A Dutchman's got a stink plant down there. Of course, upstream above town—"

"Upstream, above town, there may be fish. But that's no reason why we should allow the fish downstream to suffer. Billy told me about that rendering plant—must be awful, Sam. You know—I believe I've got some business to attend to, over on the river. Let's walk down there. Does the road still run over the hills, and down through the valley along the bank?"

"Yeah," said Sam, "but it's pretty dusty that way. We can walk across Frank Millard's farm, through the pasture. The woods are mostly cleared out, now."

"Then let's walk," agreed Mr. Madsen. "I was going to suggest that we take my car—it's over on the Rainbo Trail—but I guess you're right. Somehow," he added, half to himself, "my car and chauffeur would be rather out of place down along the White Fox River. Come on, Billy."

"We'd better take these guns," said Billy Pringle. "We might be attackted along the way."

"Maybe we'd better," admitted John, and he picked up one of the rusty air rifles. Sam with a chuckle took the other and Billy and Shadrach charged ahead.

Through the vervain they went, down the sunny banks of the stream, along the fields of rustling corn. . . .

"All this yours?" queried Madsen.

"All mine," said Baker very gruffly. "Say—Billy's an orphan, Piecrust; lives with his old aunt in town. His mother was one of those Bishop girls. . . . Think I need a boy on the farm, anyway. I'm going to ask the kid's aunt if she won't let him stay for awhile with me. I ain't married. . . ."

"His mother was one of those Bishop girls," repeated the dazed John Madsen. "Not the one who always wore plaid aprons and her hair in curls?"

"That's the one," replied Baker. "I used to like her pretty well. But—I guess I was too quick tempered—we had a row. She married a Scandahoovian music teacher. They both died in the Flu epidemic. . . . You left here when you was thirteen, John?"

"Sixteen," Madsen corrected. "Boys didn't seem so old, then."

They crossed the dusty Rainbo Trail, and passed through a wilderness of decaying stumps and tangled underbrush. "This was Millard's pasture, Piecrust," Sam Baker told him. "By the way, what business are you in?"

"Let's see," said John Madsen. "Stocks and bonds, I guess. Investments, securities. Own an interest in some banks. You see, I'd almost forgotten—this afternoon."

"Married?" asked Sam.

"Wife and daughter," replied John. "Daughter at Atlantic City; wife in California, now." He sighed unconsciously.

They were nearing the mouth of the creek, and high hills of the White Fox Valley rose on each side. Ahead of them, Billy stopped suddenly and turned with a face full of distress.

"Get that?" said Baker.

John Madsen did get it—a sickening, sour odor that permeated the entire atmosphere. From a short distance away came the sound of a Ford car; the clatter of the engine came nearer and then ceased altogether.

"It's Hoglifer, the man who runs the renderin' plant," said Billy Pringle, spying through the thickets. "He's got a dead cow on his truck and he's gonna take it off. He's fastenin' ropes to it, and workin' with a pulley in the doorway. Oh, its legs are stiff—"

"Billy," Madsen suggested, "let's go over and talk to the man. Perhaps we'd better leave our guns here; he might think we were hostile Indians, or something."

"Well, ain't we?"

"Decidedly," declared Piecrust. "But let's leave the guns." He led the way through the bushes and across to the structure which housed the rendering plant. The nauseating odor grew stronger. John could discern a pipe which ran from the building to the river. In the still pool beyond floated bits of ugly, greasy scum.

They walked up a sloping driveway of planks, and reached the doorway. The owner of the plant was still working with the rope attached to the dead cow, and greeted them only with a gruff ejaculation.

"Is this the only rendering plant around here?" asked Madsen. "There isn't any other near at hand, is there?"

"Dis is de only one," said the soiled renderer. "Vhy? You ain't got a dead horse ofer on your place, Mister Parker?"

"No, I ain't," said Sam.

"I was thinking," Madsen announced, "of buying a rendering plant. Would you consider selling out to me?"

"Maybe," replied the Dutchman. His eyes were small and cold and piggish.

"I want to buy the whole thing," continued John, "truck, building, boiler, ground and all. How much?"

"Vhy? What you know about runnin' a place like dis? You git your new suit dirdty—"

"I didn't come here to listen to comments on my suit." It was surprising what an athletic tightening of muscles could sometimes come over John Madsen's lean form. "You said you'd sell out—name your price."

The Dutchman grinned coldly; his eyes mere cracks in the skin of his face. He named his price. Shadrach sniffed, Billy's eyes nearly fell upon the ground and Sam Baker swore heatedly, after which he mopped his face with his bandana handkerchief. John Madsen reached in his pocket, drew out a check book and leaning on the rail of the driveway, wrote for a moment. He turned and handed a slip of grey paper to the Dutchman. The renderer's jaw dropped.

"Get out," said Madsen curtly.

The Dutchman stared at the check and the men.

"Get out!" repeated Inkpahduta, the Sioux renegade. "I bought this place. You've got the price you asked, and it was a terrible one, but it was worth it to get rid of such an unholy stink. Beat it!"

The Dutchman spat several times. "You know vhat to do wid it—de plant? Vhere to get dead cows und dead pigs? You know—"

"I know exactly what to do with this place," returned John, "and I'll show you that I also know what to do with a man who would conduct such a business with such results, unless you clear out of here in double quick time."

The ex-rendering plant owner fumbled about inside the doorway for a moment and returned, struggling into his greasy coat. "How do I know dat check is good, huh?"

"That check," Madsen said, menacingly, "is as good as you'll ever be and considerably better. If you are in doubt, inquire at the bank in town. Your chariot is waiting—I've decided to give you that Ford; it would have to be fumigated, anyhow—and it will get you away from here a lot quicker."

With a muttered imprecation, the Dutchman started the engine of his truck, and climbed into the seat. "How do I know—"

"Billy," said Piecrust Madsen, "go over into the underbrush and secure the weapons. If he survives a volley, we'll set Shadrach on him. Here, Shadrach—!" But it was unnecessary; the truck was already rattling up the river road out of sight.

Sam Baker sat down on a bench. "Lord, man," he said to Madsen, must have a pile of cash to buy a place like this, off hand. He didn't have to get out—but you sure bluffed him. What are you gonna do with the plant?"

"This," John Madsen replied. His face was very grave as he took one of Billy's matches from his pocket, and entered the building. A crackling noise issued from inside after a moment and Madsen came forth, a pale streak of smoke following him from the door.

"Good lord!" cried Baker. "You're not gonna burn it?"

"I am," said John. "It should have been burned long ago."

"But the building—you could tear it down—use the boards—"

"Rotten lumber," declared Madsen. "Full of knotholes—smells like sin. No, Sam, the woods hereabouts need to be purged by fire. It seems to me as if the

(Continued on page 66)

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Pollution and the Public Health

By N. E. HUTCHENS

THE pronouncements of the Izaak Walton League, at its recent national convention, should be read and re-read by every person whose conservation aspirations coincide with the lofty purposes of the League.

Our present purpose is to direct attention to the resolutions adopted by the convention which relate specifically to water pollution. A clear and strong note was sounded in the resolution which recommends that campaigns for eliminating pollution from our waters be based primarily on considerations of the public health.

We have been too ready to believe that water pollution must be suffered until specific and ideal legislation shall be provided by our State and Federal governments. We have failed to adequately understand and appreciate that such laws cannot be self-enforcing instruments. And we have utterly ignored the fact that juries are of necessity made up of citizens who in varying degrees are often dependent upon or sympathetic toward industries which despoil our waters. Convictions for violating existing statutes against water pollution are almost impossible to obtain at the hands of such juries, especially in our industrial states. The convention gave a timely reminder that the existing laws of practically all our states are ample to protect a land owner, whether an individual or a corporation, whose riparian rights have been damaged or destroyed or are threatened with damage or destruction by others, whether natural persons or private or municipal corporations, and that those laws also can protect the public against the creation or maintenance of nuisances. Happily recourse to that branch of our law generally takes us into courts of equity.

Local chapters should by all proper means assist those landowners who are so situated as that their protection and relief from invasion of their riparian rights will confer real benefits upon the public; but it is especially important that the chapters take up the fight for water purification wherever the public health is in jeopardy. Unless the chapters take up this fight, the League will soon have stultified itself.

No campaign for clean water should be started without accurate knowledge of existing conditions and their actual or probable effect upon the public health. We therefore urge our local chapters to create special anti-pollution committees and to place at the head thereof the man in each chapter jurisdiction who is the one outstanding public-spirited sanitarian. Such a chairman will be able to draft a group of competent assistants for the committee. Such a committee should, and in many places will, have the active cooperation of local health officers, and must have the whole-hearted support of the chapter.

A chapter so approaching the pollution problem can direct a complete survey of an entire drainage basin where necessary, in cooperation with other chapters in the district, or may confine its activities to a limited area the cleaning up of which will meet the situation.

The immediate starting of these surveys is imperative because the midsummer and early autumn are periods of low water and relatively greater pollution, as they are also of danger to health from the greater use of our waters for recreation.

Let us remember that every vacation season takes a heavy toll of human life from the great throng of our people, mostly our boys and girls, who go to the great out-of-doors for recreation and health-giving relief from the otherwise constant grind of school and the necessity of earning a living.

As surely as vacation days come, just so certainly will polluted water cover the bodies of boys and girls and grown-ups alike with troublesome and dangerous eruptions, produce a bountiful, if not beautiful, crop of infected eyes, ears, sinuses and throats, and force on us our annual fight to save the lives of thousands of typhoid patients.

The distribution of polluted and infected water is so widespread that from a health standpoint it makes little difference whether we stay at home or go away, unless we resort to the little-frequented mountain districts.

It is almost literally true that today our only safe water recreation is holding the nozzle of a garden hose!

Our great body of outdoor writers and artists have given their best to the cause of the League, and given without stint. It is high time that we give the devoted health workers of our country an opportunity to do likewise. They have worked, and will continue to work, unceasingly, for helthful conditions. Thus far they have had little support or encouragement except from each other. Let us now put our great League solidly back of them and their unselfish efforts.

Thus, and thus only, can we truly justify our use of high-sounding words like, "the children's heritage," "the restoration of the America of our ancestors," "preservation of the great out-of-doors" and the others which frequent use without specific application will ultimately cause us to hear without a thrill of patriotic emotion.

For the very sake of our League, as well as in the interest of the general public, let us gird our loins and enter the fight to remove the great stain of pollution from the waters of America.

Do We Practice What We Preach?

By DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

University of Illinois

A serious but often overlooked danger from stream pollution is vividly demonstrated by a comment in connection with a recent printed report on the work of a crew at a fish hatchery in Louisiana. During the progress of the work, they had made a good collection of eggs and were looking forward to a successful hatching season; but due to unseasonable weather conditions, overflow waters from the Ouachita River contaminated the water supply, precluding all possibility of conducting hatching operations. The water from this river is charged with an oily substance which is fatal to fish eggs. The incident is by no means unique. The splendid efforts of state and government forces to replenish the depleted waters are too often checkmated at one point or another by the pollution which is being poured into our inland streams.

THE Izaak Walton League is a sturdy defender of woods and waters. It is carrying on the most powerful attack upon the evil of pollution which has ever been maintained in our country. We ought to be proud of our part in this fight and ought to resolve to continue it relentlessly. But I have recently been forced to wonder what we were doing ourselves.

This is the season in which the fisherman starts out to enjoy his sport and all the friends of the outdoors begin their work. I was walking the other day through

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

a beautiful bit of woodland on the bank of a stream in Illinois and saw a fisherman contentedly smoking his pipe while he waited for a bite. As I went farther on I saw parties of campers old and young who were out for the day only and who had already lost the anxious look of the city and were inspired by the wine of the great outdoors. I went back a day later. Under a big tree whose great roots reached out towards the deep water where a spring flood had washed away the soil and where there was a most delightful seat for the sportsman as well as a beautiful spot for the lover of nature and where I imagine the fish found natural conditions under water just as delightful for them as we humans found them on the bank, one could not held seeing evidences that the beauties of the spot and the comfort of the next fisherman had been forgotten. An old lunch box and some paper and string were tangled in the roots of the tree and from the deeper water the eye caught the glint of an old tobacco can or a bait box that had been thrown away. As I went farther and came to the spot where the party had been enjoying themselves around a camp fire the evening before even the luxurious growth of early spring plants could not hide the havoc that they had worked. Empty tin cans, scraps of paper, pieces of bones, orange peeling and other garbage was scattered widely and generously over the landscape. It would have been a reckless man indeed who would have ventured to sit down there again for lunch.

I went farther and saw another camping group about ready to leave and a pretty girl with an armful of trash standing on the bank of the stream just ready to throw in the stuff. Involuntarily without waiting for a word of introduction, I yelled "Stop" and she said with a smile, "I only want to throw this away; I won't fall in." I spoke too hastily no doubt in saying "I wish you would," adding, "provided it would teach you not to defile our streams in that way."

Why is it that the average man considers a stream the natural depository of all sorts of refuse and even those who are careful enough to clean up their camp sites look upon the water as the best receptacle for all sorts of waste? Is it an ancient habit which has come down to us from the childhood of the race, a remnant of the savage that still sticks in our subconscious make-up or a manifestation of the childishness that regards "out-of-sight" "out-of-mind" as an adequate way of solving a difficult problem? Are we right in condemning the bigger units of our civilization for disposing of their refuse by throwing it into the streams when we, the little units of society, do the same thing with our trash? Look over an ant's nest, study the homes of bees and tell me where you can find them leaving litter around their living places.

Ought we not to add to the personal creed of every "Ike" a definite resolve to clean up the camp-ground or the fire site, to burn all trash, to burn or bury garbage and to cover over with a layer of soil those tin cans which are the most unsightly and most permanent records of our carelessness and thoughtlessness.

In this outdoor season just beginning we might well aim to preach in all circles to young and old alike the doctrine of keeping our streams and our woods free from pollution and yet if we are to impart any vigor to our teaching we must ourselves do as we expect others to do. Surely we ought to practice what we preach.

The Cry of a Polluted River

By MARGARET A. RICHARDSON

Written on the occasion of the printing in the St. Paul Daily News of an article on pollution by Donald Hough

CLAIM YE as many victims as ye can!
It is no friend of yours, this Hand of Man!

Rivers who join me on my southern way,
Hark ye to my command! Do ye obey!

Inanimate, they think I have no heart to throb,
So, without fear of punishment, they rob

My banks of peace, with mouths that gape and yawn,
That vomit constantly, from dawn to dawn.

That they may have their dollars left for show,
Into my face and on my breast they throw

Refuse and filth, their rotted blood and bone—
Think they I shall not force them to atone?

Lovers, their promises were wont to tell,
Drifting upon my breast, I loved them well;

But now they spurn me, for I offend,
I have no romance left, no charm to lend.

Proudest of waters once, I hide my face;
Think they I feel not pain and black disgrace?

Spare them not, then, but take thy toll;
Husband and sweetheart place thee on thy roll.

And when some man, abroad at dead of night,
Walks on thy banks while passions in him fight;

Lure him to plunge his worries in your deep,
Nor care that wife and children long may weep.

Claim ye as many victims as ye can!
It is no friend of yours, this Hand of Man!

Trouble in Nebraska

Mr. Dudley C. Scott, President of the Beatrice, Neb., Izaak Walton Chapter, writes for information concerning the disposal or abatement of pollution from a Gas and Electric Company. His letter follows. Will some Waltonian brother, attorney, engineer or chemist who has had some successful experience in such cases, please write me, or better, communicate directly with Mr. Scott, Beatrice, Neb.
James A. Henshall.

DEAR DR. HENSHALL:
The local chapter has a problem that is very complex to us, and we wish to appeal to you to help us find a solution.

For fifteen years the Gas and Electric Co. operating under the Continental Gas and Electric Co., a corporation of Maryland, have been putting the refuse from their plant into our river. Our state laws cover this with a fine of $100.00 which has not been enforced throughout the state generally speaking because no one has made any specific complaints against them.

As this river runs through the city of Beatrice we recently got the city to file a restraining injunction against the Gas Company, for pollution. The Gas Company are quite willing to remedy this situation if they can find any way to dispose of their refuse.

We are anxious to aid them as we believe they mean to do right and will try and do all that they can to aid us in making the river the fine and beautiful place it should be.

The average rate of flow from the washing of the gas is about four gallons per minute, and so you can see that it is a quantity of waste to care for.

We want to know if there are any practical means of disposing of this waste. Please give us what data is available.

Yours in the Bonds,
Dudley C. Scott,
Pres. Beatrice, Neb., I. W. L. A. Chapte.

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Pollution Near Chicago

A sad state of affairs, in our own camp, is shown in the following letter from the president of the Dalton-Riverside Chapter of Illinois: *J. A. H*

DEAR DR. HENSHALL:

In reply to your request in the April issue of Outdoor America for remarks on the pollution of streams; Thorn Creek of Thornton Township, Cook County, Illinois, follows a course about twenty-five miles south of Chicago, through the towns of Chicago Heights, Glenwood, Thornton and South Holland into the Calumet River, passing through areas of Cook County Forest Preserve lands. Fifteen years ago it was a stream filled with fish but on account of pollution, especially by the dumping of acids by a chemical company in Chicago Heights, into a ditch leading to the creek, every fish and living creature in the creek has been killed. Not only that but the water in the Calumet River for miles beyond is polluted so that tame ducks and geese, swimming in or drinking the water, are killed.

As individuals we have tried to get action against this company, but without success. If through the efforts of the league, in conjunction with the Dolton-Riverdale Chapter and that of Chicago Heights, and the efforts of the Cook County Commissioners, who plan to build an artificial lake in the Preserve at Thornton, we are able to get action to stop this pollution of the creek, thus restoring it as a habitat of fish, and making its banks a home for birds and game, the Izaak Walton League will have given to posterity the greatest of gifts.

Yours truly, *Wm. Van Duersen,*
Pres. Dolton-Riverdale Chap. No. 69 Illinois.

Pollution in Pennsylvania

DEAR LEAGUE:

To those of us who were boys in the mountains of Pennsylvania thirty-five to forty years ago, the present condition of our streams is very depressing. I know of no cause which would benefit the public so much as the purifying of our waters. We have a beautiful state and wonderful streams, but there are very few of them left in cleanly condition. The streams of the valley in which I spent my boyhood—where the water was then clear and filled with fish—are filthy, yellow sewers filled with drainage from mines, with not a living thing in them. Last fall I spent a week hunting birds in the northern part of the state along the Sinnemahoning, one of the most beautiful mountain streams in the state. When we wished to wade across it, we were forced to carry a pole to support us, as the bottom of the stream was so covered with grease and pollution we could scarcely walk without falling into the pollution. This is the effect of one pulp mill. It has ruined an entire mountain valley for many miles, and needless to say no trout can live in that stream. We have laws against such conditions, but the influences against their enforcement are too strong and they might as well not be on the statute book.

I certainly wish you well in your endeavors to correct these conditions throughout the country, and hope the publicity your magazine is giving the matter will have some effect.

Faithfully, *Ralph L. Smith.*

Class A Streams

Reprint from Harrisburg Telegraph, May 15, 1924

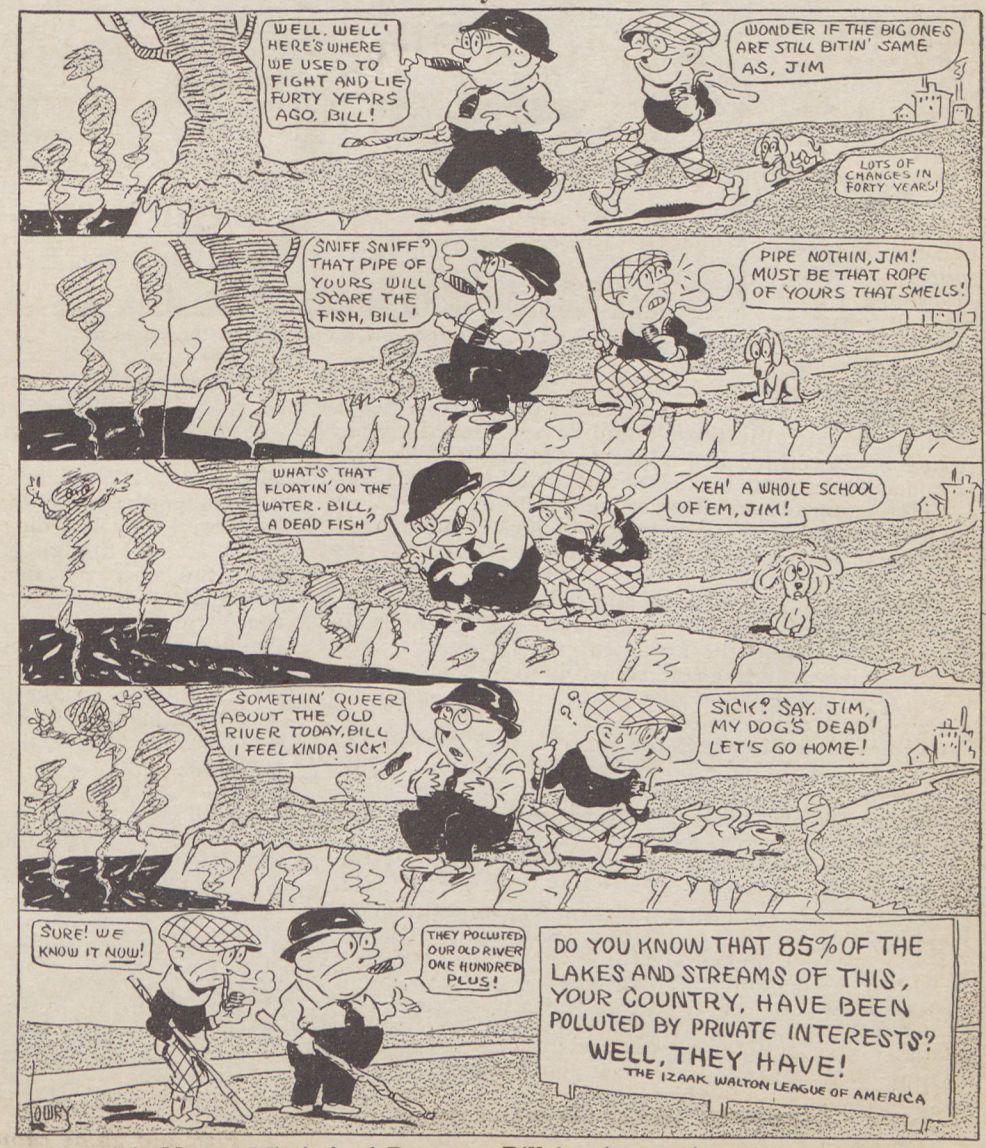
WORK of the Pennsylvania Sanitary Waters Board, the agency created by the Administrative Code to carry out the state administration policy for cleansing streams of pollution, has progressed far enough for people to realize the important part this branch of the state government will play in preserving waters for posterity. The aim is to classify the streams of the state so that some will be rated pure and to be kept so; others to be ultimately cleared of municipal and industrial wastes and the remainder to be problems for the years to come, such as those polluted by mine drainage and the sewage of big communities.

The first will be Class A, streams to be kept for domestic purposes, fishing and swimming. Utility and recreation are going hand in hand. Over 2,000 miles have been placed in Class A, including some in Franklin and Fulton counties and there are more to follow. Every county is to be covered and the general plan is based on a state that will have 20,000,000 instead of 10,000,000 people.

This classification is the right kind of conservation and it is being approached in a sensible manner.

The State Sanitary Waters Board added 380 miles of streams in Pike county and 195 in Bedford to the streams of Franklin, Monroe, Cameron and others classed as to be kept free from pollution in the state conservation policy, and issued orders to Corry and some tanneries in that city to stop polluting tributaries of the Allegheny.

Most Any Old River


WELL, WELL! HERE'S WHERE WE USED TO FIGHT AND LIE FORTY YEARS AGO, BILL!
WONDER IF THE BIG ONES ARE STILL BITIN' SAME AS, JIM
LOTS OF CHANGES IN FORTY YEARS!
SNIFF SNIFF? THAT PIPE OF YOURS WILL SCARE THE FISH, BILL!
PIPE NOTHIN, JIM! MUST BE THAT ROPE OF YOURS THAT SMELLS!
WHAT'S THAT FLOATIN' ON THE WATER. BILL, A DEAD FISH?
YEH! A WHOLE SCHOOL OF 'EM, JIM!
SOMETHIN' QUEER ABOUT THE OLD RIVER TODAY, BILL I FEEL KINDA SICK!
SICK? SAY, JIM, MY DOG'S DEAD! LET'S GO HOME!
SURE! WE KNOW IT NOW!
THEY POLLUTED OUR OLD RIVER ONE HUNDRED PLUS!
DO YOU KNOW THAT 85% OF THE LAKES AND STREAMS OF THIS, YOUR COUNTRY, HAVE BEEN POLLUTED BY PRIVATE INTERESTS? WELL, THEY HAVE!
THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
QUIRY

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

Stories and Reminiscences Of Jacob M. Dickinson

Cartoon by John T. McCutcheon

J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

The Rival Supreme Court Dinners

THE lawyers of Virginia and those of Maryland, waged high debate over copious Mint Juleps, made according to the Virginia canons and rubrics, upon the relative merits of Virginia and Maryland cooking, and rashly agreed that they would make it a cause celebre, an interstate controversy over which the Supreme Court of the United States alone had under the Constitution original jurisdiction.

The preliminaries were arranged through Chief Justice Marshall for the great trial.

The Maryland lawyers gave a dinner that exhausted the resources of the Maryland cuisine. It was the season when oysters were in prime condition, the diamond back terrapin were flying, and the canvas back were crawling, or so it seemed to the most convivial in those liquid days, so faithfully portrayed by Beveridge in his life of Marshall. The court attended strictly to business, was delighted, and asked opposing counsel no embarrassing questions. The Marylanders read their certain triumph in the radiant eyes, and smile enwreathed countenances of the exuberant court.

Maryland and Virginia lawyers waiting for the judgment.

After due time had been allowed for recuperating a proper gustatory zest, the Virginia lawyers presented their case, opening the argument with a concoction of that enticing and fragrant something, which is said to grow spontaneously on the grave of every good Virginian of the old regime.

Oysters came of course, the succulent product of York River, and quail, and wild turkey and venison, and God only knows what, for the Virginians had the closing argument and left nothing undone to surpass the Maryland presentation of the case.

The Court beamed and expanded, and the Chief Justice, though manifestly filled with pride for his State, maintained the composure and equipoise and the detachment befitting and becoming to his high office. The contending lawyers looked forward with confidence to expected triumph and laid high wagers on the outcome. The interest spread beyond the States involved. As the time for adjournment of the Court approached and no decision had been rendered, a joint committee was empowered to diplomatically approach the Chief Justice, and impress upon him the importance of ending a controversy which touched that most important nerve of all, the stomach nerve, of every true Marylander, and Virginian.

The Chief Justice was manifestly moved and embarrassed. He began by setting forth in his clear and forceful style, the importance of the controversy, the great and far reaching results involved, and the sense of the Court that of all cases that had ever come before them none had evoked a profounder interest and a deeper consciousness of the necessity for a righteous judgment. He then proceeded:

"When we absorbed the Maryland argument, it did not seem possible that the strength and variety of its reasoning could be surpassed. It appealed to the most sensitive and responsive of all that goes to make up that powerfully complicated microcosm called man, and the reflective action of these upon the mind and heart of the court was such, that it did not seem possible that anything could disturb the restful and satisfying composure that comes from complete conviction. But when they had digested it, and after an interval of sober second thought that had come to some extent from the voiceless appeals of the inner man, we were brought under the glamour and seductive influence of the Virginia argument, the Court felt that justice demanded that there should be a like interval for composure. When we thought that we were in the true judicial state, we brought the case into conference. There was never such high debate, such conflict of opinion and opposing array of facts. Each elaborate argument was reviewed *in extenso*. The opinions were irreconcilable and no one had a majority. Therefore to save the dignity and character of the court, and that justice may prevail, we have unanimously ordered a reargument of the case."

Hunting Under Difficulties

SHORTLY after the Civil War began, all commercial stocks in the South were exhausted. As the industries of the people were almost exclusively agricultural, and not manufacturing, and the blockade soon became effective, there was no way to replenish, and stores were generally closed and so remained until the end of the war.

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

In Columbus, Miss., a drug store was kept open, the stock of which largely consisted of left over drugs, old fashioned herbs and simple remedies, which necessity had revived, and occasional meagre supplies of medicines that were slipped through the blockade.

Quinine, when there was any, which was rare, rose to $500 an ounce in Confederate money. There was a candy store and bakery, that dispensed ginger cakes, peanuts, popcorn, walnuts, hickory nuts and sorghum candy.

A few stores carried stocks of country produce and home made things, such as cotton cloth, white, or dyed in walnut juice, and hats made of shucks, wheat straw, or the palmetto, such as one sees on the way to New Orleans. Paper was soon almost completely exhausted, and letters were written and newspapers and music printed, on the reverse side of wall paper. Old clothes and finery were brought out of the garrets and were revamped and turned inside out. At the wedding of General Stephen D. Lee, who was married on crutches, General Buford, a very Boanerges who, like Saul of Tarsus stood head and shoulders above his brethren, having just come out of the hospital for that occasion, being also on crutches, fainted and created consternation with his falling 280 pounds of avoirdupois.

Great was the concussion. I, a mere kid, there by special dispensation, like Jonathan avoided myself out of the way precipitately, with a plate of Confederate soup in my hand, which was a shadowy remembrance of the baronial feasts of former days. Near me stood a grand lady arrayed in gleaming silk of venerable vintage. The shock unnerved both of us. She had a cup of coffee made of parched sweet potatoes and rye, flavored with a few grains of captured coffee. As we collided she, as severely as one so gentle could, said, "Just look how you have spoiled my silk dress." I replied that she had spilled her hot coffee on the nape of my neck and that my spine was surely blistered. She retorted that I could get new skin, but she could not possibly get a new dress.

In those hard times, the most acute sufferers were the boy hunters. The men were hunting larger game. Powder, shot, caps and wads, were soon exhausted, and even the blockade runners never replenished these. But just as Jamestown (Jimson) weed, mullen, willowbark, root of the yellow jasmine and other homely things were brought into requisition by older heads, the ingenuity of the boys rose to the occasion. Pith of corn stalks and sometimes leaves were used for wads. The center-fire Ely cap, and even the despised G. D. were replaced with the big hat-like army musket caps which we had to bite to clinch on the tube and could not put on until about ready to fire. We got coarse powder out of army cartridges which our soldier friends gave us. Shot was a problem. None was to be gotten for love nor money, but the great mother Necessity was invoked and answered our prayer. I cannot now assign the credit for the invention.

We took two boards about an inch thick, two feet long, and four inches wide, laid one on the other and fastened them together at the end with a leather hinge so that they opened and shut like a lemon squeezer. With a chisel, a parallelogram was mortised in each board about four inches long and three inches wide so as to coincide.

The other end was trimmed down to grip, and on the one to be used at the top indentations were made in close succession ¼ of an inch in depth. Between the two boards, so as to fill the mortised space, was a card held in place by tacks or pins. The card was then punctured all over with a knitting needle adapted to the size of the shot required, the holes being about ⅛ of an inch apart.

Salamoniac, of which the drug store had a leftover supply, was powdered and sprinkled over the card to keep it from burning. Why it did it we never knew, but it did it.

The contrivance rested on the edge of a deep tub with water at the bottom, and a stick was worked vigorously along the notches, while the leads from melted army bullets was poured from the ladle slowly on the card. The oscillation, and fall to and through the water in which the globules cooled, made good shot, many of which were round, while many had tails, according to the skill of the operators and distance of the fall. The wet mass was put at the end of a large old fashioned waiter which was slightly tilted and gently shaken.

The round shot rolled to the other end and those with tails were decaudated with a knife. It was an easy job for two of us to make on Friday night all the shot for Saturday's hunt, with which nothing but a Saturday's fishing expedition was allowed to interfere.

Extent of Jurisdiction

IT is told that, when Mr. Justice Story first sat on the Supreme Bench, when the Court arose and went to the disrobing room, Chief Justice Marshall said:

"Brother Story, I always take a glass of Madeira if it be raining. Please look out and report upon the state of the weather." The Justice anxiously scanned the horizon and sadly said: "Chief, I regret to say that the sky is clear, the sun is shining and I see no early prospect even of a shower."

The Chief Justice replied: "But Brother Story, you must bear in mind that the jurisdiction of this Court is coextensive with the territory of the United States, and although it may be clear here, doubtless it is raining somewhere within our jurisdiction, and so we will take a drink."

Charles Dickinson

HE was a black negro of unusual intelligence and stately manners. His owner was Chancellor Henry Dickinson of Columbus, Mississippi. He was a thoroughly accomplished house servant and butler and besides was an expert barber. One day he said to his master that he would be of far more value, if he could give up house service, hire his own time and run a barber shop on his own account.

He prospered from the start and most amazingly. Many of the gentry had their own servants who barbered them, but they were clumsy compared with Charley and his clientele grew and grew. In a few years from what he had made over and above his own hire and expenses, he purchased himself and then his wife and child who were owned by a friend of his master, and before the Civil War broke out moved to a larger field in Memphis where he continued to prosper and accumulate. He then purchased two slaves and being a slave holder sympathized with the South.

In the late sixties a son of Chancellor Dickinson was on Main Street in Memphis and saw a handsomely dressed elderly negro in a Prince Albert coat and with a silk hat and a silk umbrella. He had not seen Charley since he was a very young child. He did not recognize his features or any special thing about him, but a sense came over him that he knew this man. He said "Charley." The man turned quickly and said, "Did you speak to me, sir?" He answered, "Is your name Charley Dickinson?" The negro replied, "Yes, but who are you?" He said, "My name is Dickinson and my father was Chancellor Dickinson of Columbus, Mississippi." The negro ran up, threw his arms about him, caressed his shoulders and said, "I carried you in my arms a thousand times when you were a baby." Friendly interchange of family information followed.

He said he opposed emancipation because he did not want to lose his slaves who had cost him so much, but that he soon became reconciled as he thought it was best for his race. He was a preacher, was editing a paper and was in every way prosperous. This is one of the curious incongruities of the War.

But It *Was* a Fish

By JACK R. C. CANN

Sketches by Everett E. Lowry

IT wasn't much of a fish, at that. Some species of shiner, possibly four inches long—certainly not more—but it has a very definite place in my angling memories.

It was in the early summer of 1919, and I was in Germany, sporting editor of the "Amaroc News," published in Coblenz, by and for the soldiers of the American Army of Occupation (from which the paper got its name: **AM**erican **AR**my of **OC**cupation).

Handling the sporting page of the "Amaroc" was a big assignment for myself and one assistant. Uncle Sam was boosting the morale of his fighting men—(who would rather have gone home than form the Watch on the Rhine)—by fostering a tremendous program of athletics. There was baseball, football, soccer, rifle matches, basket ball, tennis, boxing bouts, polo, horse races, tank races, air races and other recognized sports and the "bucks" were adding to the official athletic bill-of-fare those famous army pastimes, blackjack and crap dice.

Now, while as a writer of sporting news it has been my job to pass more or less expert judgment on these various forms of athletic amusement, my particular hobby has always been fishing. I may not show up very well on a trout stream, and I presume there have been bigger bass caught than any I have ever snaked out of lake or stream, but I take off my hat to no man when it comes to fishing from a comfortable chair in the club or while ambling round a billiard table—and it seemed to me that one of the greatest sports that ever soothed the troubled soul of man was being shamefully neglected in the sporting program of the American Forces in Germany.

"I had been guilty, perhaps, of idle boasting in the news room."

As sport writer, it fell to me to play the part of expert onlooker—rarely ever did I become a participant—but I determined that Old Izaak, our patron saint, would have at least one active disciple in the land of ruined castles and Moselwein. I—myself—would uphold the honor of the fraternity of anglers! I would fish in that historic Rhine. I would provide the actual and undisputed proof that failure to include angling in the list of approved athletic activities of the army was an oversight that should be remedied by G. H. Q. without delay.

And then I started fishing!

The "Amaroc" was a morning paper. We who gathered the news and wrote it were usually "thru for the day" about one o'clock in the morning. Then we loafed.

"And then I started fishing!"

I managed to collect, from several sources, a line of very ordinary quality, a sinker, and a few hooks. Artificial lures I could find nowhere, but angleworms were obtainable through a little muscular effort—so earthworms became my bait. I punched a few holes in an empty salmon tin, and at three o'clock one morning I left the office and started for the River Rhine.

It was cold, and it was damp, but I was fired with ambition, a great resolve, and hope! I baited the hook, cast it into the swift flowing Rhine, and waited for a "bite."

I waited four hours—then I went to my billet, sans fish, and turned in.

The second morning I was at a different spot, but on the same mighty river, at 3 a. m. Again I shivered through the cold gray daybreak, and again I returned to my billet at seven, disappointed, but more determined than ever.

The third morning it was the same old story. The fourth day I went across town and tried my luck in the Moselle. Same result—disappointment!

The fifth morning came! Back to the Rhine for one last try. I had been guilty, perhaps, of idle boasting, in the news room, about the fish I expected to catch. The gang continued to inquire about the fish I was going to catch in the Rhine. The kidding was getting under my skin—just a trifle. It was to be my last effort. One more failure and I was through! Damn such a stream, anyhow! What the Germans saw to write songs about, in a stream that you couldn't catch a fish in, was beyond my comprehension.

I baited the hook and threw it as far into the stream as I could—and waited. Then I waited some more. But I didn't wait as long as I had on previous mornings. At five-thirty I decided to quit—for keeps. I'd give the "tackle" to a little "squarehead," son of the landlady at my billet. Fishing was a kid's game, anyhow.

"A fish from the Rhine—I was vindicated!"

So I pulled in the line, winding it about a stick as I did so, until—Eureka!—as I pulled the hook from the water, lo and behold! it bore a fish. A fish from the Rhine! I was vindicated!

As I remarked at the beginning, it wasn't much of a fish—but it WAS a fish! I had made good my boasting!

Did I go back for more?

I did not! Why should I? I had proved my contention—what more could you expect?

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

The Grizzly King

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustration by Frank B. Hoffman

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE ledge where Thor and Muskwa lay caught the first gleams of the morning sun and as the sun rose higher the ledge grew warmer and warmer, and Thor, when he awoke, merely stretched himself and made no effort to rise. After his wounds and the sapoos oowin and the feast in the valley he was feeling tremendously fine and comfortable and he was in no very great haste to leave this golden pool of sunlight. For a long time he looked steadily and curiously at Muskwa. In the chill of the night the little cub had snuggled up close between the warmth of Thor's huge forearms, and still lay there, whimpering in his babyish way as he dreamed.

After a time Thor did something that he had never been guilty of before—he sniffed gently at the soft little ball between his paws, and just once his big flat red tongue touched the cub's face; and Muskwa, perhaps still dreaming of his mother, snuggled closer. As little white children have won the hearts of savages who were about to slay them, so Muskwa had come strangely into the life of Thor.

The big grizzly was still puzzled. Not only was he struggling against an unaccountable dislike of all cubs in general, but also against the firmly established habits of ten years of aloneness. Yet he was beginning to comprehend that there was something very pleasant and companionable in the nearness of Muskwa. With the coming of man a new emotion had entered into his being—perhaps only the spark of an emotion. Until one has enemies, and faces dangers, one cannot fully appreciate friendship—and it may be that Thor, who now confronted real enemies and a real danger for the first time, was beginning to understand what friendship meant. Also it was drawing near to his mating season, and about Muskwa was the scent of his mother. And so as Muskwa continued to bask and dream in the sunshine, there was a growing content in Thor.

He looked down into the valley, shimmering in the wet of the night's rain, and he saw nothing to rouse discontent; he sniffed the air, and it was filled with the unpolluted sweetness of growing grass, of flowers, and balsam, and water fresh from the clouds.

Thor began to lick his wound, and it was this movement that roused Muskwa. The cub lifted his head. He blinked at the sun for a moment—then rubbed his face sleepily with his tiny paw and stood up. Like all youngsters, he was ready for another day, in spite of the hardships and toil of the preceding one.

While Thor still lay restfully looking down into the valley, Muskwa began investigating the crevices in the rock wall, and tumbled about among the boulders on the ledge.

From the valley Thor turned his eyes to the cub. There was curiosity in his attitude as he watched Muskwa's antics and queer tumblings among the rocks. Then he rose cumbrously and shook himself.

For at least five minutes he stood looking down into the valley, and sniffing the wind, as motionless as though carven out of rock. And Muskwa, perking up his little ears, came and stood beside him, his sharp little eyes peering from Thor off into sunlit space, and then back to Thor again, as if wondering what was about to happen next.

The big grizzly answered the question. He turned along the rock shelf and began descending into the valley. Muskwa tagged behind, just as he had followed the day before. The cub felt twice as big and fully twice as strong as yesterday, and he no longer was obsessed by that uncomfortable yearning for his mother's milk. Thor had graduated him quickly, and he was a meat-eater. And he knew they were returning to where they had feasted last night.

They had descended half the distance of the slope when the wind brought something to Thor. A deep-chested growl rolled out of him as he stopped for a moment, the thick ruff about his neck bristling ominously. The scent he had caught came from the direction of his cache, and it was an odor which he was not in a humor to tolerate in this particular locality. Strongly he smelled the presence of another bear. This would not have excited him under ordinary conditions, and it would not have excited him now had the presence been that of a female bear. But the scent was that of a he-bear, and it drifted strongly up a rock-cut ravine that ran straight down toward the balsam patch in which he had hidden the caribou.

Thor stopped to ask himself no questions. Growling under his breath, he began to descend so swiftly that Muskwa had great difficulty in keeping up with him. Not until they came to the edge of the plain that overlooked the lake and the balsams did they stop. Muskwa's little jaws hung open as he panted. Then his ears pricked forward, he stared, and suddenly every muscle in his small body became rigid.

Seventy-five yards below them their cache was being outraged. The robber was a huge black bear. He was a splendid outlaw. He was, perhaps, three hundred pounds lighter than Thor, but he stood almost as high, and in the sunlight his coat shone with the velvety gloss of sable—the biggest and boldest bear that had entered Thor's domain in many a day. He had pulled the caribou carcass from its hiding-place and was eating as Thor and Muskwa looked down on him.

After a moment Muskwa peered up questioningly at Thor. "What are we going to do?" he seemed to ask. "He's got our dinner!"

Slowly and very deliberately Thor began picking his way down those last seventy-five yards. He seemed to be in no hurry now.

When he reached the edge of the meadow, perhaps thirty or forty yards from the big invader, he stopped again. There was nothing particularly ugly in his attitude, but the ruff about his shoulders was bigger than Muskwa had ever seen it before.

The black looked up from his feast, and for a full half minute they eyed each other. In a slow, pendulum-like motion the grizzly's huge head swung from side to side; the black was as motionless as a sphinx.

Four or five feet from Thor stood Muskwa. In a small-boyish sort of way he knew that something was going to happen soon, and in that same small-boyish way he was ready to put his stub of a tail between his legs and flee with Thor, or advance and fight with him. His eyes were curiously attracted by that pendulum-like swing of Thor's head. All nature understood that swing. Man had learned to understand it. "Look out when a grizzly rolls his head!" is the first commandment of the bear-hunter in the mountains.

The big black understood, and like other bears in Thor's domain, he should have slunk a little backward, turned about and made his exit. Thor gave him ample time. But the black was a new bear in the valley—and he was not only that: he was a powerful bear, and unwhipped; and he had overlorded a range of his own. He stood his ground.

The first growl of menace that passed between the two came from the black.

Again Thor advanced, slowly and deliberately—straight for the robber. Muskwa followed halfway and then stopped and squatted himself on his belly. Ten feet from the carcass Thor paused again; and now his huge head swung more swiftly back and forth, and a low rumbling

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thunder came from between his half-open jaws. The black's ivory fangs snarled; Muskwa whined.

Again Thor advanced, a foot at a time, and now his gaping jaws almost touched the ground, and his huge body was hunched low.

When no more than the length of a yardstick separated them there came a pause. For perhaps thirty seconds they were like two angry men, each trying to strike terror to the other's heart by the steadiness of his look.

Muskwa shook as if with the ague, and whined—softly and steadily he whined, and the whine reached Thor's ears. What happened after that began so quickly that Muskwa was struck dumb with terror, and he lay flattened out on the earth as motionless as a stone.

With that grinding, snarling grizzly roar, which is unlike any other animal cry in the world, Thor flung himself at the black. The black reared a little—just enough to fling himself backward easily as they came together breast to breast. He rolled upon his back, but Thor was too old a fighter to be caught by that first vicious ripping stroke of the black's hind foot, and he buried his four long flesh-rending teeth to the bone of his enemy's shoulder. At the same time he struck a terrific cutting stroke with his left paw.

Thor was a digger, and his claws were dulled; the black was not a digger, but a tree-climber, and his claws were like knives. And like knives they buried themselves in Thor's wounded shoulder, and the blood spurted forth afresh.

With a roar that seemed to set the earth trembling, the huge grizzly lunged backward and reared himself to his full nine feet. He had given the black warning. Even after their first tussle his enemy might have retreated and he would not have pursued. Now it was a fight to the death! The black had done more than ravage his cache. He had opened the man-wound!

A minute before Thor had been fighting for law and right—without great animosity or serious desire to kill. Now, however, he was terrible. His mouth was open, and it was eight inches from jaw to jaw; his lips were drawn up until his white teeth and his red gums were bared; muscles stood out like cords on his nostrils, and between his eyes was a furrow like the cleft made by an axe in the trunk of a pine. His eyes shone with the glare of red garnets, their greenish-black pupils almost obliterated by the ferocious fire that was in them. Man, facing Thor in this moment, would have known that only one would come out alive.

Thor was not a "stand-up" fighter. For perhaps six or seven seconds he remained erect, but as the black advanced a step he dropped quickly to all fours.

The black met him halfway, and after this—for many minutes—Muskwa hugged closer and closer to the earth while with gleaming eyes he watched the battle. It was such a fight as only the jungles and the mountains see, and the roar of it drifted up and down the valley.

Like human creatures the two giant beasts used their powerful forearms while with fangs and hind feet they ripped and tore. For two minutes they were in a close and deadly embrace, both rolling on the ground, now one under and then the other. The black clawed ferociously; Thor used chiefly his teeth and his terrible right hind foot. With his forearms he made no effort to rend the black, but used them to hold and throw his enemy. He was fighting to get *under*, as he had flung himself under the caribou he had disembowelled.

Again and again Thor buried his long fangs in the other's flesh; but in fang-fighting the black was even quicker than he, and his right shoulder was being literally torn to pieces when their jaws met in midair. Muskwa heard the crash of them; he heard the grind of teeth on teeth, the sickening crunch of bone.

Then suddenly the black was flung upon his side as though his neck had been broken, and Thor was at his throat. Still the black fought, his gaping and bleeding jaws powerless now as the grizzly closed his own huge jaws on the jugular.

Muskwa stood up. He was shivering still, but with a new and strange emotion. This was not play, as he and his mother had played. For the first time he was looking upon *battle*, and the thrill of it sent the blood hot and fast through his little body. With a faint, puppyish snarl he darted in. His teeth sank futilely into the thick hair and tough hide of the black's rump. He pulled and he snarled; he braced himself with his forefeet and tugged at his mouthful of hair, filled with a blind and unaccountable rage.

The black twisted himself upon his back, and one of his hind feet raked Thor from chest to vent. That stroke would have disembowelled a caribou or a deer; it left a red, open, bleeding wound three feet long on Thor.

Before it could be repeated, the grizzly swung himself sidewise, and the second blow caught Muskwa. The flat of the black's foot struck him, and for twenty feet he was sent like a stone out of a sling-shot. He was not cut, but he was stunned.

In that same moment Thor released his hold on his enemy's throat, and swung two or three feet to one side. He was dripping blood. The black's shoulders, chest, and neck were saturated with it; huge chunks had been torn from his body. He made an effort to rise, and Thor was on him again.

This time Thor got his deadliest of all holds. His great jaws clamped in a death-grip over the upper part of the black's nose. One terrific grinding crunch, and the fight was over. The black could not have lived after that. But this fact Thor did not know. It was now easy for him to rip with those knifelike claws on his hind feet. He continued to maul and tear for ten minutes after the black was dead.

When Thor finally quit the scene of battle was terrible to look upon. The ground was torn up and red; it was covered with great strips of black hide and pieces of flesh; and the black, on the under side, was torn open from end to end.

Two miles away, tense and white and scarcely breathing as they looked through their glasses, Langdon and Bruce crouched beside a rock on the mountain-side. At that distance they had witnessed the terrific spectacle, but they could not see the cub. As Thor stood panting and bleeding over his lifeless enemy, Langdon lowered his glass.

"My God!" he breathed.

Bruce sprang to his feet.

"Come on!" he cried. "The black's dead! If we hustle we can get our grizzly!"

And down in the meadow Muskwa ran to Thor with a bit of warm black hide in his mouth, and Thor lowered his great bleeding head, and just once his red tongue shot out and caressed Muskwa's face. For the little tan-faced cub had proved himself; and it may be that Thor had seen and understood.

CHAPTER NINE

NEITHER Thor nor Muskwa went near the caribou meat after the big fight. Thor was in no condition to eat, and Muskwa was so filled with excitement and trembling that he could not swallow a mouthful. He continued to worry a strip of black hide, snarling and growling in his puny way, as though finishing what the other had begun.

For many minutes the grizzly stood with his big head drooping, and the blood gathered in splashes under him. He was facing down the valley. There was almost no wind—so little that it was scarcely possible to tell from which direction it came. Eddies of it were caught in the coulees, and higher up about the shoulders and peaks it blew stronger. Now and then one of these higher movements of air would sweep gently downward and flow through the valley for a few moments in a great noiseless breath that barely stirred the tops of the balsams and spruce. One of these mountain-breaths came as Thor faced the east. And with it, faint and terrible, came the **man-smell!**

Thor roused himself with a sudden growl from the lethargy into which he had momentarily allowed himself to sink. His relaxed muscles hardened. He raised his head and sniffed the wind.

Muskwa ceased his futile fight with the bit of hide and also sniffed the air. It was warm with the man-scent, for Langdon and Bruce were running and sweating, and

the odor of man-sweat drifts heavy and far. It filled Thor with a fresh rage. For a second time it came when he was hurt and bleeding. He had already associated the man-smell with hurt, and now it was doubly impressed upon him. He turned his head and snarled at the mutilated body of the big black. Then he snarled menacingly in the face of the wind. He was in no humor to run away. In these moments, if Bruce and Langdon had appeared over the rise, Thor would have charged with that deadly ferocity which lead can scarcely stop, and which has given to his kind their terrible name.

But the breath of air passed, and there followed a peaceful calm. The valley was filled with the purr of running water; from their rocks the whistlers called forth their soft notes; up on the green plain the ptarmigan were fluting, and rising in white-winged flocks. These things soothed Thor, as a woman's gentle hand quiets an angry man. For five minutes he continued to rumble and growl as he tried vainly to catch the scent again; but the rumbling and growling grew steadily less, and finally he turned, and walked slowly toward the coulee down which he and Muskwa had come a little while before. Muskwa followed.

The coulee, or ravine, hid them from the valley as they ascended. Its bottom was covered with rock and shale. The wounds Thor had received in the fight, unlike bullet wounds, had stopped bleeding after the first few minutes, and he left no telltale red spots behind. The ravine took them to the first chaotic upheaval of rock halfway up the mountain, and here they were still more lost to view from below.

They stopped and drank at a pool formed by the melting snow on the peaks, and then went on. Thor did not stop when they reached the ledge on which they had slept the previous night. And this time Muskwa was not tired when they reached the ledge. Two days had made a big change in the little tan-faced cub. He was not so round and puffy. And he was stronger—a great deal stronger; he was becoming hardened, and under Thor's strenuous tutelage he was swiftly graduating from cub-hood to young bear-hood.

It was evident that Thor had followed this ledge at some previous time. He knew where he was going. It continued up and up, and finally seemed to end in the face of a precipitous wall of rock. Thor's trail led him directly to a great crevice, hardly wider than his body, and through this he went, emerging at the edge of the wildest and roughest slide of rock that Muskwa had ever seen. It looked like a huge quarry, and it broke through the timber far below them, and reached almost to the top of the mountain above.

For Muskwa to make his way over the thousand pitfalls of that chaotic upheaval was an impossibility, and as Thor began to climb over the first rocks the cub stopped and whined. It was the first time he had given up, and when he saw that Thor gave no attention to his whine, terror seized upon him and he cried for help as loudly as he could while he hunted frantically for a path up through the rocks.

Utterly oblivious of Muskwa's predicament, Thor continued until he was fully thirty yards away. Then he stopped, faced about deliberately, and waited.

This gave Muskwa courage, and he scratched and clawed and even used his chin and teeth in his efforts to follow. It took him ten minutes to reach Thor, and he was completely winded. Then, all at once, his terror vanished. For Thor stood on a white, narrow path that was as solid as a floor.

The path was perhaps eighteen inches wide. It was unusual- and mysterious-looking, and strangely out of place where it was. It looked as though an army of workmen had come along with hammers and had broken up tons of sandstone and slate, and then filled in between the boulders with rubble, making a smooth and narrow road that in places was ground to the fineness of powder and the hardness of cement. But instead of hammers, the hoofs of a hundred or perhaps a thousand generations of mountain sheep had made the trail. It was the sheep-path over the range. The first band of bighorn may have blazed the way before Columbus discovered America; surely it had taken a great many years for hoofs to make that smooth road among the rocks.

Thor used the path as one of his highways from valley to valley, and there were other creatures of the mountains who used it as well as he, and more frequently. As he stood waiting for Muskwa to get his wind they both heard an odd chuckling sound approaching them from above. Forty or fifty feet up the slide the path twisted and descended a little depression behind a huge boulder. and out from behind this boulder came a big porcupine.

There is a law throughout the North that a man shall not kill a porcupine. He is the "lost man's friend," for the wandering and starving prospector or hunter can nearly always find a porcupine, if nothing else; and a child can kill him. He is the humorist of the wilderness—the happiest, the best-natured, and altogether the mildest-mannered beast that ever drew breath. He talks and chatters and chuckles incessantly, and when he travels he walks like a huge animated pincushion; he is oblivious of everything about him as though asleep.

As this particular "porky" advanced upon Muskwa and Thor, he was communing happily with himself, the chuckling notes he made sounding very much like a baby's cooing. He was enormously fat, and as he waddled slowly along his side and tail quills clicked on the stones. His eyes were on the path at his feet. He was deeply absorbed in nothing at all, and he was within five feet of Thor before he saw the grizzly. Then, in a wink, he humped himself into a ball. For a few seconds he scolded vociferously. After that he was as silent as a sphinx, his little red eyes watching the big bear.

Thor did not want to kill him, but the path was narrow, and he was ready to go on. He advanced a foot or two, and Porky turned his back toward Thor and made ready to deliver a swipe with his powerful tail. In that tail were several hundred quills. As Thor had more than

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

once come into contact with porcupine quills, he hesitated.

Muskwa was looking on curiously. He still had his lesson to learn, for the quill he had once picked up in his foot had been a loose quill. But since the porcupine seemed to puzzle Thor, the cub turned and made ready to go back along the slide if it became necessary. Thor advanced another foot, and with a sudden **chuck, chuck, chuck**—the most vicious sound he was capable of making—Porky advanced backward and his broad, thick tail whipped through the air with a force that would have driven quills a quarter of an inch into the butt of a tree. Having missed, he humped himself again, and Thor stepped out on the boulder and circled around him. There he waited for Muskwa.

Porky was immensely satisfied with his triumph. He unlimbered himself; his quills settled a bit; and he advanced toward Muskwa, at the same time resuming his good-natured chuckling. Instinctively the cub hugged the edge of the path, and in doing so slipped over the edge. By the time he had scrambled up again Porky was four or five feet beyond him and totally absorbed in his travel.

The adventure of the sheep-trail was not yet quite over, for scarcely had Porky maneuvered himself to safety when around the edge of the big boulder above appeared a badger, hot on the fresh and luscious scent of his favorite dinner, a porcupine. This worthless outlaw of the mountains was three times as large as Muskwa, and every ounce of him was fighting muscle and bone and claw and sharp teeth. He had a white mark on his nose and forehead; his legs were short and thick; his tail was bushy, and the claws on his front feet were almost as long as a bear's. Thor greeted him with an immediate growl of warning, and the badger scooted back up the trail in fear of his life.

Meanwhile Porky lumbered slowly along in quest of new feeding-grounds, talking and singing to himself, forgetting entirely what had happened a minute or two before, and unconscious of the fact that Thor had saved him from a death as certain as though he had fallen over a thousand-foot precipice.

For nearly a mile Thor and Muskwa followed the Bighorn Highway before its winding course brought them at last to the very top of the range. They were fully three-quarters of a mile above the creek-bottom, and so narrow in places was the crest of the mountain along which the sheep-trail led that they could look down into both valleys.

To Muskwa it was all a greenish golden haze below him; the depths seemed illimitable; the forest along the stream was only a black streak, and the parklike clumps of balsams and cedars on the farther slopes looked like very small bosks of thorn or buffalo willow.

Up here the wind was blowing, too. It whipped him with a strange fierceness, and half a dozen times he felt the mysterious and very unpleasant chill of snow under his feet. Twice a great bird swooped near him. It was the biggest bird he had ever seen—an eagle. The second time it came so near that he heard the **beat** of it, and saw its great, fierce head and lowering talons.

Thor whirled toward the eagle and growled. If Muskwa had been alone, the cub would have gone sailing off in those murderous talons. As it was, the third time the eagle circled it was down the slope from them. It was after other game. The scent of the game came to Thor and Muskwa, and they stopped.

Perhaps a hundred yards below them was a shelving slide of soft shale, and on this shale, basking in the warm sun after their morning's feed lower down, was a band of sheep. There were twenty or thirty of them, mostly ewes and their lambs. Three huge old rams were lying on a patch of snow farther to the east.

With his six-foot wings spread out like twin fans, the eagle continued to circle. He was as silent as a feather floating with the wind. The ewes and even the old bighorns were unconscious of his presence over them. Most of the lambs were lying close to their mothers, but two or three of a livelier turn of mind were wandering over the shale and occasionally hopping about in playful frolic.

The eagle's fierce eyes were upon these youngsters. Suddenly he drifted farther away—a full rifle-shot distance straight in the face of the wind; then he swung gracefully, and came back with the wind. And as he came, his wings apparently motionless, he gathered greater and greater speed, and shot like a rocket straight for the lambs. He seemed to have come and gone like a great shadow, and just one plaintive, agonized bleat marked his passing—and two little lambs were left where there had been three.

There was instant commotion on the slide. The ewes began to run back and forth and bleat excitedly. The three rams sprang up and stood like rocks, their huge battlemented heads held high as they scanned the depths below them and the peaks above for new danger.

One of them saw Thor, and the deep, grating bleat of warning that rattled out of his throat a hunter could have heard a mile away. As he gave his danger signal he started down the slide, and in another moment an avalanche of hoofs was clattering down the steep shale slope, loosening small stones and boulders that went tumbling and crashing down the mountain with a din that steadily increased as they set others in motion on the way. This was all mighty interesting to Muskwa, and he would have stood for a long time looking down for other things to happen if Thor had not led him on.

After a time the Bighorn Highway began to descend into the valley from the upper end of which Thor had been driven by Langdon's first shots. They were now six or eight miles north of the timber in which the hunters had made their permanent camp, and headed for the lower tributaries of the Skeena.

Another hour of travel, and the bare shale and gray crags were above them again, and they were on the green slopes. After the rocks, and the cold winds, and the terrible glare he had seen in the eagle's eyes, the warm and lovely valley into which they had come was sweet.

It was evident that Thor had something in his mind. He was not rambling now. He cut off the ends and the bulges of the slopes. With his head hunched low he travelled steadily northward, and a compass could not have marked out a straighter line for the lower waters of the Skeena. He was tremendously businesslike, and Muskwa, tagging bravely along behind, wondered if he were never going to stop; if there could be anything in the whole wide world finer for a big grizzly and a little tan-faced cub than these wonderful sunlit slopes which Thor seemed in such great haste to leave.

(To be continued)

Outdoor Men

By LOU KLEWER

THEY worship not in man made halls, in cities' dust and smoke,
Nor listen to the printed word put down by ancient folk;
They care not for the music nor the songs that churchmen sing,
But hie away to running brooks at the approach of spring.

THEY worship in the God-made woods, in forests tall and green
And harken to the sermons in the stones and brooks serene.
They listen to the music of the birds and frogs and bees,
And then they say their prayers, just a-fishin' 'neath the trees.

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

A Little Story of a Big One

By JOHN COSSEBOOM

THERE had been no rain for several weeks and the Margaree River, growing smaller and smaller, had sent no message in the shape of a freshet out to the waiting salmon along the coast. The report from the salt water fishermen was that there had never been so many salmon waiting to come into the river as this year, but the water was too low, so they waited outside in the ocean until a downpour should send an all compelling invitation to explore the rocky pools of the old Margaree.

A few venturesome ones had come up the river as far as the Barracks Pool which is in the tide water itself, and there lay unmindful of any fly that might be cast over them. And how we prayed for rain. At first we prayed for a torrent that would send a stream of fresh water away out into the ocean reviving the propagating instincts in the millions of salmon out there and reminding them of the cool shady pools of their youth but the "prayers of the wicked availeth not" and the drought—or locally "droot"—continued. Then we prayed for enough rain to cool the river water so that those fish that had come into the river early in the Spring and were now resting in the upper pools and refusing to rise to anything because the water was too warm for wet flies and too cool for dry flies might get some life into them and start from pool to pool and begin to take the wet fly as is their habit when on the move: but still the gods remained deaf and we, with our days for fishing growing fewer and fewer, alternately cursed the dry weather and prayed for rain. At last we said if there would only come enough rain to mix muddy fresh water into the Barracks Pool and coax the salmon lying there up river as far as the Long Marsh Pool we would be satisfied. Then it seems our prayers were answered. There came a violent shower, raising the water several inches, which sent a yellow, turbid flood down the river, filling the Barracks Pool with muddy water. This we thought would surely coax the salmon there up the river at least as far as the Long Marsh, the Long Marsh Pool being the next pool above the Barracks and about one-half a mile from it.

When the shower was over and the river began to settle we got ready to start fishing. Long Marsh Pool is opposite a great stretch of marsh land lying along the river. The tide comes up into it as it does into the Barracks Pool, but it is far enough up stream so that when the fresh water coming down mixes enough with the outgoing tide the salmon become active and rise to the fly for a short time. You must be there at this paricular time or you might just as well stay at home.

The fish come up and lie behind snags and rocks away out in the river, and as you may be obliged to make very long casts generally against the wind, it is best to use your longest and heaviest rods. Henry chose a fourteen-foot rod, Mrs. Henry a twelve-foot. Mrs. C. had one ten and a half feet, while I chose my seventeen-foot, man-size, two-handed outfit that made it unsafe for any salmon to come fooling around. Mike had a gaff lashed on a rake handle. Mike cannot swim and as he has nearly drowned himself several times trying to gaff fish in deep water with a short-handled gaff, he made one out of a rake by breaking the business end off and lashing the gaff hook to the end of the handle. The Long Marsh Pool being in walking distance from the house, we rigged up our rods before starting, and as the river was still somewhat discolored we put on heavy leaders and large flies.

"The Salmon of Long Marsh Pool exactly 24 pounds, which is not so bad for a broken rod."

It is great fun casting for salmon with light tackle. The finesse and delicacy of dry fly salmon fishing with a five and one-half ounce trout rod appeal to me as the acme of all sport, and I can tell some weird tales of fish hooked and landed and fish hooked and lost on the dry fly. But once in a while it seems good to get your hands on a big two-handed rod with a leader heavy enough and a fly big enough so that when you do hook one you can give him blazes without having heart failure for fear something will break. The best place on the Long Marsh is about half way down where there lies away out in the current an old snag deposited there some Spring long ago by the outgoing ice. The current eddying over and around it has scoured out a deep hole with a bottom of clean sand. The salmon love to lie in this and rest, and if there are any in the pool you will find them there.

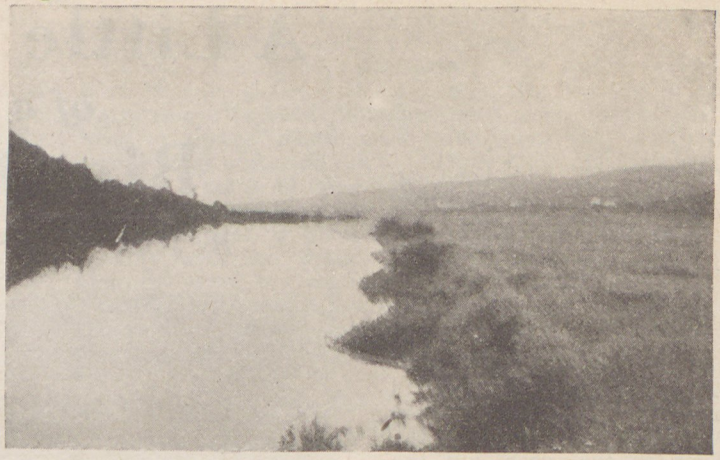
We divided up about fifty feet apart, Henry in the lead, and began casting over the pool, taking a step down stream after each cast. In this way you fish down the pool until each one has covered it or until someone has raised a fish. Fishing this way, if everyone is careful, it makes little difference whether you are ahead or behind, as a salmon will sometimes allow several flies to pass over him before he makes up his mind to grab one.

We all fished over the pool, being extra careful when we got to the snag, but not a thing stirring. We went back and tried it over again—nothing doing. Then we changed our flies and tried it once more—not a sign. We scattered, each picking out a pet spot, and fished carefully over that—not a rise. We rested, and tried it all over,—no luck. Then we decided that there were no salmon in the pool anyway and began to prepare for lunch.

Now it began to look to me as though I might be called upon to do some work such as getting wood or building a fire or something, and since any form of work aside from fishing has always been against my convictions, I thought of a time years ago when I had caught a salmon

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

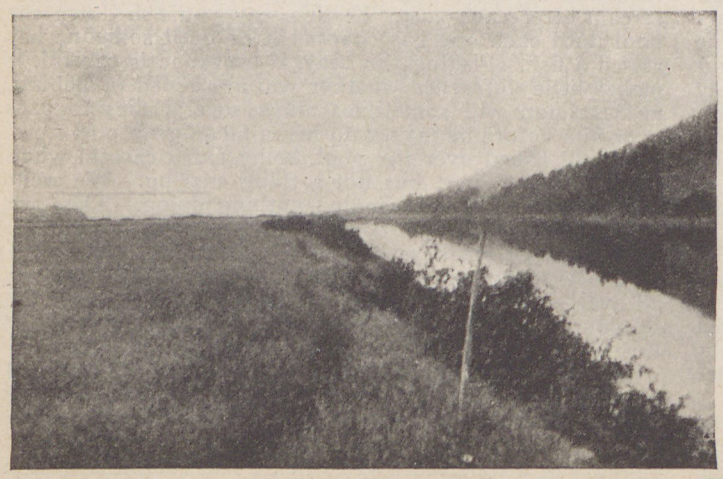
away down at the lower end of the Marsh, where there used to be a famous old snag. This snag had been carried away by the ice and the pool formed by it had been wiped out many years. However, it being as good an excuse as any I could think of to separate myself from any possible chance to work until lunch was ready, I said to the others: "About this time every day I go catch a salmon; there is one waiting for me down where the old snag used to be," and they laughed at me and made disparaging remarks about people in their dotage harking back to scenes of their childhood and informed me that there had not been a fish caught down at the lower end of the Marsh for years and years; and also that I was elected to get driftwood for the fire. But I said: "Let Henry do it: as a fisherman he makes a great wood gatherer; let somebody fish that knows how to." With which I picked up my big rod and waving an airy farewell started jauntily off with the parting injunction to be sure to call me when dinner was ready.



I walked pretty well down to the lower end of the Marsh and began casting—getting out all the line I could. At about the tenth cast, I saw a great wave appear on the water and out of it showed a head, back and tail of a salmon that made my heart stand still. He missed the fly and disappeared. I yanked the line from the water and went and sat down to rest him. We usually rest a fish about five minutes after he has risen for a fly and missed it. This gives him time to settle back in the pool and forget that he has missed something, and it is the longest five minutes that you ever put in. If you do not time yourself you will be back fishing in less than half a minute, with the probable result that the salmon will refuse to rise. This does not always follow, as he will sometimes come right back at the fly, but it is generally best to rest him.

I took out my watch and waited the full five minutes, praying to the red gods that I had not pricked him; then I walked back about twenty paces up stream and started casting once more, working down slowly and casting more carefully at every step; until I neared the spot where he had come up; then I cast away out diagonally down stream and held my breath while the current carried the fly around in an arc over the exact place where he should be lying. Something attracted my attention across the stream, and I must have raised my eyes from the fly an instant, for when I looked again there he was right on top of the water, just turning to go down with the fly in his mouth. To those who have never had the good fortune to see a salmon rise, I want to say that it is the most beautiful sight in fishing. I held the rod steady until I felt him draw the line tight, and struck; not hard, I thought, but just enough to set the hook. He must have been going for bottom fast, for the rod broke short off at the ferrule between the tip and the second joint and that old tip went sliding down the line, over the leader, and bumped Mr. Salmon square on the nose.

Well, he just naturally went crazy; with one jump he came three feet out of water and went skittering across the river, just hitting the water with his side like a skipping stone, with that tip bumping his nose every time he stuck it out of water. I turned the rod just enough to get the line half way around the ferrule so as to have a smooth surface for it to run on and let him go. This was downright clever, if I do say it. Had I allowed the line to drag straight through the guides, it would have worn through in no time at all. The reel was screaming but it had nothing on me, for I was yelling bloody murder for Mike to come down there and help me. If you do not think I needed help, just try to play a crazy salmon with two joints of the rod and with the tip joint dragging in the water and jabbing him on the nose.



Mike and Mrs. C. came beating it down the Marsh to see what the trouble was, Mike with his long-handled gaff. That salmon scared crazy had taken out nearly all of my line and then started back with another rush that brought him right under my feet. There was a long bight in the line, and it was impossible, with no bend in the rod to take up the slack, to keep a tight line on him, reel as fast as I would, but when he got nearly to the bank he veered off up stream, thus keeping the line taut by the drag against the current and giving me a chance to catch up with him by reeling as fast as I knew how.

When I felt the line come tight again I began to put strain on him. His two long rushes and continual jumping had tired him somewhat, and I could feel him yielding to the pressure of the rod. Gradually he worked down stream toward me, shaking his head and tugging *(Continued on page 69)*

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

When Game Was Tame

Beginning the second half of Hunting Story Contest

Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

THE early entries for the second six months' installment of our hunting story contest announced in the February issue of the magazine indicates that the last half will be even more popular than the first. "When Arms and Ammunition Failed" was a much more limited field than that provided by "When Game Was Tame."

The success of this series will depend upon the response from the rank and file. There are hundreds of worth while incidents that have been experienced by the membership of our brotherhood that will be valuable contributions to these columns. Hunting stories are needed to balance our magazine. The only tenable criticisms we have heard, are to the effect that the fishermen have the best of it in "Outdoor America." You nimrods alone are to blame if this lop-sided advantage of the anglers continues.

Prizes For Hunting Story Contest

1st Prize—High-grade Binoculars of six — or eight-power.

2nd Prize—Camera with rapid lens, for outdoor photography, any size not larger than 3A; Eastman, Seneca or Ansco.

3rd Prize—Choice of:
.256 caliber .30'06, or .300 repeating rifle; Newton, Remington, Savage, Springfield or Winchester, or — 12 gauge double-barrel, hammerless shotgun; Ithaca, LeFever, Parker, Savage-Stevens, or Smith.

4th Prize—Choice of:
.22 caliber Repeating Rifle; Marlin, Remington, Savage, Stevens or Winchester. Or—.22 caliber target pistol; Colt, Harrington and Richardson, Reising, Smith and Wesson, or Stevens.

5th Prize—Cruising or hunting suit, made to measure; Bean, Filson, or Duxbac.

The fact is so well known that none of the editors of "Outdoor America" receive any monetary compensation, that possibly it is out of place to recall that situation here. My purpose in mentioning it is to impress upon those who are awarded the prizes, that what they receive will be just that much more than those of us who are on the job in every issue receive; and to offer the contributors who do not receive a prize, the same compensatory return that the editor-in-chief and his associates receive, viz: a consciousness of having brought forcibly home to the present generation, the diminished or dissipated heritage of coming generations.

All stories submitted for this contest should be mailed direct to the Editor of this department, at Warsaw, Indiana. In order that variety may be afforded when the stories appear in the respective issues, we will need a full assortment of large and small game stories from all over the country. Get busy now! Write yours! Send it in and have your bit done and over with! Any number of stories may be submitted by one person. All stories that are not used will be returned to the writers upon request.

The whole-souled, big-hearted and broad-visioned spirit that impels the fine contributions already made to this contest, is inspiring to the point of intoxication. A better example of this spirit than that displayed by the entrant to whom we have given the honor of the "kick-off" in this second half of our contest, would be hard to imagine. In sending us the story of killing his first deer, Ole Alexander of Portland, Oregon, comments on the vanishing fish and game so forcefully that we are passing you a paragraph of his letter.

"I am delighted with our magazine, as are my three children. They often get me to tell a yarn of fishing and hunting. Last night I penned the enclosed lines of the incident in my boyhood that led to my first Buck. I have never killed a female deer or a hen pheasant in my life and we still have some fine shooting here, but not like it used to be. Our fishing is fine, save for the speckled trout that are nearly extinct. This is particularly true where streams can be reached by autos."

Brother Alexander's story follows:

My First Deer

By OLE ALEXANDER

"BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a boy again, just for tonight."

At the piano my little daughter is playing this beautiful song, I lay down my last copy of "Outdoor America" and drink in the music. Then from my little library I take a copy of "The Book of the Black Bass," "Companionable Books," "The Tent Dwellers," and "My Most Tragic Fishing Moments." Others are there, too, and my little girl asks me to read "The Song of Roland." Yet this does not take from my mind the old song "Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight."

My memory is freshened of days when, as a boy, I longed to be the possessor of a rifle. Game was quite plentiful in the locality where I lived—the Blue Mountain range in Eastern Oregon. There I have seen mule deer and antelope in great herds. These were unmolested in those days, excepting that one was taken now and then for venison, when fresh meat was wanted and the weather cool enough to help preserve the meat until eaten up. High power rifles and game hogs were unheard of!

My father was foreman on a large dairy farm and I had my duties to perform each day, but they did not occupy all my time. I could spend much time in the hills, shooting squirrels and rabbits with my little .22 single shot Stevens. I became a fairly good shot and would often match with our hired man, who owned a .30-.30 Winchester, a rifle I longed to own. My parents discouraged the idea as much as possible but could not quench the flame of that ever burning ambition in my heart.

To kill a deer was my greatest ambition. I knew my .22 was too small and never ventured trying, as I always felt sorry for any animal I had wounded. I begged my parents to let me have the .30-.30 just one day, and that would settle the whole question. I promised, begged and cajoled without limit, for just one shot with that gun. I told them we should have some venison, that the pork and corned beef wasn't good for us without fresh meat, and that it would be cheaper, too. I put up every conceivable argument and excuse I could think of, but could

not extract the necessary O. K.

The summer was passing, my days were spent playing a wary trout, or perhaps smoking out a coyote or badger, or picking off a pheasant or grouse, as all these were abundant in those days. Many were the chicken dinners Mother prepared because I was able to shoot!

One autumn I asked Mother again about the .30-.30. A parental conference followed, and the next day I was permitted to shoot the big gun. I fired it several times with such display of care and marksmanship that they told me I could try for a deer on the morrow.

That was the shortest night I ever spent. 'Twas yet dark when I heard Mother call. I did not tarry, but crawled into my tattered trousers and was dressed. I did all the talking at breakfast, laid all my plans to the men and told them when they heard a shot to hitch up the team and come haul in my deer. I was so much absorbed in my own earnestness that I did not understand that I was being made fun of; everyone seemed to be so fully convinced.

Day was just breaking when the hired man took down the gun and said, "Here, son. Only one deer, now, remember." I assured him I would kill only one, and if he thought he was taking any chances of me killing any more he could leave just one cartridge in the gun, but he said be believed I was honest and would do as I said.

A kiss from Mother and I was off, over the hills and out of sight. How big the world seemed, as I feasted my eyes on the beautiful mountains, forests of stately pine and fir (now almost gone), as I waded through an icy brook (now dry, save for the spring freshets)! Once I flushed a covey of brush pheasants. A little further on a snow shoe rabbit bounded for cover. A tree squirrel played hide-and-seek with me. All seemed to sense that I was after larger game.

Who would want to kill her?
Photo by Victor Alm

I knew where the deer licks were. I knew where they came down to drink. I made my way over a small hill and down to a small ledge where I could hide, and not more than thirty yards from the trail over which I knew the deer must pass. Between the rocks I found a place, and there I lay, the cold mountain air sending shivers under my patched trousers and torn shirt, but what did I care—I was a full fledged hunter now, and must endure hardships.

Here I waited, it seemed hours before the sun came up to warm my freezing body, and with its warmth came the sound of tramping deer from just across a small ravine. I knew where they would cross to follow the trail below me, and on over the hill. I dared not move now! Scarcely breathing I waited! Soon the leader came in sight, then another and another, until about twenty-five mule deer were in sight at one time. Then came the one I wanted—large, proud, surely the monarch of the glen! How those antlers did shine! My heart beat fast as nearer and nearer he came until just a few rods from me. I took careful aim and fired. My aim had been true, and he fell. I then thought I would not dare move for fear of being seen by the herd and stampeded; but this was false fear, as the band had disappeared like a flash at the report of the gun. I waited for my deer to arise again, but he did not; after several moments I approached stealthily and found him dead. The bullet had entered the left ear and came out just above the right eye, a close, quick despatch.

I stood the gun against the great antlers and gazed upon my trophy, then the thought of getting him home came to me. Completely forgetting the gun, I ran every step of the two miles home, where I rushed up to the men and told them to get the team and wagon and come quick. They would not believe me. One said he

(Continued on page 57)

Idaho Game

By WALTER G. CORKER

The contribution from Walter G. Corker of Glenns Ferry, Idaho, contains an analysis of game conditions in the public domain of the American Rockies that should make the blood of every Waltonian boil. Brother Corker's reminiscences were accompanied by such a well-stated appreciation of what the League has dedicated itself to accomplish that we would be failing in our duty if we did not pass it on to you. He writes us: "Outdoor America has trained her sights on one of the most vital points that confront the American people today—the conserving of our great outdoors and the wild life it contains. May your hand never tremble, or your eyes grow dim while in pursuit of the ideal, and should you fail to complete the task you have assumed, make the foundation such that those who follow will feel in duty bound to complete the task!"
M. L. G.

FOR one whose hunting has been confined to the United States, it was a long time ago that game was tame.

The greater part of my hunting has been done in Idaho. The accompanying photographs are of Idaho game and game country, taken since the game has become wild and the country comparatively tame. Some of the feathered species, like the Sage Hen, have become almost extinct and if they are not protected in the near future, this great bird will exist only in our memories. I recall when flocks of a thousand in a drove would be seen marching from the high valleys and mountains to the sage-brush deserts in the early fall. They seldom flew before they became acquainted with man, unless disturbed by coyote or eagle. As they marched on early autumn mornings the frost benumbed grasshopper fell an easy prey to their keen eyes. All insects, wild lettuce and tender grass constituted the sage hen's diet, in sum-

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Photo by Oliver Dennett Grover

A trophy worth more than all the mounted heads

We still have fair goat hunting on Graylock Mountain

mer and autumn, as unlike other feathered fowl they have no gizzard, but are equipped with a stomach. A three-fourth grown sage hen is an excellent table bird, but later, after the diet includes black sage, the flesh is entirely too highly seasoned with that particular plant.

Deer were the most numerous of all big game animals in Southern Idaho. Their winter range was south of the Snake River and they came down from the mountains as the snow came on in the fall and swam the Snake River at any place they happened to strike it. A deer is a wonderful swimmer owing to the construction of his hair, each hair being a miniature air pocket. One of these fine animals could cross the river, which was full of swirls and backeddies, faster than a duck could swim the stream. A mule deer in this section seldom, if ever, eats grass, but lives on all brush, browse such as white and red sage, buck brush and a kind of gray moss that grows extensively all over the desert. Wet winters, when it rained a great deal, seemed to be the hardest for deer to keep in condition, possibly because a great portion of strength was washed out of their forage. As they became thin their hair turned a kind of a yellow-red. The latter part of February they congregated in great droves on the South side of the river preparatory to crossing. At this time they seemed to have little fear of man, and I have sat on a rim overlooking a valley where the whole country seemed to be moving with them. I well remember when the railroad built through Southern Idaho, it ran right through the summer and winter range, cutting it in two, and when the deer started for the winter range, there lay that terrible track of steel that smelled of man and grease, while on one side of it was a row of poles with wires that hummed and groaned, then some freight train would come pounding along with its shrieking whistle. Well, those deer didn't lose any time getting back to the mountains until the deep snows stopped them, and I have no doubt that days, and even weeks, elapsed before they made another attempt, but eventually they became used to the railroad and crossed without fear. I have known of a great many being struck by trains at night and killed, they probably were blinded by the headlight.

There would be thousands of deer in Idaho today were it not for the great droves of tame sheep. These pests ate up the range and the herder made targets of every living thing. Even man was not immune from their deadly fire as the court records will show.

Idaho is classed first now as a bear country. In the early days bear were very plentiful in black, brown and grizzly. The grizzly is about extinct now, in fact, most of the large bear are gone. We used to have great arguments concerning him. Some old timers claimed that the grizzly was one species, the silver tip another and the bald face another. From my own observations, I believe they are one and the same bear, but age and time of year changes their appearance by complimentary color phases. The bear is another game animal whose destruction to a great extent

Idaho goat country

Photo by Walter G. Corker

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

may be marked against the sheep industry. The vandals who leased the ranges for domestic sheep even went so far as to have a bounty placed on this grand animal, and Idaho should hang her head in shame for the part she took in extermination by trap and poison of this noble, interesting and valuable game animal. With the help of all good sportsmen and this sportsmen's magazine, we hope to put bear on the protected list in the near future. Of course we have all had some pranks played upon us by bear around our summer camps, but it should be remembered that the bear is the Irishman of all animals and enjoys a joke as well as you and I.

We still have pretty fair mountain goat hunting in the Sawtooth range of mountains. The principal reason of this is that the mountain goat does not change his range, but stays winter and summer in the most inaccessible peaks and crags, living entirely on browse of mountain maple, willow and aspen. The deep snow has no terror for this sturdy animal, as at the knee and hock the hair grows out in the form of a muff and they can cross snow of any depth or consistency with ease. Their principal enemy is the eagle, which preys on the young kids. No four footed enemy has a chance with a mountain goat on his own rock pile, and his capacity for carrying off lead is uncanny. He can stand more of it than any game I ever hunted and it has been my good fortune to bag specimens of everything we have in Idaho excepting moose. Formerly, the goat was not very wild where not hunted much, and I have seen bands of twenty to thirty come to a natural salt lick many times.

I have never at any time seen mountain sheep when they were easily approached. In my opinion they are the gamiest of all big game, and also have the most palatable flesh. They are protected in Idaho for a term of years, but I understand they are not on the increase on account of having become infected with scab, left by tame sheep using the range.

Our native blue grouse used to be very abundant. You needed no gun, just a few rocks, to have grouse for supper. We had some horses snowed in one winter and it took us several days to get them out. One of the boys killed a grouse and it had all the ear marks of being a tough old bird. We boiled it for three days and the odor from the pot smelled like a yellow pine board. When we tried to eat the bird, it tasted like fir-knot. About all these *(Continued on page 57)*

Shenandoah Reminiscences

By DR. GEORGE P. HAMNER

Dr. George P. Hamner, M. D., of Lynchburg, Virginia, carries us back a half century or more to the mountains of his state. The hero and heroine of his tales were typical mountain people of a day and environment that has contributed so liberally to the wealth of our literature, extolling the simon-pure, American stock of the southern mountains. Fred should not have wanted a deer the next day after bagging three hundred fifty pounds of bear meat, but such was the liberty taken by the sturdy American pioneer with the game supply. The fate of Dr. Hamner's characters we leave to you without further editorial comment. M. L. G.

THE following narrative is not an experience of my own, but one of the many that befell a typical mountaineer and big game hunter who was a countryman of mine in the pioneer days. He was a type of that class of frontier men who subsisted principally on game brought down by the old, small bore, muzzle loading rifle of fifty years ago, and who inhabited the most isolated and mountainous parts of Virginia, where, at that time, game was both plentiful and tame.

This particular mountain hunter, Fred Keister, lived with his family in the typical log cabin home with its small clearing away back in the fastnesses of the Shenandoah Mountains, which form the natural boundary between the states of Virginia and West Virginia.

Late one afternoon, when the ground was blanketed with six inches of fluffy, light snow, the first of the season, Fred's wife went out to drive the cows in for the night, accompanied by a small, mongrel house dog, known in those days as a bench legged fice. In her search for the wandering kine she came across the recent tracks of a large black bear. Being a fearless and hardy type of mountain woman, she took up the trail, and, after following it for about three-fourths of a mile, discovered a small cavern or cleft in the ledge of rock high up on the precipitous mountain side, into which the tracks led. She hurried home and told Fred, who had just arrived with some small game, of her discovery.

Quickly arming themselves with old fashioned powder and ball rifles they set out for the den. When they *(Continued on page 73)*

Why drain the mallard ponds?

From painting by Frank Stick

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Oklahoma Blazes The Way

"This Izaak Walton League is the most redemptive idea I have seen launched in America."—Dean T. G. C. McCalla, "Bishop of the League" and Treasurer of the Oklahoma Division.

"The only basis of American freedom is the preservation of the outdoors for our children and our children's children"—Earl M. Stapleton, President of the Oklahoma Division.

By
MERTON S. HEISS

Executive Secretary, I. W. L. A.

AT 7 o'clock on the evening of April 29th, Earl M. Stapleton of Oklahoma City made a very brief announcement to several hundred sportsmen assembled at Medicine Park. He said, "We now have 103 chapters."

This announcement, brief as it was, marked an epoch in the state of Oklahoma and in the Izaak Walton League of America. It meant that Oklahoma at that time had the greatest number of chapters of any state in the union and that Oklahoma down at the Southern end of the middle west had set a mark for all other states to shoot at. For weeks plans had been laid and intensive organization work had been done by Mr. Stapleton and his corps of very able assistants and co-workers. Telephone calls, telegrams and flying trips by automobile brought the leadership to Oklahoma and to make more complete the celebration accorded Will H. Dilg, National President of the League, when he appeared to address the closing banquet of the state convention.

Since that date it has been a nip and tuck fight between Oklahoma and Missouri for leadership and as these lines are being written Missouri has regained the lead established at the national convention held in Chicago last April.

The story of the rights to power of the Oklahoma Division is an interesting one just as everything connected with Oklahoma's history is interesting. Only a few short months ago there were three pioneer chapters in Oklahoma, Heavener, Westville and Oklahoma City. Then came the necessity of some protective legislation. It looked as though a crime against Oklahoma's wild life was about to be committed. With these three chapters working might and main, supported by headquarters, it was possible to forestay this legislation and then without any hesitation or delay Oklahoma went about the work of getting the sportsmen organized under the Izaak Walton League banner and laying plans which would make impossible any disastrous legislation.

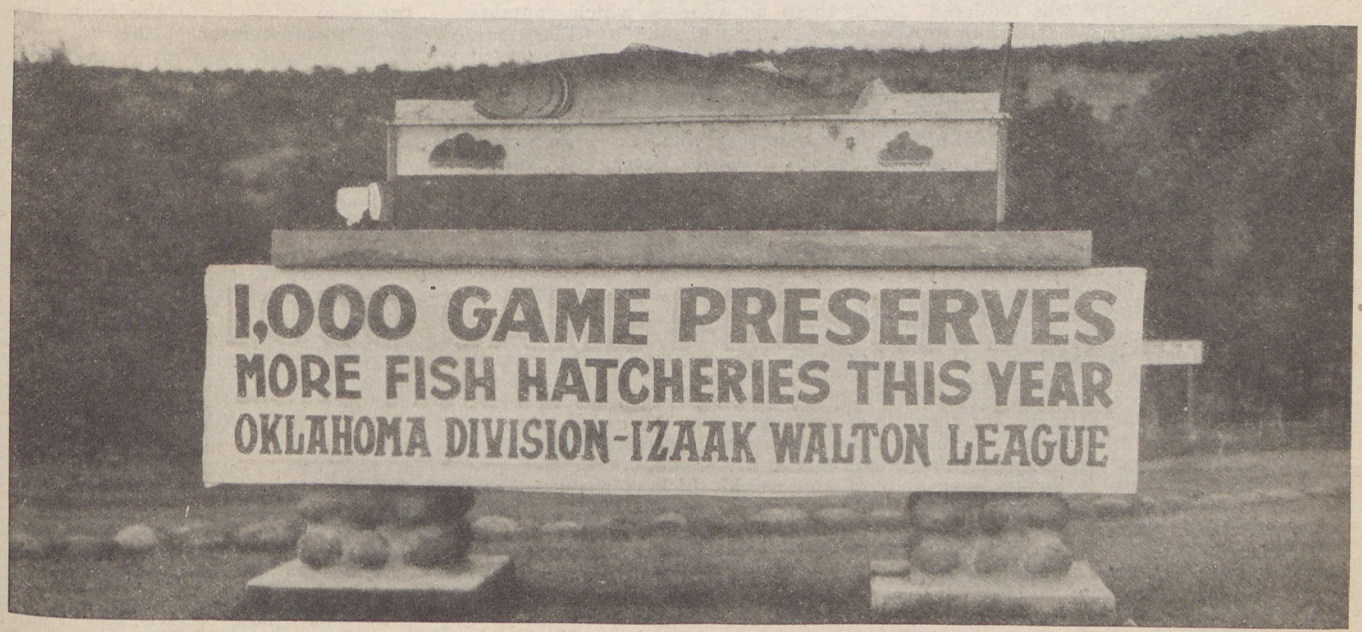
With the greatest respect to Judge Dickinson, Oklahoma now claims that "Fish and Game have a vote" and they are demonstrating that all men in politics must realize that there is such a thing as "The sportsmen's vote."

This organization was not perfected without a vast amount of hard work. Earl M. Stapleton with his very able assistant, F. J. Hill, mapped and charted the state, held meetings, flooded communities with literature and what was most important of all, brought before the sportsmen just how necessary for their own community and their own state, was affiliation with the national organization. Dean T. G. C. McCalla, the six foot every-inch-a-man clergyman gave freely and faithfully of his talents to the cause and help came from every one of the finest men and women of the state. The newspapers helped, in fact in Oklahoma it is not considered respectable to be outside of the League.

Space forbids a detailed rehearsal of all that has been already accomplished in Oklahoma but a few outstanding points are bound to prove of interest to all who love the League and its work and will certainly provide inspiration to people of states where they are about ready to lay aside their guns and fishing tackle and say, "What's the use?"

The first thing one notices on a drive or train trip through the country is the prevalence of green and white. These are the colors of the Oklahoma Division of the Izaak Walton League and apparently no better thing could be done than to nationalize these colors as the green of the out-of-doors and the white of the purity of purpose is certainly appropriate to the League. Even the licenses in Oklahoma are printed in green and white, the state having done over a supply in compliment to the division. Also if you stop in a city you will notice a very large percentage of automobiles carry on the wind shield a sticker which says, "Do your duty. Join the Izaak Walton League. Fish and Game cannot vote." A reproduction of this sticker will be found elsewhere in these pages and it is suggested that chapters and divisions follow the lead of Oklahoma and have similar emblems prepared. In fact the idea should beyond doubt be given national consideration.

All game preserves are fenced in with posts of white topped with green. Oklahoma has started and will carry out its plan of 1,000 game preserves and sufficient fish hatcheries to supply and keep supplied every stream in the state. Also every ranchman having a lake on his property will see that it becomes a potential duck preserve. These plans are



Here is one of the first monuments of the Leagues activities to greet the visitor of Medicine Park. Site of a fish hatchery rapidly becoming nationally famous.

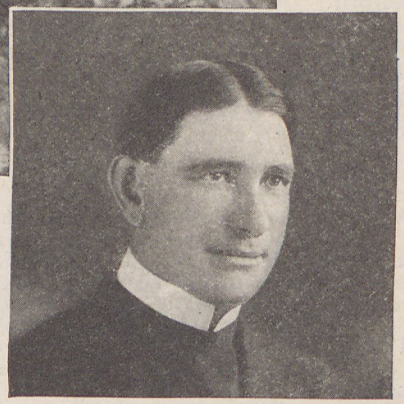
Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

A man among men is this stalwart Dean T. G. C. McCalla. Of course he is a sportsman and a real one.

not by any means designed to restrict or prevent shooting but they are designed to make more and better shooting and to maintain forever the wild birds native to Oklahoma.

The dog men are intensely interested in the League and be it known that the state of Oklahoma claims the greatest bird dogs in the world and hangs up the heaviest prizes for field trials of any state in the Union. More birds are necessary to train Oklahoma's bird dogs and the breeders rightfully figure that in order to maintain the high standards of their pointers and setters they must have material for them to work on.

Comprehensive charting of Oklahoma's fishing and hunting grounds to encourage motor tours and to provide statistics of value has been undertaken and this plan is the outgrowth of an idea which was originated by the Anadarko chapter and was explained at the convention. Officials of the Anadarko chapter exhibited a map of Caddo county having colored tacks showing the location of quail preserves and bass, crappie, perch and catfish waters. Similar charts will be assembled so that at a glance a person can select a spot where he can go for a day, week or a month. This certainly represents service.



He's also the "Bishop of the League." Can you imagine a better one?

So much has been done in Oklahoma that it is difficult to stick to a comprehensive outline but particular mention should be made of the manner in which the Medicine Park hatchery has been developed. C. K. McDonald in charge of the hatchery has been able to work out his own ideas and plans gained through life long experience in fish culture and propagation. There will be a hatchery equal to the one at Medicine Park in every section where one is needed.

Another incident which must not be overlooked was the offer free of charge to the state of Oklahoma, of an entire section of land located on Mountain Fork, McCurtain County, by D. W. Franchot of Tulsa. In this section will be established a fish hatchery and game farm.

E. L. Halsell of Muskogee, told the delegates about a thousand acre lake on his land. At first he intended this lake to be a commercial proposition but soon abandoned that idea and it is one of the finest preserves in the state. Mr. Halsell is a typical Oklahoma

This wind-shield sticker in green and white advertises the League in a forceful yet dignified manner.

Every Game Warden in the United States Should Read This and Then Realize That There Are Millions of Sportsmen Who Will Back Him Up in Law Enforcement and in the Creation of Sane Conservation Measures

GEORGE W. HINES, state fish and game warden of Oklahoma, comparatively recently was tendered the office he now holds. He decided that he could not possibly hope to accomplish the things he desired if he did not have behind him the sportsmen of the state. He realized that in the Oklahoma chapters of the Izaak Walton League were the cream of the Oklahoma sportsmen and he also realized that more and still more chapters would be formed, to the end that every single principled hunter, fisherman and lover of wild life would be enlisted in the cause of the League.

"Because I believe every Izaak Walton Leaguer is heart and soul for the enforcement of our game laws and because I realize that in this organization this department has the very thing needed to make it efficient I am going to commission every one of them a deputy," announced Mr. Hines. "If any proves unfaithful to this trust, his commission will be revoked immediately and I have been informed by President Stapleton that he will be dishonorably discharged from membership."

Warden Hines then gathered his rangers at headquarters and delivered to them an address which contains more than mere words. They talk straight from the shoulder out in Oklahoma and here is a straight talk without any frills:

"I have picked you men carefully from hundreds who have been recommended to me as rangers, because I believe, after a careful investigation of each one of you, many of whom long have been known to me personally, that you are honest, fearless and will give this department the loyal support it must have if it is going to succeed.

"I want to impress upon every one of you the absolute necessity of loyalty, honesty, and fearlessness.

"The time may come when some of you may even be called upon to risk your lives in upholding the laws of this state. I do not believe any of you would shirk your duty, even then. It takes just as much courage, too, to arrest a neighbor or an acquaintance, whom you find violating the law. I trust not one of you will be found wanting there.

"Some of you, perhaps all of you, not once but many times will be offered a bribe to overlook a violation. God forbid that any of you should prove so faithless to the trust this state, through me, is placing in you.

"I want it to be made plain to you here and now, that there will be thousands of Izaak Walton leaguers throughout this state who are consecrated to the restoration and perpetuation of our outdoor life who will be watching your every move, and if your foot slips, I will hear about it. When I get proof of your faithlessness, you will be discharged immediately.

"These Izaak Walton leaguers are our best friends. They are for us, if we enforce the laws. They provide us the very best means of discovering the miscreants who dynamite our fish, kill our game out of season and exceed the bag limits. Keep in close touch with the chapters in your districts and when violators are reported to you, act immediately and firmly. If you run into a situation too serious for you to handle singlehanded, communicate with me immediately and I will see that you get all the help you need.

"I am determined that this department make good. I have faith in you men that you will help me do it."

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

League of America justifies its policies and existence. Pollution comes next. We must purify our streams, protect our game and rout out the spoilers from our woods and waters."

Dr. George Parker Holden—

"Hurrah for the League and for its indefatigable workers. Mississippi Preserve Bill, a triumph not only in itself but as example of what cooperative effort can accomplish. A grand stimulus and bright omen for future of America's outdoor lovers."

Dr. James Alexander Henshall—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow for the blessing of the Upper Mississippi Preserve vouchsafed to the people of outdoor America.

"To the Izaak Walton League of America belongs the credit of securing this great blessing. To the League is due the love and esteem and congratulations of the people of America."

Gifford Pinchot—

"Heartiest congratulations—great work."

David Starr Jordan—

"Sincere congratulations preservation of breeding waters Mississippi River. Keep the good work going."

Robert W. Chambers—

"Cordial congratulations upon your success in saving upper Mississippi region for the generations to come. Now go after individuals and corporations that pollute our lakes and rivers. They are the meanest of public malefactors."

O. W. Smith—

"Congratulations! Best news in a century all because of the League. More power to it."

Harold T. Pulsifer—

"Three cheers for Upper Mississippi Reserve Bill. It was a miracle to get such a bill through such a Congress."

James Oliver Curwood—

"We have won our greatest conservation achievement in the Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill and one for which posterity will bless those who brought it about, long after we are gone. It has been one of the most courageous and determined fights I have ever known and shows that the hearts of our State and National Legislators can be made to beat in sympathy with outdoor America when they are clearly shown its necessities and demands. We must give credit forever to the Izaak Walton League for bringing this and other great work about and achievements already made are in my opinion only preliminary to the mighty back to nature movement which this country is going to see within the next five years."

Mrs. Frances E. Whitley—

"The welcome message came just before my convention address. Enthusiastic applause greeting announcement showed the interest of women in this bill. Congratulations on splendid victory."

R. E. Tull—Vice Pres. Illinois Division, I. W. L. A.

"Congratulations. Just heard that bill has passed Senate. This is a great day for the League and for conservation in the United States."

Karl T. Brown—Pres. Indiana Division, I. W. L. A.

"Every member of Indiana Chapters Izaak Walton League and thousands of non members congratulate you on the passage of Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill. We realize that no one but Bill Dilg himself could have put this bill over. This one act alone would justify the existence of Izaak Walton League."

W. B. Greeley—Chief U. S. Forestry Bureau

"Accept my heartiest congratulations on enactment legislation providing for Upper Mississippi Preserve. The Izaak Walton League has scored a signal success in accomplishing this constructive measure for conservation of wild life. With provision for this preserve and the enactment of the McNary-Forestry Bill all friends of outdoor conservation have just pride in the progress that the nation is making."

John P. Naas—Pres. Ohio Division, I. W. L. A.

"Congratulations from the Ohio Division and from Ohio sportsmen. Merited success has crowned the League's efforts in this behalf and lovers of nature and wild life must always do honor to the name of our League's President for the splendid service which he has rendered."

Congressman Harry B. Hawes—

"Congratulations upon the passing and signing of the Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill."

Senator Medill McCormick—

"I am happy beyond words at the victory of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Act."

Earl M. Stapleton—Pres. Oklahoma Division, I. W. L. A.

"Earnest congratulations. Great wedge. Believe League should get behind the Wyoming and Louisiana situation next session of Congress. Oklahoma proud of your great fight and victory."

Anderson Lee Scott—Temporary Pres. Kansas State Division, I. W. L. A.

"Accept heartiest congratulations on passage of Upper Mississippi River Refuge Bill. A great constructive conservation measure achieved despite seemingly impassable barriers. Because of this matchless achievement future generations will call the League and its founder blessed. Too happy to say more."

Judge George W. Wood—Pres. Iowa Division, I. W. L. A.

"Iowa Division extends its most heartfelt congratulations and thanks for the League's splendid work in preserving for posterity this last refuge of wild life in this section for the people of Iowa as well as the rest of America."

Howard Miller—Pres. Nebraska Division, I. W. L. A.

"Congratulations on the passage of the Upper Mississippi River Bill. Its passage demonstrates that the President and Congress are united in supporting the principles of true conservation."

Harold Bell Wright—

"Congratulations. The America of years to come will be a stronger and better America because of this that the League has accomplished. The preservation of our country's out-of-door life is a distinct contribution to the physical, mental and spiritual health of our coming citizenship and thus to the welfare of our nation."

Irvin S. Cobb—

"Heartily congratulate the League on the magnificent victory just achieved."

Gene Stratton-Porter—

"From the depth of my heart I rejoice over the passage of this bill. The League is wonderful. I congratulate you—every man and woman living today for the great work you have done for the generations to come."

Col. A. E. Humphreys—Pres. Denver Chapter

"The passage of the League's Upper Mississippi Game and Fish Reserve Bill is a tremendous step forward in protecting the fish and bird life of America. You are to be congratulated for the hard work and diplomatic handling of this bill through Congress. The nation owes the League a debt of gratitude which it can never repay."

D. Lange—Pres. Minnesota Division, I. W. L. A.

"My hearty congratulations on the victory. The League has saved the greatest natural spot in the heart of America. There is only one Mississippi River."

Judge Graass—Pres. Wisconsin Division, I. W. L. A.

"Actions speak louder than words. Again the Izaak Walton League has performed the deed. Once more it has frustrated the promoters' plan to drain and destroy three hundred miles of bottom lands. Once again we have saved a vast area for our wild life and fish. Countless millions of Americans coming with the mighty tide of time will continue to bless us. Today the Walton League and Will Dilg have won a splendid victory for all our people for their tomorrow."

Judge J. M. Dickinson—

"All who value fish and game protection will rejoice that Congress has passed the League's Bill. This achievement is due to the activities and tremendous sentiment developed by the Izaak Walton League of America and especially through its president, Will H. Dilg."

Read story of the passing of the League's Upper Mississippi Preserve Bill in August issue.

The Waltonian Nook—News of Our Chapters

JANESVILLE, Wis.—Following a "Ladies Night" banquet, Janesville Chapter recently staged a whirlwind membership campaign, which continued for thirty days. The Chapter was divided in teams. Errol H. Winter and Lee Pierson were made captains. At the opening of the drive, Janesville had 243 members—at the finish the records showed a total of 651 paid-up members. Each membership was paid on a full year basis. Mr. Winter's team secured 264 memberships and Mr. Pierson's team 144.

Olney, Ill.—Olney Chapter now owns a mounted sea bass—the gift of Mr. F. B. Flanders, Noble, Ill. It was caught July 22, 1906, in the Gulf of Mexico, near Galveston, Texas, weighing at that time 721 pounds and measuring 9½ feet in length. It required five hours for Mr. Flanders to land this fine specimen. He also gave the chapter several other mounted sea fish including a tarpon weighing 135 pounds.

Clear Lake, Iowa—Clear Lake, known thirty years ago as a sportsman's paradise, came into its own again this year, according to a report from J. H. Woodstock, secretary of Clear Lake Chapter. Some years ago carp were introduced into the lake. They, Mr. Woodstock says, became so numerous no one cared to fish. The chapter obtained permission to seine for the carp. Nine carloads of this species of fish were shipped to an eastern market, last fall. During the seining it was found the lake was still well stocked with game fish and now rods and tackle are again in order with reports of large bass and pike being landed.

Oiled Roads

DES MOINES, IOWA — Oiled roads in Iowa are responsible for the destruction of wild life, according to S. O. Carter, of Des Moines Chapter, I. W. L. A., who, in a statement today, says the greatest crime against game and fish in the state is committed when the public highways are oiled.

For the protection of wild life in northern Iowa, residents near Fort Dodge recently asked the county board of supervisors to rescind a contract for oiled roads. This was done after Mr. Carter had called the attention of hunters and fishermen to the damage caused.

"Heavy rains carry the oil from the roads into the rivers, killing the young fish.

"Our game animals are affected the same way.

Chief Buzzard Receives Charter.

Chippewa Chapter

KNOWING the Indian to be an ardent exponent of Waltonian ideals and a vital unit in "vanishing America," the first Indian chapter of the League was created at the outdoor exposition in Chicago, May 17.

E. C. Bassett, president of Will County Chapter, presented the charter to Chief Louis J. Corbine, president of Chippewa Chapter as forty braves, their wives and children pledged allegiance to conservation in their native fashion.

Officers of the new organization are: Louis J. Corbine (Buzzard), president; Charles Conger (Blue Bird), vice president; George Carufel (Lone Thunder), secretary, and Jim Ford (Mud Turtle), treasurer.

A bugler in the balcony sounded attention.

"We Waltonians are 100 years behind the Indian in true sportsmanship," Mr. Bassett said. "The red man never kills wantonly—he kills only that which he can eat or at least preserve for future use. Destruction of the forest and stream rankled in his breast many years before we white sportsmen ever conceived the idea of practical conservation.

"We feel highly honored to know that men whose record of sportsmanship is as clean as your own has been for centuries past will affiliate with us."

Carthage Is Fast!

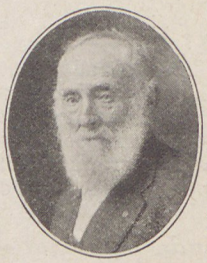
G. C. Kellogg.

LEAVING Carthage, Missouri, at eight o'clock in the morning, says G. C. Kellogg, vice-president of the Missouri Division, we drove twenty-eight miles to Golden City, a town of 800 population and organized a chapter of the leading business and professional men, before lunch.

After lunch we drove nine miles to Lockwood and organized a similar chapter before returning to Carthage for dinner.

We made members of ninety-six per cent of the men solicited in Golden City and 100 per cent of those solicited in Lockwood. Both these towns should go down on record as being 22 karat sportsman.

90 Years Young



Uncle Ben Roark.

SHAKE hands with Mr. B. D. Roark, "Uncle Ben," our "90 years young" member.

Uncle Ben is a full fledged member of Eldon, Mo., Chapter No. 4, and enjoys the magazine every month, even to the extent of reading all the advertisements.

Being an admirer of a good foxhound, he was very much pleased with the article, "Little Rachel" in the September issue, and at the last meeting he became reminiscent, and regaled us with stories of pioneer days in Missouri.

He relates a story of a hunt one night that was spoiled by being stopped too soon.

Uncle Ben with a few neighbors, started out for an all-night chase, and it was not long before the dogs were on a hot trail.

Knowing almost exactly, where the fox would "cross," the men sat down and listened to the music while the dogs chased him over the route.

The fox ran up an old leaning tree, and took refuge on a limb several feet from the ground, while the dogs bayed and growled until the men came up for the kill.

The hunt was hardly started, and the night so young, it was decided to hold the dogs and give Reynard another chance.

Uncle Ben was selected to scare him out and get him started. Selecting a smooth round stone, he threw at the fox, and to the surprise of himself as well as the rest of the party, the stone found its mark, square in the forehead and Reynard rolled out of that tree dead. Accidents will happen, and while some of the crowd wanted to deal roughly with him for spoiling the fun, wise counsel prevailed, and the dogs were started out to find another.

It was only a matter of minutes until one showed up, and after a short chase, it was treed. Uncle Ben asked for another chance, to redeem himself, and met with the same "misfortune." Reynard never had a chance. He was killed with the first rock thrown.

A council of war was held, and Uncle Ben was allowed to plead his own case. His alibi was, that he had been getting his meat this way so long, that he just couldn't miss.

He is too old to hunt now, but until two years ago when his eyesight began to fail him he has taken out his annual hunting and fishing license.

He likes the aims of the League, and says he joined it so that his grandchildren might enjoy some of the things that have made his days a pleasure. He has fished every stream in this part of Missouri.

He served his country for four years during the Civil War, and is a good American citizen.

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Boys' Night a Hit

Rodney Martin.

BOYS' NIGHT "took" like wild fire with chapters throughout the United States. This is shown by scores of replies to a query sent out by National Headquarters recently asking the individual opinion of the various units.

This plan, originated by Dayton, Ohio, Chapter, is to set aside at least one night when each member of the local chapter will take one or as many boys as he can—out for a day and night outing in the woods. To teach the lad the value of America's out of doors.

Various suggestions have been sent in on this event. One suggestion being that girls should be included in the outing. For various reasons this would be impractical—not, however, because the League discriminates against the little girls. The "little girls" who had grown up went to the front for our Mississippi River bill in Washington with a splendid courage and it is due largely to their cooperation the bill has progressed to its present position in the capital.

But the boys are naturally a bit embarrassed when girls are included in their outings because they feel unable to give a few war whoops and otherwise emulate the Indian as all small boys love to do when outside the city limits.

It has been suggested that women members of the chapters carry out a similar plan and take the girls out.

Confiscated Nets

THEY'RE cleaning up in Missouri. Here are forty-three illegal hoopnets confiscated by Deputy William Wiemeyer, at Portage D'Sioux. Deputy Wiemeyer is an ardent advocate of the League's principles and a member of this organization.

A Veteran

"Dad" Baldwin.

INTRODUCING "Dad" Baldwin, one of the oldest and only honorary member of St. Ansgar, Iowa, Chapter.

"Dad," writes A. O. Gilbertson, is not only the best fisherman of our town but is one of our leading nimrods. He is an expert with a twenty-two caliber rifle despite his 84 years. His average on grey squirrels in the highest trees is a trifle better than 95 per cent.

Two years ago Mr. Baldwin lost the sight of his right eye. Because of his great fondness for the rifle this came as a hard blow. His shooting eye was gone. Determined, however, to continue hunting, he shifted to the left arm and now pulls the hard shots with his old-time accuracy.

His rugged physique, great energy and appreciation of the out of doors should be an inspiration to those who believe in the efficacy of outdoor America as a healer.

No man who does not wear the Waltonian emblem in his coat can carry on a conversation on shooting or fishing with "Dad."

"If a man believes in the sportsman's creed he has to prove it!" Dad says. "Let him put a Walton Button in his lapel—then I'll recognize him."

This is the true conservation spirit and should be adopted by all of us.

Bird Houses Made by Children, Ida Grove.

TO arouse enthusiasm and stimulate interest of the boys and girls in the out of doors, members of the Ida Grove, Iowa, Chapter recently conducted a bird-house building contest, offering several prizes to the boy or girl who could turn out the best type of house for the local songsters.

The idea was quickly snapped up by the children and all types of architecture were displayed in the ingenious homes brought to League headquarters.

The above photograph was taken on the steps of one of the Ida Grove schools and shows what can be done by the little folks of a community, once the older "boys and girls" take a little interest in their activities.

Waltonian Warden

F. H. Weilandy

MISSOURI is to be congratulated upon the recent appointment of Frank H. Weilandy, of St. Louis, to the position of state commissioner of fish and game.

Mr. Weilandy, who is honorary president of the Missouri state division I. W. L. A., has always been an ardent advocate of conservation and the ideals for which this League stands.

In his appointment to this office the League feels confident that the sportsmen of Missouri will receive all that is coming to them in the way of a square deal.

He is now actively cooperating with Governor Hyde in the [illegible]

Terre Haute

Harry Forbes.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Terre Haute Chapter "said it with dollars," according to word from Harry Forbes, secretary, when asked for an expression on the proposed mutilation of the Tippecanoe river. A meeting was called and the members were told of the plan to cripple the stream. It was suggested that twenty-five cents from each member be sent to the state division. The speaker had not finished his sentence until bills of all denominations were showered on the table. This, Mr. Forbes concluded, is the kind of real enthusiasm that

Nebraska Convention

A complete story of the splendid convention of Nebraska Division at Norfolk, May 12, will appear in the

The Fisherman

(Continued from page 9)

where the water eddied and ran deep, and the gate would catch all the leaves and scum floating down, under which covering sunfish and shubs and shiners collected in hungry hordes. Here they lay in wait for the hapless insects blown by breeze into the current to drift down into the eddy. Plop! And the tiny widening circles on the water had their meaning for Lorry.

Here the great golden-bellied sunfish would bite voraciously, and the darker slimmer rock bass could be taken; and the yellow bullheads, pigs of the pool, and the bright flat-sided shiners, "high-swimmers" to the youthful angler, gave happy and exciting contrast to the sport. Many and many a lucky little fish was returned alive to the water, unhurt by the bent pin, but never until he had joined, for a time at least, his less fortunate brethren in the bucket.

There was a rare minnow for which Lorry had never learned a name. It was small, dark, with tiny golden stripe along its sides. Only once in a long while did Lorry catch one of these, and then he treasured it, and kept it long in his tub under the hydrant.

September with its yellowing stream banks was a poignant reminder of the near approach of school. One more week! Another day! How the leaves fluttered in the cool wind—maple and sycamore and hickory and beech and walnut all rustling down to dot the water in varied hues! Hickory nuts and chestnuts would soon be ripe, but only for Saturdays. This was vacation time, the last day, the end of summer and of fishing.

But time and school and winter and life did not wait on Lorry's pleasure. There were hours when study and cold filled him with disgust, that only remembered joy of summer and idle days could alleviate. He had his sledding, and the stolen rides on the clodhoppers, and the snowball battles, and his skating on the shiny ponds. But in the main he did not like ice, and there were times when he hated snow. His father had a keen relish for clean fresh snow to eat, and he would send Lorry far out into the country to fetch back a pail of it untainted. To Lorry's grief his several attempts to fool his father had been detected. For when Lorry procured the snow near at hand his father could tell by the taste that he had not gone far beyond the sooty outskirts of town to get it. And Lorry had to trudge back, and farther away.

At length the long hard hateful winter, with its lessons and restraint, passed into the cold wet spring, and the March days when the brooks were bank full of roily water, and the willows began to shine red and grow white at the tips with a fuzzy down. The sun was warm only when reflected from a bank or wall. How slowly the fields took on a tinge of green! Then the joyous Saturday when the first minnows bit sparingly in Joe's Run. The first red-breasted robin was a herald of spring. And one day the swallows came to dart and twitter and glance brightly over the waters. And so summer, with its ever-increasing joy of leafy wood and running brook, and autumn again, and then winter.

Lorry at last listened to the pleadings of Homer. The lad was now six years old. He dwelt ponderingly upon the weighty problem, and in the end sacrificed the cronies of his own age for his brother. He would teach him to fish. He would make of him a companion fisherman. It was not a matter of slight moment. Even then Lorry vaguely felt it had to do with years, perhaps with all of life, certainly with something deeper than he knew.

It so happened that when the momentous day arrived, late in June, Lorry had fallen out of the good graces of brother Cedric, and was denied the use of his fishing pole. This seemed to be a catastrophe. But as Lorry felt absolutely convinced of exceedingly unjust treatment he did not suffer many qualms at appropriating the cherished tackle without asking Cedric.

Soon Lorry and Homer were hurrying up the dusty road, along the open woods toward Joe's Run, where Lorry intended to catch some minnows for bait. He had been bass fishing several times with the older boys, and though unsuccessful himself he had acquired vast stores of knowledge and ambition.

Homer proudly carried the minnow bucket and the minnow pole. He had to trot to keep up with Lorry. His rapturous excitement and amazing questions roused in Lorry a remorse that he had not taken the little brother fishing long before.

"Kin I fish, too?" was the query Homer interposed between his other questions. His freckled round face shone with the brightness of adventure in his fulfilment. He had forgotten to wear a cap and his red hair blazed in the sun.

They arrived at Joe's Run, and, like Indians, stealthily stalked along the bank, talking in whispers. Arriving at a favorite hole under the big elm tree, Lorry proceeded to put a piece of worm on his hook and drop it into the water. Soon he jerked out a nice chub, and another and another until he had ten or a dozen good live bait in the bucket. With that he let Homer use the minnow pole, and sat close by, with great store of advice. Homer jerked his first chub back over his head, at the same moment emitting a squeal of joy. On succeeding bites Lorry had trouble keeping Homer from repeating these performances. But at last the lad achieved something that augured well for the future. Whereupon they took up the bucket, waded the run, crossed the road and entered the cornfield, where the green waving blades of cornstalks were already higher than Homer's head.

In due time they got into pasture land and again came to Joe's Run. Here it was deep and still, and flowed between high slanting banks. Lorry pointed out a place to Homer. "There's a good hole," he said. "If we need more bait we'll try it."

On the far side of the meadow ran Licking Creek, a beautiful stream, shaded by elms and sycamores. Along its banks there were open benches and rock ledges, and other attractive places to fish from. Lorry tried a live minnow in each attractive spot without success. But he kept on going upstream as tense and hopeful as at the first. Homer's more youthful anticipation suffered a blight. "You ain't agoin' to ketch any bass," he averred.

"Homer, that's no way to talk," responded Lorry, seriously. "You gotta keep on thinkin' you're goin' to ketch some."

Presently they came to a high brushy bank from which Lorry espied a fallen sycamore that extended out into the stream. To get down and out on this log was going to be a hard task for them, but Lorry felt that once there something wonderful would happen. He got down himself, and had Homer hand down the bucket and pole. Lorry placed these carefully in a safe place on the log, then attended to the more difficult task of helping Homer down. From earliest childhood Homer had never evinced any skill in climbing down a place or up one, either. He was chubby and rather awkward. Twice he slipped on the steep bank and but for Lorry's frantic clutch would have gone into the water, which was deep between the log and the bank.

This fallen tree had gnarled branches, broken and bleached, that made it a safe place to stand or walk. The water on the outside was deep and dark, with alluring lights under the side of the trunk that stretched out into the stream. There was a swift current gliding along.

"You set there an' watch," said Lorry to his brother, pointing to a comfortable fork in a branch.

"Kin I fish some here?" queried Homer, with abated breath.

Lorry put a cork on his line about three feet above the sinker, and then kneeling over the bucket he caught a chub in his left hand, and gently hooked it through the lip. This done he stood up and cast the bait out into the current and let it float down into an eddy caused by driftwood that had lodged against the log.

"Keep your eye on the cork," admonished Lorry.

Homer's gaze was riveted on that floating cork and his expression was one of utter wild expectation.

Lorry, however, though he always had that cork in the tail of his eye, had sight for many other things. The day was in June, rich in the fresh green of early summer. A kingfisher fluttered above the creek, moving from one aerial station to another, as he watched for his prey, and presently shot down like a plummet. A killdeer ran along the sandy margin of the bank, under the blossoming vines. Orioles and swamp blackbirds made contrasting and exquisite melody in the sycamores. Meadow larks flew across the creek, uttering their piercing sweet notes. The sky was azure, with a few fleecy clouds. The fresh dank smells of spring and high water still lingered in the air.

"Lorry, your cork's under!" suddenly shrieked Homer.

"I saw it go," whispered Lorry, tensely. "Set still. It's a bass!"

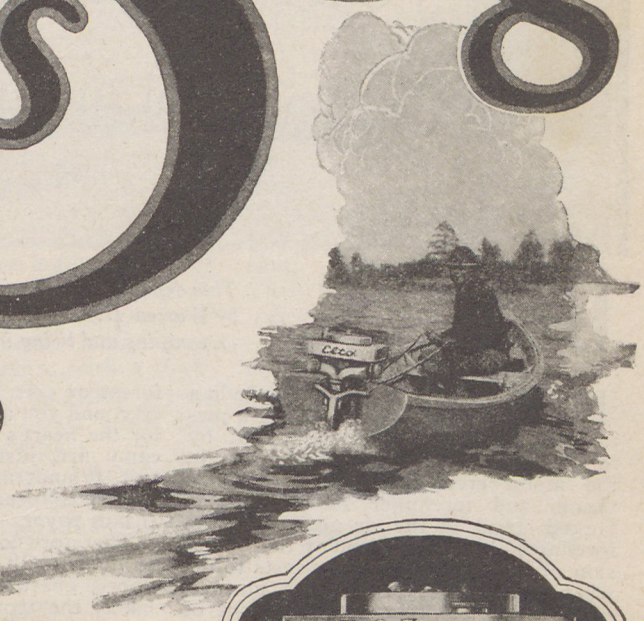
The shadow of the sinking cork faded in the depths. Lorry quivered all over. He must wait a second longer, but he could not. Mightily he jerked. He came up hard on a solid live weight that pulled the pole down. The line described a circle, in the midst of which came a great splash. Lorry saw what seemed an enormous bronze-backed fish, mouth wide open, fin erect, tail curled—a bass.

The following moments were as one terrible age of confusion and stress. What happened Lorry did not clearly see and could not truly guess. But the period ended with Lorry finding himself straddling the log. He had hold of the bass through mouth and gills. The minnow bucket had been overturned and lay precariously. Lorry's heart left his throat. He put the rod down and took a string from his pocket. This he

(Continued on page 31)

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

The 5 Big Reasons WHY You, too, will want an Elto



Ole Evinrude's 3H.P. *Fast* LIGHT TWIN

Instant Easy Starting

The Elto "starts with a touch." Just get into your boat and go—as easy as stepping on the self-starter of your auto. No other Motor starts so easily, because no other has Atwater-Kent Uni-Sparker Ignition and Columbia Hot-Shot Waterproof Batteries. No hard, stubborn starting. No cranking. No spinning. No awkward rope pulling.

Safe Rudder Steering

You drive from any part of the boat. You have both hands free to cast or troll. You have no fear of a sudden reversal of the Motor, endangering the boat passengers. Women and children are always safe with Elto. You never lose control of the boat, even in rough seas. The broad fin-shape rudder turns boat quickly, or holds the course straight as an arrow. Gives you perfect landing control after Motor is shut off. Motor self-tilts when passing over submerged logs or obstacles.

50% More Power

Every time you use your Elto, this great advantage grows. You see Motors of less power struggling under the load.

You see their owners crowding, coaxing, squeezing for more power—while you turn loose your Elto's full 3 H. P. and enjoy its easy purr—its absolute mastery of both load and sea.

Much More Speed

When you are impatient to get out where the fish bite best, or when you have overstayed your time on the lake, you want *speed*—all you can get. That's when you are thankful you chose an Elto.

No other Outboard Motor will move your boat across the water so swiftly. No other can keep the pace you set. If a challenge comes to your racing blood, meet it with confidence. Your Elto will not disappoint you.

The Propello Pump

Here is the crowning achievement of Ole Evinrude—founder of the industry. In the 1924 model, he has removed the last annoyance in Outboard Motor use. Pump troubles are ended. His Propello Pump (found only in Elto) utilizes propeller pressure to keep the water circulating. There is not one single moving part. No valves to stick. No parts to wear. No pump to clog. No danger of overheating Motor, even in muddy, sandy or salt waters.

Do not confuse the Easy-Starting Light-Weight Elto Twin with any other Outboard Motor, as for 10 years, Ole Evinrude, founder of the industry, has had no connection with any other Outboard Motor Company. The Elto is built in his own factory, under his personal direction.

(13)

These are the reasons why you, too, will want an Elto. A demonstration and comparison in actual water use will quickly convince you. *Write for Free Catalog*

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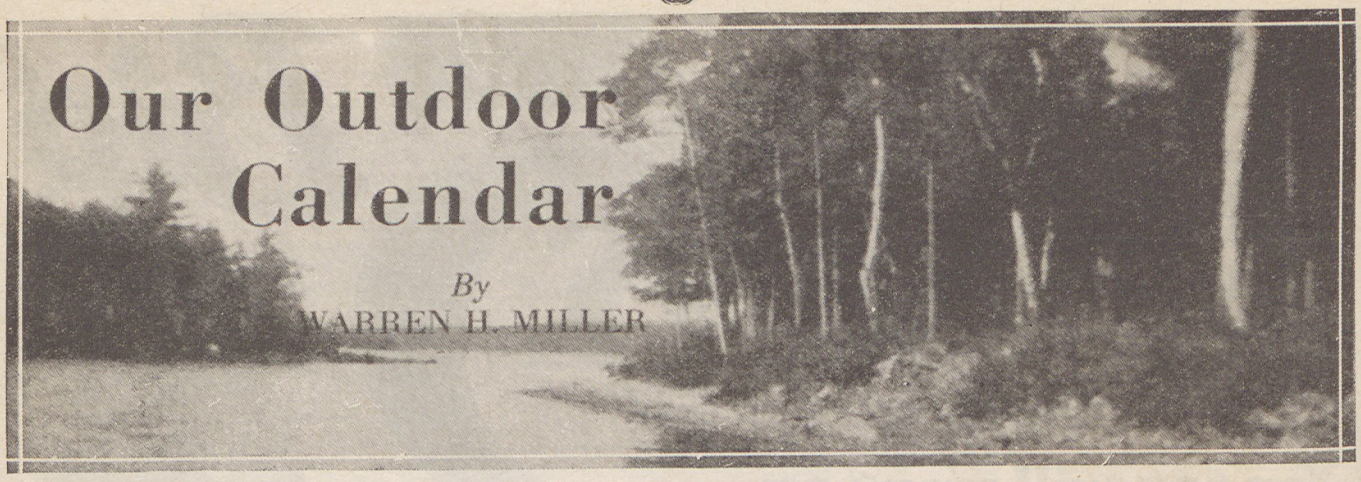


Our Outdoor Calendar

By
WARREN H. MILLER

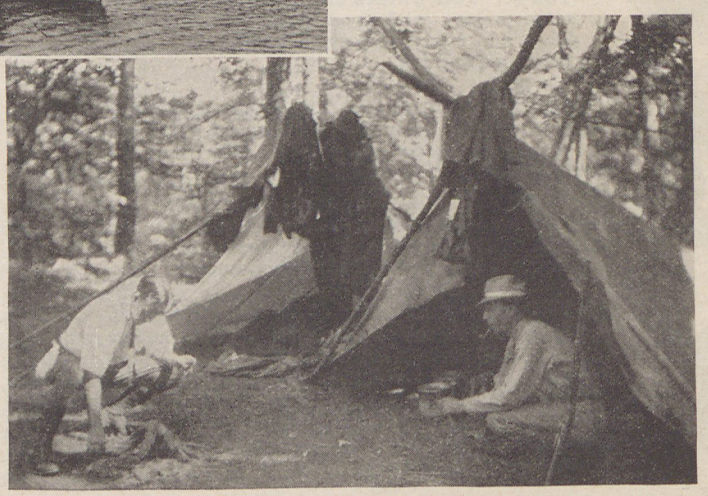
July

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —The Editor.

THE Thunder Moon was the Indian name for July. One grasped a picture of massed dark clouds split by forked lightning in the very sign for it, the moon crescent made by cupped thumb and forefinger followed by a jagged streak in the air made with the forefinger. A symbolism of the explosion of pent-up desire, it suggests to me what usually happens to the normal-minded man in July—a lashing-out of the primitive and unspoiled human in all of us against the routine and irksomeness of civilization and work. One wearies of letters, letters, letters; trade; buying and selling; the maddening persistence of the details of one's daily work. One's brains are boiled with the mid-summer heat; one yells aloud at the aggravations of men and affairs. The clouds of discontent are massed deep in bulging thunderheads. Then comes the lightning-flash of resolution: We are through! We slam down the desk top and are off for a good time!

"These two, pipe in mouth, are the substance of the argument."

"Small tents like the two foresters herewith."



"Off for a good time!"—the slogan of July! All the photos in my collection herewith show people off for that good time. It is the blessed genius of America that she can give you this good time if you but take your outfit and go. As I write I am in a villa in France, recuperating from a bout with Algiers. All is beauty around me; the pastoral beauty of vineyard and olive grove, of sunny vale and blue Mediterranean. Everything is here but that good time so easily to be had in America. Work, intellectual pleasures, the spell of old civilizations—but all dead, dead and buried, for the good time is lacking. After your work is done what is there to do? Take a walk. A man going camping here would be set upon by the police as a sort of lunatic. There is no great freedom of open spaces. **Everything is owned.** You may not pick up a stick in the forest or even a pine-cone. It is property, and you are a thief to touch it. As for the heart's soul of a good time, the camp fire, just try kindling one! Arrest, prompt and sure! You are using some poor peasant's faggots to make it. **Il faut payer.**

Therefore do I long for the camp fires of home. Oh, my brothers of the outdoors, guard well your heritage! The lakes, the woods, the sea-beaches, the mountains, all free as air to him who does not abuse them! They are what America has for you, for a good time. How precious it is, no man can realize until immured in one of these old-world countries where there is no play except taking a walk.

The wonderful thing about this good time is that it costs nothing beyond an outfit and a bit of gumption in not taking business claims too seriously. No dollar that you can make is worth more than your health and that cheerful outlook upon life that comes after a few days spent in the open, utterly free and a companion of the sun, the wind, the waters, and the woods. There is a remarkably good time contained in that Army pack of olive-drab canvas which you can pick up in the Army and Navy stores for sixty-five cents. Go to the one in your town and take it away from there, for there is sixty-five dollars' worth of fun in that innocent pack. It is a mere canvas roll provided with carrying straps, flaps that enclose and buckle around a blanket roll, a pocket flap a top for a few days' provisions and a second pocket below to hold spare clothes. If you have no outfit but a wool blanket, this pack, sold for sixty-five cents, contains all the essentials of a good time, a tramp on the open roads and through the woods. Get a mess kit, raid the kitchen for provisions, and go! A surprisingly good pack; the Army standard. It carries well from the shoulders, its lower end taking a brace on the hips. It is not large enough to permit one making a species of pack-mule of one's self. Yet is there room for a blanket and a tent-cloth, spare duffle, and those little bags of this and that staple provision which is all the lone camper needs where farms provide the heavier meats and vegetables. The stone fences will be covered with brambles in July, all laden down with wild raspberries and blueberries. There are fish in lake and stream; frogs for him who would go a-frogging. Take coffee, tea, sugar, salt, rye bread, evaporated cream, bacon, rice, and corn meal—and be free to ramble. A mighty good time for sixty-five cents if one is either a naturalist or an angler or both!

But when one contemplates a good time, a boat of some sort looms large. The good Lord made water to be bathed in and fished in and navigated over. One can hardly conceive one of our great

(*Continued on page 46*)

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

$2000 worth of prizes!

Win a fine shotgun or a case of Climax shells

Many times we have been asked by shooters to pick a list of loads which would meet best all shooting requirements. We find that shooters have already selected such a list themselves, for a particular number of our Climax loads are by far the most popular in point of sales. This preferred group of US Climax loads is listed at the left, together with a table showing how the group covers all shooting needs from big birds to the traps.

Having been chosen by shooters generally, these particular Climax loads are worthy of a name which makes them stand out as a selected, all-star, blue-ribbon group. We are seeking such a name, and are asking you, who helped to pick this group of Climax loads as leaders, to help us pick the name. Moreover, we are making it worth your while.

For the thirty-five most appropriate names submitted we shall award the prizes of shotguns and cases of shot-shells listed below.

The names you suggest should express that this is a group or family of shells, that these shells have merit, and that they have been selected by shooters themselves as the best loads for all shooting needs.

And here are some other pointers that may be helpful. Climax shot-shells chamber and eject easily. They are waterproof. They possess power in abundance. They pattern uniformly and give good penetration. They are wadded with Cork-Tex, insuring a smooth, soft load.

Go over the list of loads and the table carefully. Read the rules of the contest. Then put down every good name that you think of and send it in to us.

Shooters Prefer These Climax Loads

Powder Dr.	Powder Gr.	Shot (Ounces)	Shot Sizes
		12 Gauge 2⅝" Shell	
2¾	22	1	Drop: 6, 8, 10
3	24	1	Drop: 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10
3	24	1⅛	Drop: 4, 6, 7, 7½, 8, 9 Chilled: 6, 7½, 8, 9
*3	24	1¼	Chilled: 7½
3¼	26	1⅛	Drop: 4, 5, 6 Chilled: 4, 5, 6, 7½
*3½	28	1¼	Chilled: 2, 4, 5, 6
		16 Gauge 2⅝16" Shell	
2½	20	1	Drop: 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 Chilled: 6, 7½, 8, 9
*	24	1	Chilled: 4, 5, 6, 7½
		20 Gauge 2½" Shell	
2¼	18	⅞	Drop: 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 Chilled: 6, 7½, 8, 9
*2½	20	1	Chilled: 2, 4, 5, 6, 7½

*Furnished only in 2¾" shell.

Shooter has choice of powders as follows: Bulk powders (loaded in drams); Du Pont, Dead Shot, Hercules E. C., Schulze; Dense powders loaded in grains) Ballistite, Infallible.

How these Preferred Climax Loads Meet All Shooting Needs

Turkey, Geese, Large Ducks

12 Gauge, 3½ dr. (28 gr.) 1¼ oz. Nos. 2, 4, 5 and 6 Chilled
16 Gauge, 24 gr., 1 oz. Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7½ Chilled
20 Gauge, 2½ dr. (20 gr.) 1 oz. Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7½ Chilled

Rabbits, Squirrels, Doves

12 Gauge, 3 dr. (24 gr.) 1 oz. Nos. 4, 6, 7, 7½ and 8 Drop
12 Gauge, 3 dr. (24 gr.) 1⅛ oz. Nos. 6, 7½ and 8 Chilled
12 Gauge, 3 dr. (24 gr.) 1 oz. Nos. 4, 6, 7 and 8 Drop
16 Gauge, 2½ dr. (20 gr.) 1 oz. Nos. 6, 7 and 8 Drop
16 Gauge, 2½ dr. (20 gr.) 1 oz. Nos. 6 and 8 Chilled
20 Gauge, 2¼ dr. (18 gr.) ⅞ oz. Nos. 6, 7 and 8 Drop
20 Gauge, 2¼ dr. (18 gr.) ⅞ oz. Nos. 6 and 8 Chilled

Reed, Rail and Shore Birds

12 Gauge, 2¾ dr. (22 gr.) 1 oz. Nos. 6, 8 and 10 Drop
16 Gauge, 2½ dr. (20 gr.) 1 oz. Nos. 8, 9 and 10 Drop
20 Gauge, 2¼ dr. (18 gr.) ⅞ oz. Nos. 8, 9 and 10 Drop

Other Ducks, Grouse, Hawks and Crows

12 Gauge, 3¼ dr. (26 gr.) 1⅛ oz. Nos. 4 and 6 Drop
12 Gauge, 3¼ dr. (26 gr.) 1⅛ oz. Nos. 4, 6 and 7½ Chilled
16 Gauge, 2½ dr. (20 gr.) 1 oz. No. 6 Drop
16 Gauge, 2½ dr. (20 gr.) 1 oz. Nos. 6 and 7½ Chilled
20 Gauge, 2¼ dr. (18 gr.) ⅞ oz. No. 6 Drop
20 Gauge, 2¼ dr. (18 gr.) ⅞ oz. Nos. 6 and 7½ Chilled

Quail, Snipe, Woodcock

12 Gauge, 3 dr. (24 gr.) 1⅛ oz. Nos. 8 and 9 Drop
12 Gauge, 3 dr. (24 gr.) 1⅛ oz. Nos. 7½, 8 and 9 Chilled
12 Gauge, 3 dr. (24 gr.) 1 oz. Nos. 8 and 10 Drop
16 Gauge, 2½ dr. (20 gr.) 1 oz. Nos. 8, 9 and 10 Drop
16 Gauge, 2½ dr. (20 gr.) 1 oz. Nos. 7½, 8 and 9 Chilled
20 Gauge, 2¼ dr. (18 gr.) ⅞ oz. Nos. 8, 9 and 10 Drop
20 Gauge, 2¼ dr. (18 gr.) ⅞ oz. Nos. 7½, 8 and 9 Chilled

Trap Loads

12 Gauge, 3 dr. (24 gr.) 1¼ oz. No. 7½ Chilled

Rules of Contest in Detail

1. Name should express: (1) that this is a group or family of shells; (2) that this group or family has merit; (3) that this group or family is a preferred list, selected by shooters themselves.
2. Contest is open to all except employees of United States Cartridge Company.
3. Contestants may submit any number of names.
4. Each name must be on a separate sheet with your name and address below. Typewrite or print to insure legibility.
5. All names must be mailed before midnight of Friday, August 1, 1924.
6. Prizes will be awarded for the thirty-five (35) best names in order of merit. Not more than one prize will be awarded to any one contestant. If two or more contestants submit same prize-winning name, each will receive full prize award.
7. Winners will be announced in October issues of sporting magazines or as soon thereafter as possible.

Prizes; Shotguns and Shells

Here is the list of prizes. The name you submit may win the shotgun of your dreams or a case of the shot-shells you prefer.

1st Prize: *Parker Gun* in shooting case complete with *all* accessories. Winner has choice of double-barrel Model BHE or single-barrel Model SB with straight, half, or pistol grip or Monte Carlo stock.

2nd Prize: *Fox Gun*—straight, half, or full pistol grip. Winner has choice of double-barrel Model XE or single-barrel Model K.

3rd Prize: *L. C. Smith Gun*—straight, half, or full pistol grip. Winner has choice of double-barrel EAGLE Model or single-barrel SPECIALTY Model.

4th Prize: *Ithaca Gun*—Winner has choice of double-barrel Model No. 4 with full pistol grip, or single-barrel Model No. 4 with straight or full pistol grip.

5th Prize: *Baker Gun*—Winner has choice of double-barrel or single-barrel PARAGON Model with straight, half, or full pistol grip.

6th and 7th Prizes: Savage Repeating Shotgun, Model 1921 D.

8th to 11th Prizes: Stevens Model 520 Repeating Shotgun.

12th to 15th Prizes: Lefever Nitro Special Shotgun.

16th to 35th Prizes: Case of 500 Climax shot-shells of gauge and load to be selected by winners from list of preferred Climax loads.

Note: All guns are specially made. Both single and double-barrel types are equipped with automatic ejectors and rubber recoil pads. Double-barrel guns come in 12, 16 or 20 gauge with length of barrel optional according to manufacturers' specifications. Single-barrel guns come in 12-gauge only, but with choice of barrel length according to manufacturers' specifications.

Send all names to

United States Cartridge Co.

Contest Department Z

111 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Our Outdoor Calendar

(*Continued from page 44*)

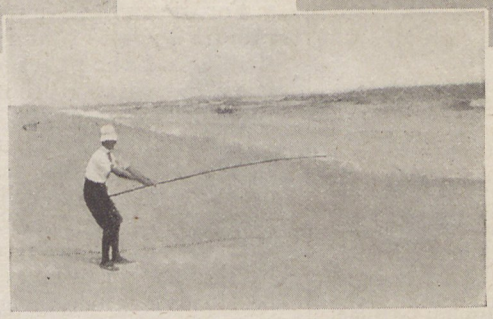
open spaces without a picture of a lake, a river, or the sea. All are good, and the first two presuppose a boat or a canoe. The two gentlemen paddling a canoe, pipe in mouth, are the substance of the argument in a nutshell. They are tired business men, no longer tired but very much enraptured with being for a few days free, with a dam full of lake trout to be captured. The two worthies occupying a Ford car also are grinning because they have a boat astern, a light punt made of barrel hoops and slats and covered with canvas which they carry on a trailer made of a pair of old wagon wheels. That boat will permit two to fish in it comfortably. It weighs some hundred and ten pounds, so that they can visit bass lakes in the car and put the boat overboard from the banks for the inevitable good time with the bass and pike. I'll warrant if you explore that car you will find stowed in it a wire-net cage hopping with small frogs, a pail of live minnows, a can of night-walkers caught the night before by lantern light, and a cigar box full of grass, hellgramites, crawfish, and crickets. They have a whole pouch full of artificial lures, too; but, knowing the ways of bass in July, are not skimpy about bait to fit their capricious appetites. Whether "they" are striking surface lures or lying low down in the dark rock ledges, these two are going to have that good time and come back with plenty of bass.

Raising the beach tent.

Packed for the beach hike.

A Boy's Paradise

Dinner on the beach.



The strike!

Those who love canoeing more than anything else in the world are out for another sort of good time. That lake is only one of a chain of them, and there are days of healthful paddling, ever-changing scenery, and camp fires by night ahead of them. Right at the moment of their snapping with the camera, the whole party is engrossed in what the minnow-trap, set the night before, contains. A suggestive fact in itself. It means more, just now, than the stock market list for one of them, his patients for another, his case on the calendar for a third, and the price of wheat in Chicago for a fourth. Minnows! Ye gods, what are all these compared to the day's wherewithal for trolling!

I have devoted considerable picture-space this month to the salt water beaches. They are beyond the reach of many, seemingly, but it is not so when one considers that railroads and Pullmans are meant to be traveled in. How near is the Atlantic, the Pacific, or the Gulf shore from your home? Not so far, when you balance against it the cost of a trip to some Canadian or North Woods locale. It is worth consideration for July. The mystery of the eternal ocean, the utter freedom of its wild stretches of sea beach, the wonderful fishing to be had in that rolling surf, these are all lures which no man should forever leave out of his days outdoors. It is necessarily cheap, as there are no fishermen's hotels, no guides, none of the paraphernalia of a woods outing to be had there. It is a strictly beach-camping affair if one would go where salt water fish are plentiful.

I may be pardoned, then, if I dilate somewhat upon this ocean camping. A week or so thus spent by the surf is a most lazy and enjoyable existence if done right. Once there, its lack of expense may well be charged against other items, such as hotel board and guide hire, and added to the railroad fare. To spend a period fishing and bathing beside the ocean is an experience that many inland people have sighed for. Usually the cost of a stay in some seaside hotel plus the long railroad trip has been such that it remains forever a dream. But, let us take our tents and go. We decant from our Pullman in some big seaport town and entrain for the beach in a day-coach. We pass through miles of suburban country, expensive and fashionable seaside places; but on and on goes the train, until perhaps three hours later it begins to leave all these behind and skirt the coast through a desolate country of sand dune and scrub, with great salt water bays on one hand and occasional glimpses of the ocean on the other. We breathe freer, for this is our country, the poor man's country, of unpretentious clusters of cottages at the small stations and miles and miles of uninhabited beach and dune. Presently the train arrives at the jumping off place where it turns to cross the bay on a long trestle on its way inland. We dismount and find ourselves in a thriving sea-beach town, with a yacht club in the bay, the usual stores clustered around the station, and street after street lined with wooden summer cottages. Beyond, over the horizon to the east, lies the eternal sea, the great ocean which we have come from a thousand miles inland to get acquainted with. We sniff the salt tang of it and feel stirring within us its spirit of utter freedom.

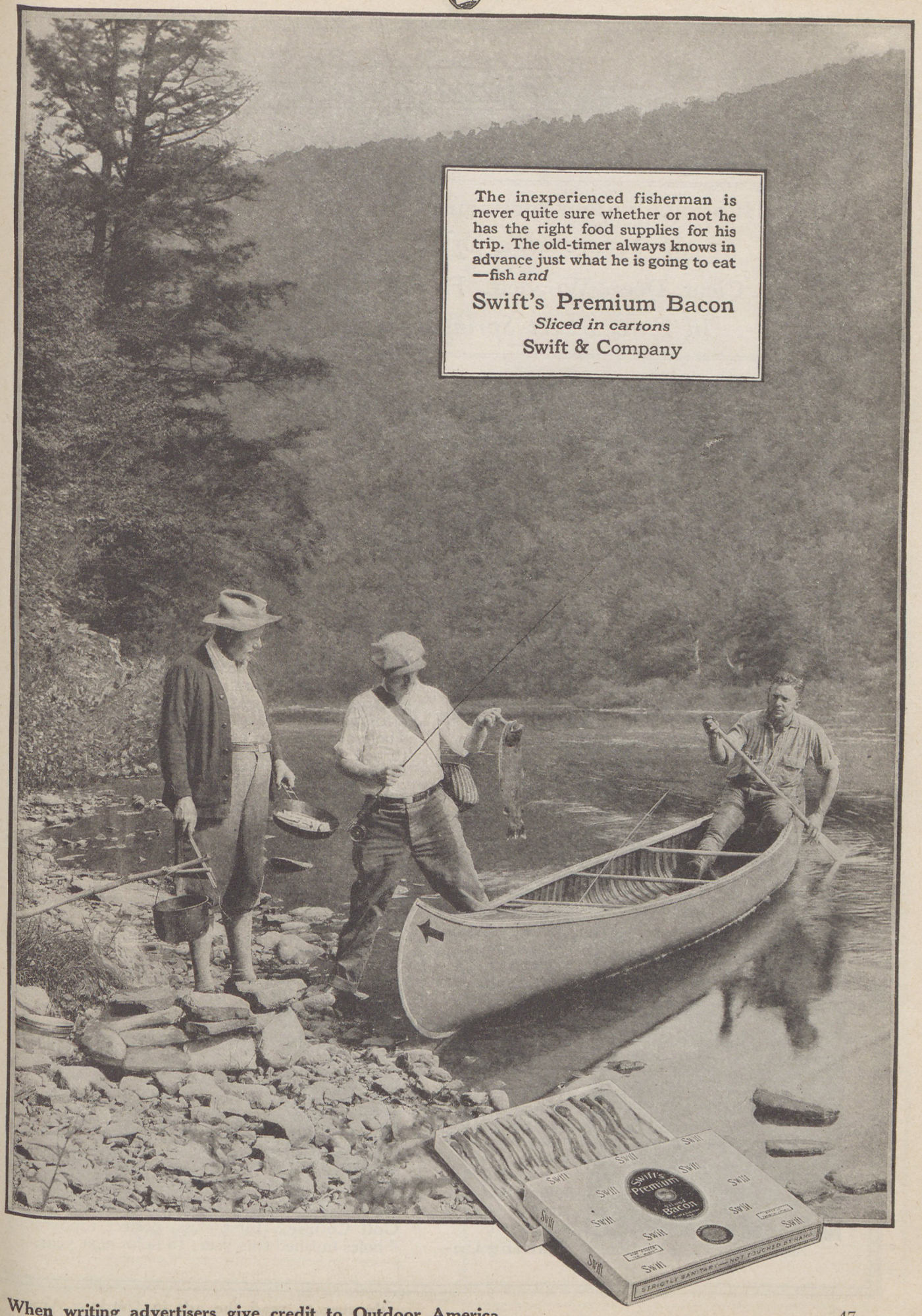
Now, we have two courses open to us: either hire a small sail boat or a rowboat and make our way down the bay to our destination, crossing at some thin spot to our camping place in the dunes; or we can hike down the beach to the place. The former has the advantage of a boat for bay use and costs little, say ten dollars for a week's rent of the boat. The latter is somewhat freer, as even six miles in a rowboat against the strong bay winds is often a killing proposition.

Suppose we take the former: We shoulder our packs, grab up the rods and bait, and hike up the streets to the beach. We arrive at the inevitable board walk. There is the sea and its sounding surf, its broad white beach, its vast distances under cloud and sun. We whoop with delight, for it is full of fish and good to bathe in. We turn south along the board walk and soon come to the end of it. A trudge across the soft sands brings us to the hard-packed beach, lashed with the lip of the undertow. We are near neighbors, now, with those great waves; and the beach is crowded with wonders, colored pebbles, strange shells, all sorts of new and queer things cast up by the sea. It smells good as we plod along, with the high green dunes accompanying us mile after mile. The sea-side town vanishes into a blurr of salt wrack back there. We are alone and free, under a wide sky, with the wide sea, the broad beach, the wind, and the clouds, sailing over it all. Out and out for unnumbered miles they bank and mass to the distant horizon. There are coasting schooners and steamers out there, seemingly stationary, so slowly do they appear to move.

Our one essential here is water. So, some six miles down, we end our hike near one of the numerous life-saving stations strung along the coast at intervals of three miles. They are your

(*Continued on page 71*)

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.


The inexperienced fisherman is never quite sure whether or not he has the right food supplies for his trip. The old-timer always knows in advance just what he is going to eat —fish *and*
Swift's Premium Bacon
Sliced in cartons
Swift & Company
Swift's Premium
Bacon
Swift
STRICTLY SANITARY—NOT TOUCHED BY HANDS

Greatest, Largest and Most Satisfactory Summer Resort Extant

10,000 Acres

Au Sable Lodges

SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

(Near Gaylord, Michigan)

Restful, Healthful, Exclusive, Ready Waiting

Children's Paradise, Adults' Haven
Enclosed by High Woven Wire Fence

Fishing, Hunting, Outdoor Sports and Summer Residence for Entire Family

16 Square Miles of Protected Playground

20 Lakes, Clear, Deep, Wooded. Five Miles Headwaters of Au Sable River

All Pure, Sweet Spring Water Uncontaminated

This vast tract, the Geraldine Ranch, is leased to club for 99 years. Priority lease, better than deed. A dairy, stock, poultry, fruit and vegetable farm in center of ranch supplies members at farmer's prices, with all dairy products, eggs, fruits, vegetables, fresh daily. Fresh meats, ice, etc. Hampshire hams, bacon, etc., sugar and hickory cured on ranch. Fat chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, partridges. Refrigerator auto car for fresh meats, ice cream, etc., at members' service. A central power plant sends electric power and light to the beaches, members' cottages, and modern laundry for members; drives saw mill and finishing machines to build members' cottages. Members' families, children, girls, women, can roam over this vast domain without fear as the entire ranch is private property from which the public is excluded. Telephones, radio, aeroplane landing field, mails daily keep members in touch with world while surrounded by nature's wild repose.

Automobile Roads, saddle roads, foot trails, shady groves, dense jungles of beautiful white birch, sugar maple, oaks, pine, hemlock, spruce, cedar. Delicious wild fruits in lavish abundance, blue-berries, blackberries, raspberries, juneberries, cherries, strawberries. Hills, valleys, shady glens, grassy slopes and plains. Porous dry-surface, sandy soil, grassy sod, abundant vegetation. Perfect for camping, hiking, no poisonous snakes or growth.

AuSable River—Geraldine Ranch

Fishing Unlimited. Lakes and stream privately owned and free from usual restrictions. Constantly supplied from private fish hatchery on ranch, with abundance of game fishes, in variety. No better fishing anywhere.

Hunting. No shooting on ranch except during open season; wild ducks, geese, rabbits limited. Fox, bob-cat and other predatory animals and birds, unlimited. Also unlimited shooting of Hungarian Partridges (king of game birds) which will be bred wholesale on ranch and turned wild in woods for fall shooting, by members only. Otherwise the entire ranch is a protected breeding ground for deer, ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, water fowl and all American game and song birds.

A Geraldine Ranch Road

Rifle Range and Trap Shooting in service October, 1924.

Camp Sites with spring water pump, tent floors, table, seats, fuel and sanitary latrine.

Lake Frontage Lots leased 99 years to members who build their own cottages. *Choice of locations in order of applications.* Cottages guarded and guaranteed by lessor during owners' absence.

Boating, Canoeing, Bathing, Swimming, perfect beaches and bath houses.

Children's Playgrounds with complete equipments.

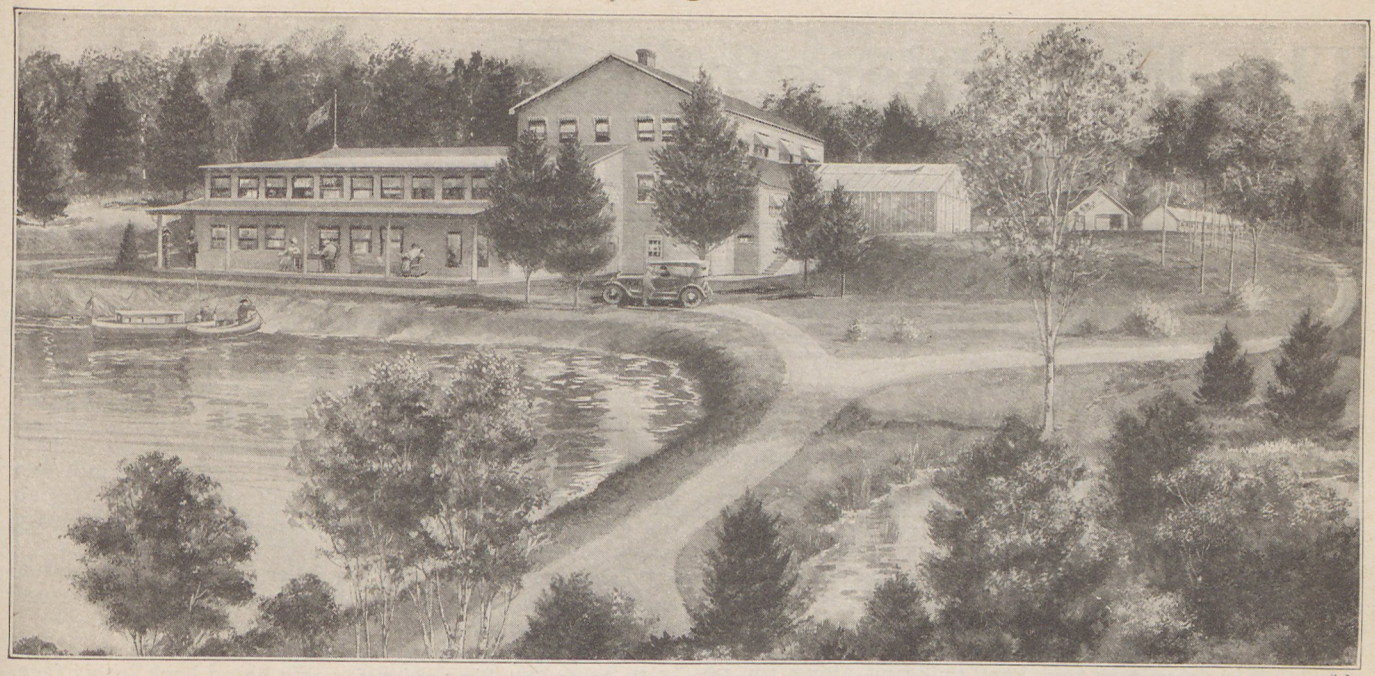
Tennis Courts, base ball, croquet, quoit and other game grounds.

Aeroplane station and landing field.

All foregoing privileges free to members.

Club Houses. One, large, fashionable where ranch borders Otsego Lake (popular summer resort). Another, plain, comfortable, secluded, at Opal Lake, interior of ranch.

Golf Course. First class, perfect topography; 9 holes finished this year; 18 holes next year.



Ranch Headquarters and Temporary Club House

Location 50 miles south of Mackinaw Straits near Gaylord, Michigan.

Transportation. By rail overnight from Chicago, Indiana, Ohio, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, eight hours from Detroit. Two stations on ranch border, Main line Michigan Central. Perfect automobile highways in all directions. Day's drive from Chicago, Indianapolis, Columbus, Cleveland.

Charter Memberships. Good for 99 years (Limited number going rapidly).

Only reputable red blooded white citizens with clean moral records accepted. Waltonians preferred.

Charter memberships will sell for five times their present price in a few years. Memberships inheritable, transferable on approval.

Special Memberships for Izaak Waltonians.

BOOKLETS ON REQUEST

AuSABLE LODGES

1247 Marquette Bldg.
140 South Dearborn Street CHICAGO

Opal Lake, Geraldine Ranch

Invitation to Izaak Walton League Members

Mr. Will H. Dilg,
President, Izaak Walton League of America,
Chicago, Illinois.
My dear Mr. Dilg:

The owning of a ranch such as the AuSable Lodges was an ambition of mine for over a score of years before I acquired this property three years ago.

I want to see the ruffed grouse as thick as blackbirds on the ranch and as tame as chickens. I want the quail and woodcock to feel that they are safe from murder by the pot hunter. I want the deer to graze as fearlessly as they do now in the open spaces.

In organizing the AuSable Lodges Sportsmen's Club, I have agreed to a limited late fall shooting season to include wild ducks and geese, although the majority of the shooting will be Hungarian partridge. There are also plenty of rabbits, red fox, bob cat, mink, hawks, owls, etc.

As I understand the principles, methods and objective of the Izaak Walton League, they fully meet my views as the only real sound and sane method of organization to efficiently conserve the rapidly vanishing game animals, birds and fishes of our America and their cover, forest and spawning waters.

From the very nature of my project, you must realize that I must restrict the sale of memberships to the right kind of people, and I believe that the people who join and help the Izaak Walton League, and who endorse its principles and purposes, are the kind of people I want in the AuSable Lodges.

For this reason it would please me very much to require that every prospective member of the AuSable Lodges, as a first qualification of eligibility, be a member, or qualify as a member, of the Izaak Walton League.

In our own small way at the ranch we are striving for the same objective as the League and I hope that the Izaak Walton League members will be interested in joining this club.

Very truly yours,
DION GERALDINE

FILL IN AND MAIL COUPON TODAY!

AuSABLE LODGES
1247 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

Without obligation to me, please send Booklet and Information relative to Membership in AuSable Lodges.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Reflections of a Forest Ranger

By DONALD HOUGH

Angus Le Sage

IT was a warm September afternoon and the perspiration ran down my face in crooked streams, starting under the tump strap across my forehead. It soaked through my clothing in the small of my back, where my pack rested against me.

I plodded slowly along the old Gunflint trail which led straight into the woods north of Grand Marais, on the north shore of Lake Superior. Behind me were fifteen miles of hard labor; ahead of me were five. My destination was the Canadian boundary, where Ranger Billy Tonsmore held forth. We were to patrol by canoe along the border.

Each step I took was a separate event in itself, for my long drill had begun to tell on my legs. I was hot, tired and hungry, and wished the forest service was in hell.

I knew I couldn't make it that night, but I hated to stop and cook supper, and kept trudging along for no reason on earth. About then I saw a forest service sign ahead, and discovered that the Bearskin cabin was but a short distance from the trail. I turned in.

I drank from the lake near the cabin, and when I looked up I saw a man standing in the doorway. He was short and brown and part Indian; he had an apron tied around his waist and he held a large spoon in one hand. I had not expected to find anyone there, and called out "hello" to him.

"Come on, eat," he said.

I went into the cabin. There was another fellow there, a timber cruiser. The half-breed's name was Angus Le Sage, and I've forgotten the name of his companion.

After supper we lighted our pipes. Angus told me he had been a guide around Grand Marais for some time, was now cooking for a crew of timber men, and had obtained temporary use of the ranger station.

We got to talking. "How about this buck fever business?" I asked Angus. "You've been guiding for some time, ever run across it?"

"Yes," said Angus and he re-lighted his pipe. (I'm not sure about that, but when somebody starts to tell a story they are always supposed to re-light their pipes.)

"Couple o' fellers I had out from Chicago once, and one o' them had the tamdest buck fever I ever saw. One feller went out alone, and I took dis other one out near the South Brule river, in some burned over. We walked most all day, and no sign. In the afternoon we came on t'ree tracks. Two cows an' a big bull.

"'How you know it is two cows an' a bull, Angus?' he ask me. I tell him I won't tell him how I know. 'Dat's why it's ten dollars a day,' I told him.

"Well, we track dem for six-seven miles, following dem around, an' dis-an'-dat, an' pretty soon I tell dis feller, 'We find dem just over dat rise, not far over dere.' Sure enough, on top de rise I look down in a second growt' o' poplar, and dere lays bull and cows.

"'Now den,' I tells dis feller, 'you shoot de bull. Try hit me in de front shoulder,' I say. Den I wait for him shoot de gun. No gun. I look around, surprise, and I don't know if you believe it, but dere dis feller stood, white like dat paper, and shaking like he might fly in pieces.

"'Shoot him,' I say again, 'pretty soon he sees us, and go away.'

"'I ca-ca-ca-can't,' he say, just like dat. 'I ca-ca-can't.'

"An' here he stan', dis great big feller, way above me in height, an' strong, an' all dat, an' he shake like he was cold widout his clothes on.

"De bull scents us, and all t'ree get up an' run.

"Dis feller stan' dere an' do his best, but de gun it wobble an' shake, and every second I expect see dis feller fall down. He try pull trigger, an' can't pull it—such a little strength it takes, even.

"'Sh-sh-sh-shoot him!' he say, try hard to speak loud but hardly whisper, an' he shake de gun at me.

"I take de gun by de barrel and ram it against his shoulder, an' aim it at de bull bes' I can.

"Pull de trigger!' I yell at him.

"He pull, and de bullet go wild in de air. He pull two times more, but he shakes so I can't aim for him. I grab de gun away and shoot de moose before he gets into a thick cover.

"I feel mad at dis great big feller, but I keep my mout' shut an' all I say, 'You see how easy it is. You are not yet out of your diapers.'

"Well, we go over an' draw de bull, an' dis-an'-dat. Dis feller stops shaking an' gets some blood back in his face, an' he looks quiet. Pretty soon he takes out a folder an' takes out of it fifty dollars.

"'I shoot dis bull,' he say, 'an' you say so when we get back to camp. Perhaps we don't see another, an' dis will be the only one either me or my partner can get.'

"I don't like dis feller, but anyway I take de fifty an' put it in my inside pocket. I promise tell de other feller he shot de bull.

"We go back to camp, and dis feller's friend has got us somet'ing to eat. 'I got de biggest bull in de nort' woods,' shout my buck fever patient, 'I got him de first shot.'

"'Did he, Angus?' ask dis other feller. 'Yes,' I say.

"'Well,' say dis other feller, 'I got one too.' An' he take us back de tent an' show us de head. He had carried it in.

"'Well,' he go on, 'we each got our moose, an' tomorrow we go home.'

"So dat night we sit aroun', an' talk, an' den get ready pack up to leave first t'ing in de morning.

"Dis other feller, he come around where I am an' he take out his pocketbook an' he gives me fifty dollars. 'We tol' each other on de way here,' he say, 'dat if we each get a moose, we give de guide fifty dollars each.'

"I take de fifty an' put it in my inside pocket, wid de other fifty.

"Den dis other feller he turns around to his friend, the one I took out, and he says, 'You remember what we say,' he says, 'dat when we each get a moose, we give de guide fifty extra. Come on, now, shell out. I gave him my fifty.'

"His friend look at me sick, an' smile like he was stepping on a nail wid de foot bare. He reach aroun' for his pocketbook an' look at me sideways. I look at de top of de tent and t'ink about somet'ing very hard.

"Pretty soon he hand me de fifty dollars. I put it in de pocket wid de hundred.

"'Tanks,' I tell dem both, very polite.

"'Don't mention it, Angus,' say de feller who shot his own moose.

"'No, don't,' say de other."

I stayed all night with Angus and his friend, the cruiser. The next morning I got up early and continued my jaunt up the trail. Yes, Angus told me the names of the hunters. I have them down in the brain cell that I reserve for the names of sportsmen whose guides I know.

Don't mention it?

Don't worry, I won't.

Fish and game cannot vote—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

The Fisherman

(Continued from page 42)

slipped through the gills of the fish and tied the other end to a snub of branch. Whereupon he lifted the bass out for Homer's edification.

"Look!" he cried.

Just then Homer was manifestly incapable of voicing the awe and rapture his staring eyes expressed. The bass might have weighed a pound. But he was Lorry's first bass, beautifully bronzed and marked, with angrily spread dorsal, and eyes gleaming darkly red. Lorry let him down into the water on the inside of the log. Then he espied the minnow bucket he had overturned.

With a start he grasped it. There was a little water left, and one minnow.

"All gone 'cept a chub!" he ejaculated, tragically.

"Aw!" cried Homer.

Lorry pondered a moment. Sight of the captured bass curling his fins brought some consolation to that awful moment. Then he put the last bait on his hook and dropped it into the water.

"Homer, I'll tell you what," he said, suddenly. "You ketch some minnows."

"Me! I'll go—you bet," replied Homer, with vast assurance.

Lorry threw the bucket up on the bank, and the can of worms after it. Then by dint of extreme effort he boosted Homer far enough to catch the vines.

"The minnow pole is up there," said Lorry. "Go to the deep place I showed you—the last one. Catch some an' hurry back."

Homer vanished through the green foliage. Whereupon Lorry took up the pole and once more attended to the fascinating watch of that cork. Gradually his excitement subsided. It seemed he was not going to have another bite right off. Something cast a blight upon the marvel of the hour. It oppressed Lorry. At length he discovered the reason—he should not have sent Homer off alone.

Lorry was in a quandary. Here was the wonderful day—precious moments on the creek—and he could not stay. He must not stay longer. Homer was only a little tad. He might fall in the creek or get lost. Lorry reproached himself, and manfully fought the almost irresistible temptation to go on fishing. But then for the first time he realized he cared more for Homer than anyone, except their mother, and he could not stay.

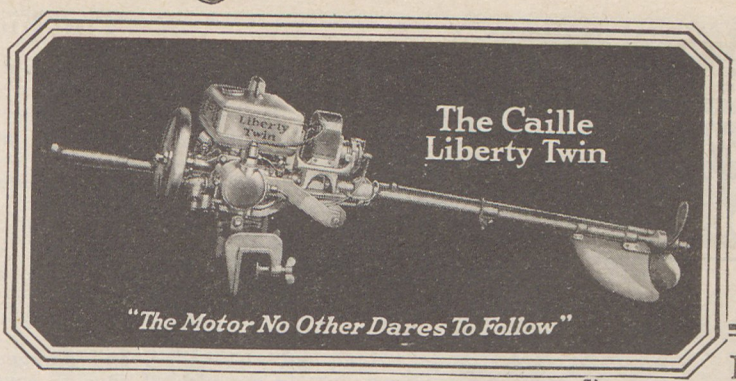
Taking pole and bass he climbed the bank, and set into a run along the shady winding path of bare packed sand. It seemed a long while before he reached the mouth of Joe's Run. Here he slowed to a walk and followed the edge of the bank.

It was now only a short distance to the deep place where he had directed Homer to go. Lorry reached it. No sign of Homer! Filled with dismay and growing concern Lorry again broke into a run. What would mother say—if anything happened? But Lorry knew he would never go home without his brother. Suddenly he heard a cry. It came from beyond a patch of willows.

"I'm—comin'," he called, hopefully.

He bounded along, beyond the willows, to a high bank. Like the one below is slanted to the water. In the middle of it lay Homer, head down, on his stomach. His arms were outstretched and he appeared to be slowly sliding down. His bare toes were digging into the dirt.

(Continued on page 52)



$500 Forfeit if any Vertical Type Motor can Follow a Caille Liberty Twin!

This will prove without a shadow of a doubt that the Caille Liberty Twin is the *only* motor that will drive *any* rowboat *any* place it will float—in deep or shallow water. Compare! No other motor gives you even *half* the advantages of a Caille Liberty Twin—the motor that is unequivocally guaranteed—that is far ahead of all others in performance, ease of operation and dependability. Check these features of the

CAILLE LIBERTY TWIN DETROIT

Direct drive, no vibration, easy starting. Complete control in the "motorcycle" grip—Bosch Magneto and Zenith Carburetor—*light weight. Easiest motor to carry ever built.*

Here's Our $500 Challenge

So sure are we of the superiority of the CAILLE LIBERTY TWIN DIRECT DRIVE ROWBOAT MOTOR and of our statement that no standard make of vertical type (with or without tilting device) can follow a CAILLE LIBERTY TWIN through shallows, over sunken logs, stones, debris and through weeds that

We Challenge Any Manufacturer of Vertical Type Rowboat Motors

to disprove our claim by test with stock model vertical type motor, and offer to forfeit $500.00 (FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS) to any charitable institution designated by the company disproving our claim.

Ask Nearest Distributor to Show You the Wonderful Liberty Twin

Test it under the severest conditions on the water—note how quickly it starts—how smoothly it runs—what a beauty it is from every viewpoint. It will convince you itself it is the finest outboard motor built! Do this *today.*

See the Caille Single Cylinder Liberty—Only $85.00

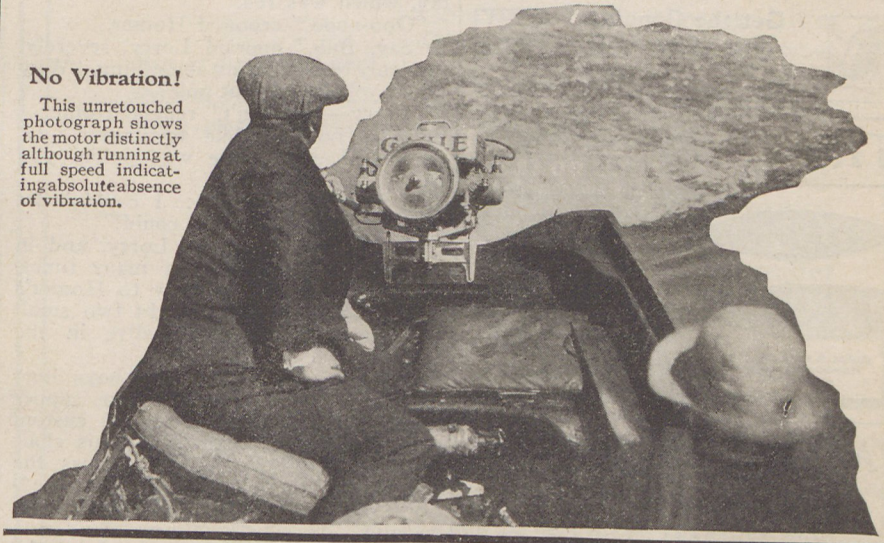
The motor that proved the direct drive principle. Sturdy dependable and very moderately priced. Ask your nearest dealer for measuring chart to assist you in comparing all motors.

E. J. Willis Co., 85 Chambers St., New York City
Weeks, Howe, Emerson Co., 90 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.
John J. Odenwald, 1209 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Seattle Marine Equipment Co., 742 N. 34th St., Seattle, Wash.
Elisha Webb & Son Co., 136 S. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.
A. Baldwin & Company, New Orleans, La.
James Walker Co., 123 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
Leslie Franks, 5100 N. Bernard St., Chicago, Ill.
Wm. Grossmann, 1630 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

The Caille Perfection Motor Co., 6248 2nd Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

No Vibration!

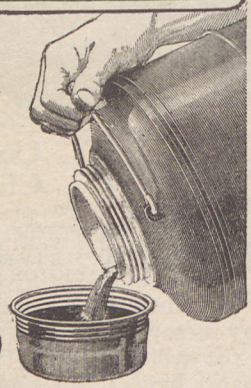
This unretouched photograph shows the motor distinctly although running at full speed indicating absolute absence of vibration.



CAILLE Rowboat Motors

PRONOUNCED "CAIL"

PATENTED
Aladdin
Thermalware Jar
Keeps Food or Liquids
Hot or Cold



Gallon Size
NOW $5
$5.50 in far West; $7.50 in Canada.
"Brewster green baked-on enamel

Enjoy iced drinks
— anytime, anywhere

On fishing trips or motor outings, Aladdin Jars keep anything hot or cold. A whole gallon of refreshing cold lemonade, milk or water; or of fragrant hot coffee, soup, etc.—enough for all! Or eight pounds of food!

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beautify your waterways and supply food for fish and ducks. Free interesting folder. Write
TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM, Blk. L-6
OSHKOSH, WIS.

The Fisherman

(Continued from page 51)

"Homer! For the land's sake!" yelled Lorry. "What're you doin' there?"

"Fish!—Whad-dye spose—you dum fool—hurry!" panted Homer.

Then Lorry made the astounding discovery that Homer was holding to the butt end of the minnow pole, which was half submerged. Something was tugging hard on it. Lorry saw a swirl in the water.

"Hang on!" he yelled, and plunged down, just in the nick of time to save Homer from sliding in. Lorry grasped his brother and hauled him back. "Hang to the pole!"

"I'm—ahangin'," said Homer, valiantly.

Lorry got him turned round with his feet on a level place. But the fish, whatever it was, appeared too heavy and strong for Homer.

"Gimme the pole!" cried Lorry, almost roughly.

"Aw, he's my—fish," gasped Homer, clinging for dear life to the pole.

"All right, hang on, an' I'll help," said Lorry, and suiting action to words he laid hands over Homer's. But this was not to pull hard, for Lorry distrusted the line and hook. It had happened, however, that on the way from Joe's Run to Licking Creek he had put a larger hook on the line, intending to let Homer use it for sunfish. This he had forgotten. The remembrance encouraged Lorry in the hope they could catch the fish. So he merely helped Homer hold the pole while the fish swam round until it got tired.

Lorry saw a bright red tail and then he knew what kind of fish they had. Presently he got the line in his hand, and slipping the fish out on the mud he grasped it and carried it in triumph up the bank. Homer had hung to him like a leech.

"There!" exclaimed Lorry, dropping the prize on the grass. "Big red-horse sucker!"

Homer dropped on his knees in an ecstasy and he babbled in glee. The fish was a foot and a half long, glistening white all over, except the tip of his tail, which was red.

"Ooo-oooo!" crooned Homer.

"Say, Bub," queried Lorry, severely, suddenly remembering something. "Why didn't you let go that pole?"

"Lorry—I **couldn't**," replied Homer.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" demanded Lorry. "He was pullin' you in."

"I didn't care. . . . . I couldn't let go— an' I wouldn't if I could!"

That answer silenced Lorry, and in after years he recalled it many times. Moreover, to add mightily to Homer's performance, he had caught two small rock bass, which were alive in the bucket.

Flushed with victory the boys hurried home, and arrived before supper time. Their father, as was his custom on a summer evening, sat in his chair on the lawn. Homer ran across the grass, dragging his trophy, the red-horse sucker, to burst into breathless acclaim.

"What the Sam Hill!" ejaculated the father, staring from the fish to Homer. "Did you catch this fish?"

"Yes, pa," began the lad.

While he was reciting in wild and whirling words the story of his capture Lorry stood by, reluctant to exhibit his black bass, because it might detract from Homer's triumph. Their mother came to the door.

"Go wash your dirty hands and feet," she said, trying to look severe.

As they fled round the corner of the house Lorry heard his mother say: "Did you ever see two happier boys? They just love to fish."

At the hydrant the boys deposited their fish, and put the live rock bass into the tub. Then, as Lorry bent over to wash, he received a kick by no means mild. He leaped erect, furious, knowing full well whence that kick came. Cedric stood there, glaring down on him.

"Stole my fish pole again, didn't you?" he demanded, threateningly.

"Yes, I did—but don't you ever dare kick me again," answered Lorry, stoutly.

Cedric resembled all elder brothers in that he was rather dominating, and could not see a halo round the head of any boy. He aimed another kick at Lorry that fell just short. Lorry was as nimble as a goat. He ran, and Cedric ran after him. They had this race often. But on the last occasion Lorry had hidden his baseball bat behind an evergreen, and now he remembered why he had put it there. As he rounded the bushy tree he snatched out the bat and had it swinging when Cedric charged right upon him.

"Hyar—you little devil!" yelled Cedric, suddenly halting, and frantically bending to avoid the bat. But Lorry was too quick. The bat thudded hard on Cedric's hip. He staggered and sagged, and his expression was one of exceeding pain and discomfiture.

"You will—keep on—kickin' me!" shouted Lorry, bravely, though the second the blow fell he was ready to drop with fear. But Cedric, without a word, limped away toward the house. And he never kicked Lorry again.

Homer babbled in his slumber that night, to the extent of keeping Lorry awake, and even waking his mother in the next room. She called out: "Lorry, shake your brother. He has nightmare."

"No, mar, he's only hangin' on to a fish," replied Lorry, giggling. Nevertheless he gave Homer a lusty shake.

"Aw—he's my fish," wailed Homer, in the midst of this rude rousing.

Much to Lorry's secret delight and gratification the red-horse sucker achievement of Homer's had made that lad a fisherboy all in one day. Before Homer had merely yearned to go along with his brother and the older boys: now he had won fame and was finding it sweet. Also it was hard to sustain. Homer enticed youngsters of his own age to run off to Joe's Run, whereby he received punishment, and earned another kind of reputation in the neighborhood.

Now and then Lorry took Homer with him on excursions to Joe's Run, or Timber Run, which was a rival of the smaller brook. Bartlett's Run and Flesher's Run were farther afield than Lorry had yet roamed. What he had heard of them, however, was enticing. And Poverty Run—farther still—had a glamour about its vague legends of

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

The Fisherman

wonderful minnows. The older boys said that Poverty Run emptied into Licking Creek five miles above Dillon's Falls, and was a paradise for bass. Somewhere along its mouth was a secret rockledge known only to old Muddy Miser.

In addition to taking Homer with him occasionally Lorry told the lad all that he heard about the different runs, about fish and fishing. But Homer seemed to be a true son of Izaak Walton in that the only peace and contentment for him was in actually fishing himself.

One summer evening Homer had not come home to supper. His mother was worried. She accosted Lorry, who disclaimed any knowledge of Homer's whereabouts.

"Find him before your father comes home," she said. "Maybe he's playing on Madden's Hill."

Lorry ran over to the hill, and through the woods, and across the commons. No sign of Homer! None of the boys interviewed had seen him. The matter began to look serious to Lorry. He hurried over to Tom Linden's, a particular playmate of Homer's.

"Naw, I don't know nuthin' about where Homer went," said Tom, in apparent disgust. "I know he was goin' fishin' with some boys, an' I couldn't go because I had to mow the lawn."

Further inquiry elicited from Tom rather vague information about talk he had heard. Homer, in company with a new set of boys, not especially approved of by Tom, had indulged in wild speculation about Sunderland's Lake.

Lorry hurried back home, to see his father entering the yard. At this moment the tall spare figure, with its long black coat and high plug hat, was hardly a welcome one. Lorry had incurred his father's displeasure by fostering a desire for fishing in Homer's breast. But Lorry bravely faced both father and mother, and on the moment lost his dread. Her sweet sad anxious face somehow lent him strength.

"No, I didn't find Homer, but I will," he replied to her anxious query. "Don't worry, mother."

"You better had, and quick, too, you young Muddy Miser," declared his father. "I'll go out and cut me a nice apple switch."

The threat of a switching had no particular effect on Lorry. He would have been glad to take a dozen switchings, if they would only fetch Homer back. Lorry ran across the lawn, through Wedge's orchard and Lee's pasture to the road. His feet were bare and the dust felt soft and cool. He ran clear out into the country before he slowed down to catch his breath. Sunderland's Lake was his only clue. Somehow it seemed a forlorn hope. But it drew Lorry. He felt that it would have drawn him even if Tom Linden had not mentioned it. But there were many places to fish, forbidden places that allured the boys more than others. Sunderland was a farmer in ill repute with the boys. He had a beautiful little dark deep lake set down between two grassy hills. It was full of big golden sunfish. And Sunderland would not allow the boys to fish in it. Not even when he was begged! This put him out of the pale of all youngsters of that day; and prompted the bolder of them to watch when he drove to town, and then steal an hour's fishing in the enchanted lake.

(Continued on page 61)

Bass fishing *begins* June 15th

Two Fisherman Specials

Now, while the fresh green of June gives added enchantment to Wisconsin's Land o'Lakes, these gamy fish are waiting, eager to take the bait.

Wisconsin Lakes Special

Starts June 12th, daily, except Sunday

Lv. Chicago at 7:00 p.m. (Standard Time)

for Three Lakes, Eagle River, Conover, Phelps, State Line, Watersmeet, Rhinelander, Tomahawk Lake, Woodruff, Lac du Flambeau, Powell, Manitowish, Mercer, Winchester and Winegar, arriving early next morning. Drawing room and open section sleeeping cars, observation-lounge car, serving appetizing buffet luncheon and breakfast.

Big reductions in season, 30-day and week-end tickets

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The Russell Catalog illustrates and describes footwear for all outdoor sports — hunting, fishing, camping, hiking, golfing, skiing—all painstakingly made from quality leathers for solid comfort. If your dealer doesn't sell Russell's Moccasin Footwear, write for a copy today.

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Most practical and pleasant to use. Recommended by best outdoor experts. *No more mosquito bites or sleepless nites.*
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At Drug and Sporting Goods Stores 50c.
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4202 W. Adams St. Chicago

Trap Shooting Department

Conducted by GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Trap clubs all over the country are asked to submit suggestions for increasing interest, helping beginners, caution to instructors, and matters of kindred interest, and to send in pictures of their clubhouses and of any of their members who are making phenomenal scores. This department will encourage discussion of the comparative merits of trap shooting and other sports and the great pleasures of the sport itself. All articles intended for this department should be mailed to George C. Franklin, Trap Shot Editor of Outdoor America, 1006 Patterson Building, Denver.

THE Editor "fudged" last month. There was plenty of copy, but too much business for the Denver chapter. We are, however, able to give you this month, a —Real one— as staged by the Detroit Chapter. Our idea is that Izaak Walton League members are, of all sportsmen in the world, the ones who should encourage trapshooting, and should avail themselves of the opportunity offered by shooting at clay targets, to so improve their marksmanship that when they do have a chance to shoot at game, they will make cleaner kills, and leave fewer cripples to suffer.

Then another thing is that the friendships formed at the Trap Meets extend to the field and to the stream, and help to crystallize into constructive activities the work toward conserving our wild life.

There is a fraternal feeling among trapshooters akin to that experienced by those who travel the wilderness trail together, and in no other sport is there so much charity shown toward another's score, and so little jealousy when an individual "overshoots himself" and hits a high mark.

We have seen a whole club stand almost breathlessly while a shooter, who had never made a perfect score, shot his last five targets, and when the last one "smashed" give vent to a savage yell of joy, that came from the very bottom of their hearts.

It is wonderfully encouraging to us to read such a paragraph as this one taken from the Sportsman's Review of May 10, 1924:

The Izaak Walton League Gun Club, which has just been organized in Kansas City, held its first regular shoot at Elliott's park on Sunday morning, May 4, with a good attendance.

George Knox, breaking 46 out of 50, and with an allowance of 5 targets, scored 50 straight for high gun. E. C. Zirkle, with a score of 43 and an allowance of 5, and Lou Erhardt, with 42 breaks and 6 added, totaled 48. Several of the Waltonians, though novices at the target game, showed up well. The club will shoot every first and third Sunday of each month.

Izaak Walton League—

	Broke	Hdcp.	Total
Knox	46	5	50
Zirkle	43	5	48
Erhardt	42	6	48
Leitner	44	3	47
Stadler	38	5	43
Barstow	43	0	43
Rider	37	5	42
Kyle	35	6	41
Long	34	6	40
Cartwell	30	10	40
Courtright	29	10	39
Glover	30	7	37
Freeman	27	10	37
Bengert	27	9	36
Mulera	24	10	34
Pinnell	24	6	30
May	15	10	25
Mos	10x25	..	..

Following the luncheon and birthday felicitation to Uncle Bob Elliott, an old-timers' event was staged. Only those who had been in the game twenty years were eligible. Conditions were 25 targets, gun held below the elbow, and if any of the younger generation thinks it's a puddin' to break targets this way, let 'em try it. George Nicolai was way ahead of the vets bunch, breaking 23. The crowd got much enjoyment out of the old timers' exhibition. Some of the vets had not shot targets in years.

The scores:

Old Timers' Event—25 targets, gun below the elbow, 20 years in the game to be eligible.

The scores:

Geo. Nicolai	23
N. C. Ewing	16
John Grueninger	16
Bill Moore, Sr.	15
Jim Rooney	12
J. W. Harlan	12
Bob Hamilton	11
"Dad" Coffman	11
Lou Erhardt	6
"Uncle Bob" Elliott	5
"Doc" Planck	4
Nelse Jarrett	4

Captain Billy Fawcett in charge of the American trapshooting team at the Olympic games in Paris

April 29th, 1924.

The Detroit Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America staged a real live one, Sunday April 27th, at the Detroit Pastime Gun Club, when they put on a trapshooting contest. About 50 members shot through the program, which was made attractive by some very fine trophies. The shooters were divided into four classes, three prizes being given in each class. There was also a special event for the ladies.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Winners in class A were Cavers 1st, Millenbeck 2nd, and Dr. Wray 3rd, in order named. Class B were Passage 1st, Cooper 2nd, and Thomas 3rd. Class C were, Mendenhall 1st, McMackin 2nd, and McDougall 3rd. Class D were Carr 1st, Abbot 2nd, and H. Will 3rd. In the special event for the ladies Mrs. Vogel led the way to camp with high Gun honors, with Mrs. Hall trailing close behind for 2nd place.

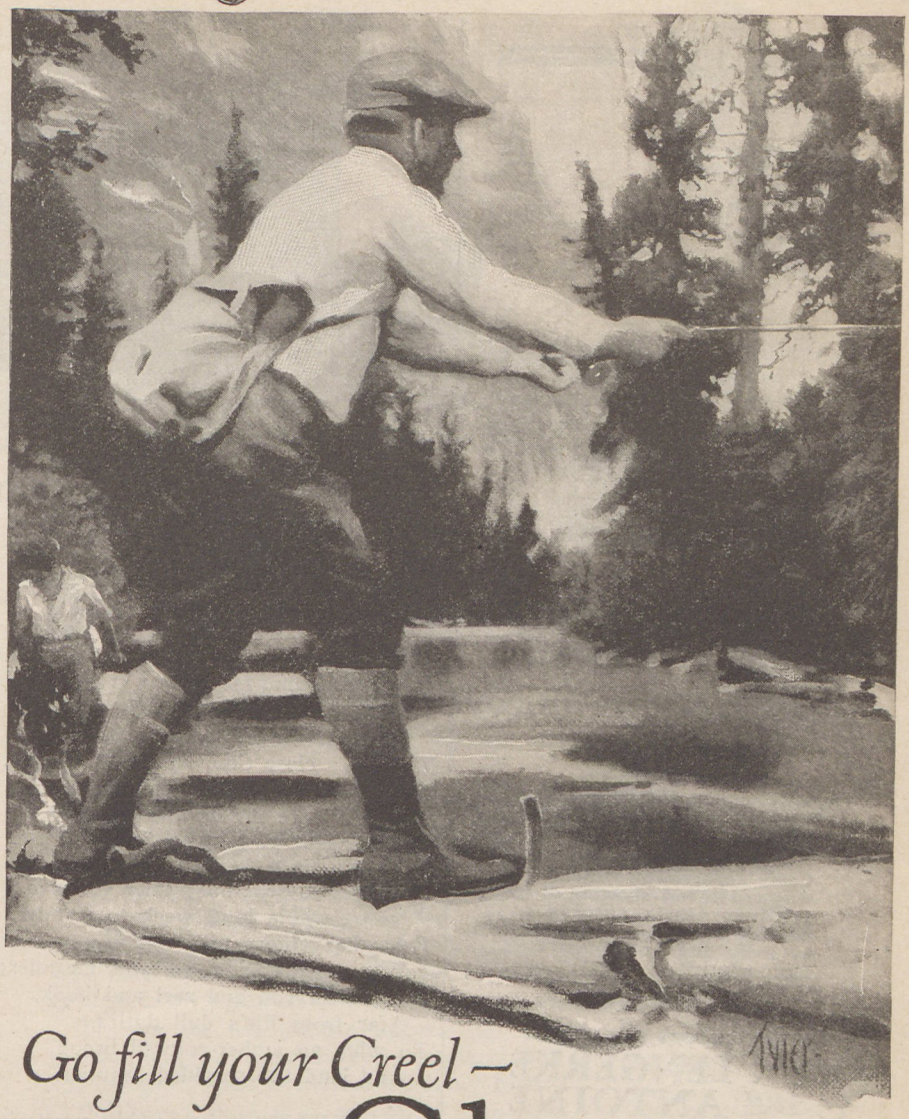
W. G. Cavers won the high Gun trophy, every one, spectators as well as contestants, enjoyed the day at the Club and found that shooting at the flying clays affords great sport as well as helps to preserve the wild life. Scores on the 75 target program:

Cavers	72
Millenbeck	70
Dr. Wray	70
Hartwick	68
Burroughs	68
Passage	67
Schucknecht	67
Cooper	65
Dr. Winslow	65
O'Dell	64
F. Will	63
Lafland	63
Thomas	61
Hartford	60
Mrs. Vogel	59
Vorys	59
Carter	59
Rennick	56
Mendenhall	54
Seabury	54
Schilbe	53
McMackin	52
Smits	48
Mrs. Burroughs	47
McDougall	44
Carr	44
Burns	43
Abbott	42
H. Will	42
Bazzett	41
Seaburn	40
Mrs. Cavers	37
Hallett	37
McDonald	36
Miss Wood	34
Barnum	33
Coulton	27
Crannier	25
Bennett	25
Lyons	23
Mrs. Hall	32x50
Pierson	25x50
Campfield	21x30
Shank	23x25
Thomas	21x25
McIntosh	20x25
Dr. Sober	13x25
Knecht	17x25
Ciani	17x25
Reed	16x25
Johnson	15x25
Castiagline	15x25
Meyer	13x25
Roniene	10x25

Making Trapshooting a National Sport

THE end of the year 1924 will bring the patriotic sport, trapshooting, to a recognized position as a National Sport through the founding of a national headquarters and the building of a permanent home at Dayton, Ohio. The development to this position has been by natural stages. Originally the sport of trapshooting was founded and backed by what was known as the Interstate Association, which organization was made up of the various ammunition and firearms concerns

(*Continued on page 64*)



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Glacier NATIONAL PARK

Open June 15th to September 15th

Now for the game ones, the battling kind that test your skill with rod and reel. Fishing in Glacier Park provides real thrill for the expert and the amateur alike. Lakes and streams are abundantly stocked with Dolly Vardens, cut throat, rainbow, eastern brook and mackinaws. They're waiting for you. Modern hotels and rustic chalet camps.

You can ride horseback—motor—hike—camp. Have a real vacation in a real vacation-land. All expense tours—1 to 7 days—longer if desired. Glacier Park-Yellowstone Park Circuit Tours.

Visit Pacific Northwest

Through trains from Chicago and Kansas City via Burlington Route — Great Northern Railway (main line) to Glacier Park, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. Free side trip, Seattle to Vancouver, B. C. and return. En route to Pacific Northwest, Alaska or California visit Lake Chelan and Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks.

Summer tourist fares.

For free information or booklets apply any ticket or tourist agent or offices Great Northern Railway

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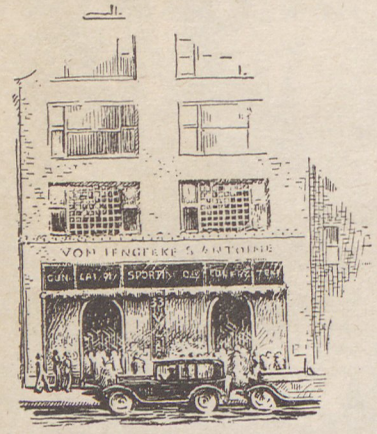

Announcing
the opening of
OUR NEW STORE
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Fine, dependable equipment for Camping, Fishing, Golf, Tennis and Baseball—"Every need for every sport."

A veritable exposition in our Camp department, with its unparalleled showing of trailers, tents, canoes, motors, stoves—everything to make the out-of-doors more alluring.

Come in and ask for your copy of our new Fishing and Camping Catalogue

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DUPLEX AUTOMOBILE ICE BOX

Ask About This New ICE BOX

Gives you ice cold food and drinks. The DUPLEX Automobile Ice Box fits on the running board inside luggage carrier. Dust proof. Ample food space, special holder for bottles or jars. Ice in separate, water-tight compartment. Sturdy metal construction, insulated by famous Duplex Fireless Cooker process. 10½ inches high, 20 inches long, weighs 17½ lbs.

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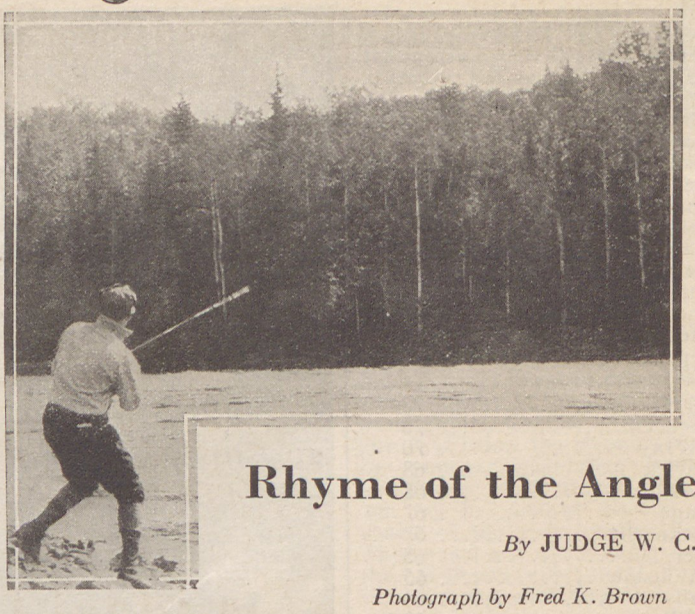

Rhyme of the Angler

By JUDGE W. C. BENET

Photograph by Fred K. Brown

SOME love the spring for this or that,
And some for t'other reason;
I have my reason plain and pat—
It brings the fishing season.
The law's close time will soon be o'er,
Just two weeks from next Monday;
I wish it were the day before,
For trout bite best on Sunday.

WHAT joy the busy town to leave,
A whole long week to wander,
From hazy morn to dusky eve
Where Blue Ridge streams meander;
Alone with rod and reel and hook,
Afar from life's dull duties,
To whip an amber-colored brook
And land the speckled beauties.

A STREAM I know in mountain glen—
The tourist saw it never:
Far from the homes and haunts of men
It grows from rill to river.
There many a quiet pool I know
Shall see my flies a-skimming,
And many a dancing shoal below,
Where lusty trout are swimming.

WHEN no wind stirs and skies are gray,
And air is warm and hazy,
O, then to angle all the day
Through vale and forest mazy;
With now and then a drizzling shower
The limpid water dimpling,
And not a sound from hour to hour
To mar the water's wimpling.

SEE there! That fine twelve-incher shoot
Swift like a living arrow!
He's lurking 'neath that red-oak root,
There, where the stream is narrow.
Now cast your well-dissembled fly
Along the pool's calm bosom:
Play, as if moth were fluttering by:
Quiet! Or you will lose 'im.
Ha! There he took an eager bite!
Now, wind him in: a capture!
O, can there be more pure delight
Than th' angler's silent rapture!

HE'S lonely, think you? Nay, not he;
He wants not a companion;
His rod is ample company
Down in the deepest canyon.
No human face he cares to see—
The face of water only!
With lightsome heart still angles he,
Alone, but never lonely.

THERE'S something in our gentle art—
And, sure, 'tis no small merit—
Which doth a soothing calm impart
And cheerfulness of spirit;
A sweet serenity of mind
No other sport produces;
Go, try it, Sir! You soon will find
Its philosophic uses.
O, you may search from pole to pole,—
No sport so good and meet is
For "helth of bodie and of soule"
(See Izaak Walton's Tretyse).

THEN hey, my rod! And ho, my reel!
We soon will go a-fishing,
The leaping trout spring-hunger feel,
For fly and red-worm wishing.
The schoolboy on a holiday,
The desk-slave on an outing,
Feels not so happy nor so gay
As I when I go trouting.
For it's my delight from morn till night
To fish and fill my basket!
If there be bliss greater than this
I do not care to ask it.

Read complete story of the victory of the League's Upper Mississippi Bill in the August Outdoor America

My First Deer

(Continued from page 32)

would go with me to get the gun, and carry the deer home in his shirt tail. I told him he would have to get a bigger shirt if he did. They were all trying to kid me, when Mother came on the scene and asked if I really got a deer. She took stock of my affirmative answer and volunteered to hitch up and go with me. This turn brought the men folk into action and we were soon on our way. We could drive to within three hundred yards of the deer and then carry him out. You never saw such a surprised bunch of milkers in your life, and I was as cool as a cucumber, but full of joy within.

Tonight I glance at my Newton rifle and Fox double-barrel, my Leonard and Granger rods, thinking of all the blissful days I have enjoyed with them on hills and streams, but none has climaxed or ever approximated the joy of that morning in the beautiful hills of Grand Round Valley, Union County, Oregon, of which I have just told you.

Little daughter has retired, and after her evening prayer I hear her humming:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight."

Idaho Game

(Continued from page 34)

birds get to eat, after the heavy snows come, is pine needles.

The native elk that really belonged in Idaho in the early days were practically exterminated, but we have a few that were brought in from Jackson Hole and turned loose above Arrow Rock dam, that are doing well. Idaho needs more game-reserves. Don't rent the grazing rights for a few cents an acre! Let the wild things have a chance to feed on pastures that have not been mouthed and run over by swarms of the woolly locust! Game would bring dollars to Idaho where she can't get dimes today from grazing fees! Let us divorce politics from the game department and put men in charge who understand wild life, rather than those who have political pull. Then our children's children will have something to live for in our great out doors. Would this not be better than slipping them a heritage of naked worn-out mountains, devoid of all animal and vegetable life? I shudder to contemplate what future generations will say of us if we continue to shirk our obvious duty. Our folly is akin to that of some people back

(Continued on page 73)

Gilmore's
Automatic Weedless
A Perfect Single Hook Casting Lure, Simple, Artistic, Alluring and Effective.
Game fish strike it greedily, and they get hooked every time, and that's what we want.
If your dealer hasn't got them, write to us for folder with prices.
E. L. Gilmore & Co. 1419 Mahoning Ave. YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

The Ideal Outdoor Breakfast
Add only water or milk

You don't know how good pancakes can taste till you eat them in the great outdoors. They're easily made with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—so do not miss this treat.

All necessary ingredients are included in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour—there's nothing to add except water or milk. In six minutes you can serve a tempting meal of fluffy, golden-brown pancakes.

They're as wholesome, substantial and satisfying as they are delicious—an ideal food for campers—for breakfast or other meals.

Pillsbury's pancakes are *better* pancakes because Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is a better flour, containing only highest-grade ingredients mixed and sifted with scrupulous care.

The durable Pillsbury package fits compactly into your equipment. It's easy to carry along—always ready to use.

Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour makes equally delicious cakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor.

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Buckwheat Pancake Flour Health Bran Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour Graham Flour Farina

Make this test yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand and rub it—see its fine, velvety texture—its creamy-white color, due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. That's why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.

Pillsbury's
Pancake Flour
One of the family

Osprey Lines and Notangle Spinners Lead the Parade

J. G. Keekler of Hagerstown, Maryland, sends us this photo of one of his catches made with NOTANGLE SPINNER.

And here's what J. E. Robinson of Estelline, South Dakota, says:

Listen to This—

May 2, 1924.

Lou J. Eppinger, Detroit, Michigan.
Dear Sir:

This is only the second day of the Fishing season, and I have taken a dozen of the finest Pickerel and Pike that I have ever seen, and all with your "Notangle Spinner"—and I want to say to you that it is a killer.

I am enclosing herewith an order for some more, and when I ask you to hurry them along I know that you will get busy at once.

J. S. ROBINSON, Estelline, So. Dakota

Latest Dardevle Product
NOTANGLE SPINNERS

600 series actual size.

Price of Notangle Spinner: Without fly 50c With fly 75c

Notangle means, exactly what it says—no tangles. What the Bell and the Hump do—Hook or fly can't get messed up with spinner. The Bell, acting as a weight, is set forward, and holds the fly or hook straight ahead. The Hump holds the Bell securely so it can't open accidentally. Yet by merely pressing the Hump with the thumb, the Bell slides back, allowing instant changing of hook or fly. Notangle Spinners come in 3 sizes and weights—The No. 400 series are intended for fly and bait rods, and trolling. 500 series for light casting and trolling. 600 series—all kinds of casting outfits including steel and Bamboo casting rods, also for deep trolling.

Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company

Paris, Ky., July 2, 1923.

Lou J. Eppinger, Detroit, Mich.
Dear Sir:

Have used an OSPREY LINE the past two years and find it regardless of price the best line I have ever used.

Respectfully,
W. C. GROSCHE.

"OSPREY" LINES

are waterproofed so they won't rot, are braided so they shoot through the guides like greased lightning, and are guaranteed to stand anything excepting rough or cracked guides. "Osprey" lines have stood the test for fifteen years.

Prices of Osprey Silk Lines
50 Yard Spools, 100 Yards Connected

12-lb. test	$1.50	23-lb. test	$2.65
15-lb. test	1.75	26-lb. test	2.80
18-lb. test—color black	2.25	30-lb. test	3.15
20-lb. test	2.50	35-lb. test	3.50

All sizes excepting 18-lb. made in black and mottled black and white.

Buy from your Dealer—or if he can not supply you order from us direct. Give us your dealer's name and we will prepay all shipping charges. *Send for Catalog.*

LOU J. EPPINGER

Dept. W. 314 East Congress St.
DETROIT, MICH

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

Photos by C. E. Lewis

"An Unpremeditated Profit"

An incredible—almost—fish story. How a bass fisherman caught them in Florida many years ago, and how his guide shocked him.

By COL. JOHN A. LEE

W. A. Nihiser with a ten pound catch and a ten pound smile.

I ADMIT that this story will tax credulity and make a strong demand for faith, but it is nevertheless a true story.

I, in my younger years, was a commercial salesman, traveling in the southern states, selling flour for a St. Louis commission house.

I arrived at Lake City, Florida, on a Saturday morning, 1879, and Saturday is a busy day in cotton growing countries. The hotel was of modest pretensions, but comfortable, and a good place to get plenty of good food, well prepared. I had learned this and aimed to spend Sunday there.

I hustled around Saturday and by noon had sold two cars of flour, and had been told by merchants to keep away from them Saturday afternoon, as they were too busy to do any buying.

After a good chicken dinner, I said to the landlord:

"Why do they call this Lake City?"

He replied:

"Because there are so many lakes around and about it."

"Any fish in them?"

"Lots of 'em."

"What kind?"

"Mostly 'jumpers.'"

"How do you catch them?"

"I don't, I buy mine from Jim Collins, the nigger fisherman. He catches all the fish that are caught around here."

My curiosity was aroused. I had handled a fish pole since my schoolboy days, and had been raised by the side of a creek in Kentucky where sunfish, suckers, catfish, crappie and a few black bass could be captured if you knew how, where, and when, to fish for them.

So I bought two of the landlord's best cigars, and gave him one to smoke, as a conversation promoter and preliminary to a research for information.

"I wonder if this Jim Collins would take me fishing with him this afternoon? Am all through business and with nothing to do."

"Reckon he will. I'll send for him. He lives in that cabin down by the lake."

He did and Jim came. Tow-linen pants, one knit suspender, an old wool hat, without a band, that hung down all around his face, black as a crow, one peg or wooden leg, the other foot barefooted.

"Jim, I want to go fishing. They say you know how to catch them. Will you take me along and show me how?"

"Yes, boss, I was just startin' to go to the lake to lift my poles. Come along if you want to!"

I went. Jim could make his way through the young cane and weeds better with his one leg and a peg leg, and faster, than I could with two good ones.

He had a "batteau," as he called it, tied at the shore. Long sides about 18 feet, short boards across the bottom, and carefully caulked with oakum and tar, no rowlocks, small live box in the middle for bait and a larger one for fish. Jim kneeled down in the prow and I sat down in the stern. He took the paddle and pulled the boat after himself, by paddling on each side alternately, winding through the young cane, the big reeds and the masses of lily pads. Presently he stopped paddling, reached out and picked up a long cane pole that was tied to a bunch of lily pads and floating on the water.

I heard a splash and saw a fish break water—a beauty—but he had a short playtime, for Jim was a business-like fisherman and fished for the market. He drew the pole backwards, caught hold of the heavy line and lifted a beautiful large mouth black bass into the boat, weighing about five pounds and put it in the live box.

Bassy corner of Big Lake near Lake City, Florida.

"Pretty good one, Jim; what kind of a fish is it?"

"'Jumper,' boss, dat's all de kind we catches here 'cept 'pyerch.'"

We went a little farther out in the

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

lake among the lily pads and Jim lifted another set pole. This time only the head of a fish—a fine bass—was on the big hook.

"What ate that fish off that way, Jim?"

"De turkles and de little gaitors does dat, boss."

"Many gaitors in this lake, Jim?"

"Yes suh, dey is a good many, not so many big ones. De hunters kills de big ones, fer der hides, and dey so skeered dey only come out at night, and den de hunters goes after 'em with torches and guns and spears."

"How about this boat, Jim, is it likely to turn over?"

"Oh, no, boss, even if it did de gaitors is too skeered to bother us."

"When did you lose your leg, Jim?"

"Long time ago, when I was a small boy."

"How?"

"Well, my daddy was a fisherman in dese lakes and he used to take me with him to help. One day de lake was a little rough and de boat leaked, and sunk from under us before we could get to de land. We swum out, but a gaitor grabbed one of my legs and bit it so dat it had to be cut off. My daddy had de paddle in his hand and he pounded dat gaitor so hard across de nose dat he turned me loose and daddy took me to de shore and carried me home."

"Jim, is this boat leaky?"

"Oh, no, boss. Dis boat is caulked and tarred and don't leak a drop."

We lifted his set poles, of which he had twenty-two in all, and got about four or five nice bass weighing from two pounds to three pounds each, baiting and resetting the poles as we went. Jim had some small fish in the bait box with which he rebaited the hooks.

"Now, Jim, get me one of those poles. I want to hold it in my hand and catch some of these 'jumpers.'"

"Boss, dat's too hard work. We'll get all de fish we need on dese set poles. No use to tire yousef out holding dese big poles."

I insisted and got one of the poles, big thick line, large hook and no sinker.

I looked in the bait box and the small fish were all dead.

"Jim, let's go ashore to the creek where you get these bait fish and catch some live ones."

"I gets live ones fur you right out here in de lake, boss."

"How?"

"I calls 'em."

"Well, Jim, let's hear you do your calling."

He picked up a very small bamboo switch out of the batteau to which there was tied a cotton thread line and a very small hook.

"Boss, pull de top of de stem off dat bonnet (lily pad), please, suh, and hand it here."

I did so. He split the stem open and extracted a small white worm and threaded it on the small hook. Then he took the boat paddle and beat down hard and flat with it on the water, making loud reports.

"What the thunder are you trying to do, Jim?"

"I'se a callin' de little roaches (small red finned fish), boss."

In a moment a myriad of small fish, great shoals of them, came rushing around the boat, flashing like a group of rainbows in the water.

Jim cast his small hook among them and in a few minutes had replenished his bait box with live bait.

I did not understand his method of calling the little fish and concluded that he was a voodooist in league with the devil, but afterwards learned the secret.

The cypress and other trees which grow in the water at the lake's edge are loaded with festoons of moss, and colonies of insects inhabit and breed in the moss. When the wind blows big bunches of moss with the insect population are detached and blown into the water with a splash and disturbance of the surface, and the little fish rush to the place to catch and eat the bugs. So the splash of the paddle on still water attracts them. They are entomologists.

I baited my big hook with a lively big minnow and cast out among the bonnets, letting my unsinkered line sink slowly, and jerkily moving it occasionally. Then I got a bite, not a strike, because the fish just swallowed the bait quietly and orderly and swam away. Then I pulled gently and hooked him, and war was declared. He started for deep water, which course I approved. Then the name of "Jumper" which Jim gave the bass was verified, because, as I led him to the surface he would jump out of the water and skim along the surface like an arrow, but the big line and heavy pole gave him but little chance, and I landed the largest bass I had ever seen. It weighed 8½ pounds.

We fished all afternoon and into the dusk. Jim was a market fisherman and at that time there was no legal limit on catches with pole and line. We threw back the small ones, keeping only the larger fish.

When we landed, Jim started to string the fish on some bark peeled from a sapling. I took two medium sized ones for my breakfast and he took the remainder on his back. I had put on an old suit and had left my money in the other suit, so I said:

"Jim, come around to the hotel tomorrow morning before the 10 o'clock train comes and we will settle up.

"Yes, suh, boss. I will be dar."

He was, and I said:

"Jim, how do we stand?"

To which he replied:

"Well, boss, the way I figure it I owes you a dollar and 'fo bits' ($1.50)."

This was a very startling statement and I said:

"How do you figure that?"

"I sells dem fish for three dollars, and half of it is yours."

I was shocked. The traditions of all sportsmen and the ethics of all guides were broken, and here was a new sensational thrill.

"Well, Jim, you keep my dollar and a half and here is a two-dollar bill besides. Take the money and buy that black woman of yours a red calico dress and present it to her with my compliments, and tell her that I said that you are the most honest, but the most innocent, guide I ever had."

Send in Your Fishing Stories Five Great Prizes

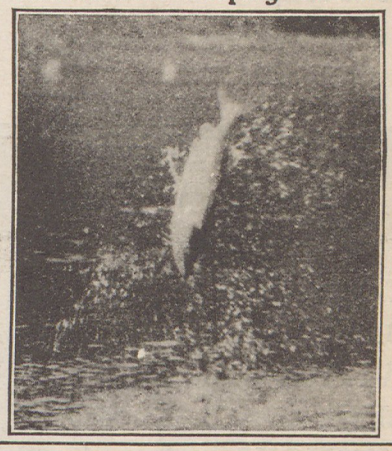
First Prize—Choice of any rod, fly or bait, made in America.

Second Prize—Choice of any reel, fly, or bait, made in America.

Third Prize—Leather fly rod case.

Fourth and Fifth Prizes—Autographed famous fishing books.

A Jamison Barbless
Landed This Leaping Salmon

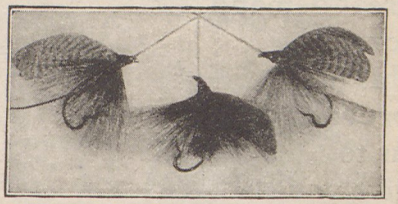


THE SUPREME TEST

This photograph shows a beautiful fifteen pound salmon being taken on a number 6 Jamison Barbless Hook Salmon Fly by Fred N. Peet, National Secretary of the Izaak Walton League of America, after twelve spectacular leaps as above. Taken in the Cains River, New Brunswick, May 10th, 1924. Harry Allen's Camps.

Mr. Peet in commenting on his experience said: "I found that the Jamison Barbless held salmon all right. I did not lose a single fish and we were able to return those not wanted uninjured."

Edw. G. Taylor, Fishing Editor of the Chicago Daily News and a noted writer and authority on fly fishing, accompanied Mr. Peet on this trip. Mr. Taylor says: "I caught a large number of salmon on the Jamison Barbless Hook Flies and lost but one fish and that was through the breaking of a hook. Many of the fish jumped from fifteen to eighteen times. I consider the taking of salmon the supreme test and the hook made good."



HELP SAVE THE FISHING
By Using Jamison Barbless Hooks

At a recent test made by a government official at a government hatchery, twenty-three trout were caught on a Jamison Barbless Hook and placed in a pool by themselves. Only one died or gave any evidence of being injured. This was considered a remarkable demonstration and this hatchery has now adopted the Jamison Barbless Hook for use in taking fish to be transplanted to other pools or streams. No better recommendation could be given it.

The experience of Mr. Peet and Mr. Taylor, as well as that of many other well known angling authorities absolutely proves that Jamison Barbless Hook lands fish fully as well, if not better, than any barbed hook.

The test made at this government hatchery proves that it takes them with little or no injury, thus making the saving of large numbers of small fish possible, which is of much benefit to the game. All anglers should be interested.

By trying it out yourself you will be convinced that there is absolutely no reason whatever for the continued use of the murderous barbed hooks.

We positively guarantee to refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied with our Barbless Hooks or Flies. We take all risks.

Do not delay giving them a trial. See ad in last month's magazine for lists of flies or write us for catalogue of flies and hooks. Also letters from the leading authorities.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

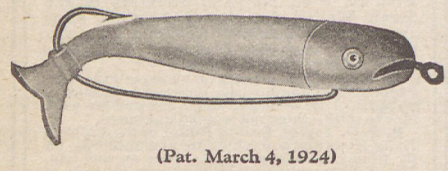
Dept. C739 So. California Ave. Chicago, Ill. U.S.A.

Do You Wear THE BARBLESS HOOK ARMY FIGHTS FOR BETTER FISHING *This Button*

The bait
you
have long
been
waiting for.

STREICH'S
FLEX-O-MINO

The artificial
BAIT
WITH a
LIVE
MINNOW (body and tail)
MOVEMENT.



(Pat. March 4, 1924)

The
great demand
for
this bait
prompts
us to
give you
a red-hot
tip.

Send your order in NOW. Deliveries are being made in the order they are being received and the quicker your order is received the quicker we will be able to fill it.

PRICE
$1.00
(post-paid)

STREICH BAIT WORKS
708 W. Jasper St. Joliet, Ill.

Streich Bait Works:
Enclosed is $1.00, please send me by return mail postpaid a FLEX-O-MINO.

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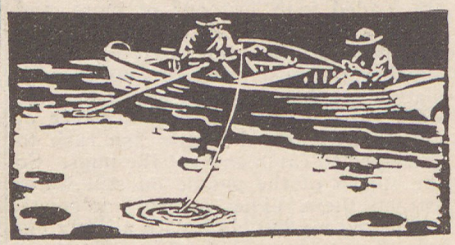
Angling Memories

The First Bass

By R. W. KOESTER, Jr.



DO you remember your first honest-to-goodness fishing trip, in a real boat and with a brand new rod and reel lovingly held in your caressing fingers? Do you remember the thrill you had the evening Uncle Dave told you that on the 'morrow you were to go with him after black bass? Of course, having been an embryo fisherman since the cradle days, you had taken many sunnies, shiners and catfish from the old pond; but black bass! Ah, how your eyes shone at the mere mention of that great fish, beloved of anglers.

That evening you could not sleep for a long while and your newly acquired tackle was beside you on the little bed. When you finally did fall asleep it was to dream of hooking a veritable whale of a bass which towed you all over the lake while you shouted whoa and feared that your precious rod would break as it was bent double.

Before five o'clock Uncle Dave, who had slept at your pa's house, waked you and you protested vigorously until you remembered; then Oh, what a difference! You sprang out of bed and dressed in a jiffy. It was cold outdoors but what mattered that; you were warmed by excitement and eager ex-expectation. You held the lantern while Uncle Dave hitched up old Maud and gave her some breakfast. Then after taking the perforated pail, containing many shiners which you caught yesterday, from the trough and noting with satisfaction that only a few were dead, you transferred them to a large pail filled with fresh water. Then you ran into the house and ate a hasty, albeit hearty, breakfast.

Soon afterwards you kissed mother and dad good-bye and started in the wagon for the lake, near Uncle Dave's home, eight miles away. The water in the pail slopped over and Uncle Dave told you to get some long grass and put it in the pail. You asked him innumerable questions and he patiently answered every one to the best of his ability.

Then the lake itself. You had seen it before, but never had it held such delightful possibilities. The sun was on his throne now and the weather man had outdone himself. The lake glittered like a huge, hammered silver platter, flashed in the sunlight; the birds poured out their little hearts in melody; the meadow grass and trees swayed and whispered in the breeze and your boyish soul was athrob with joy of it all; although you could not have put your thoughts into words to have saved you.

"Here, kid, you take the tackle to the dock and I'll put Maud in the stable, tell mother and the girls that we're here and get some sandwiches. Put your rod together and set the reel on it as I showed you."

Finally you were on the lake. You asked to row but Uncle Dave said he wanted to get to the lily pads near the inlet as soon as possible and that you might row a while on the way home. He put a shiny thing on the end of your line. He called it a spinner and told you to let it trail in the water well in back of the boat. Glad of the chance to use your new outfit you did as he bid and sat gripping your rod as though momentarily expecting it to be torn from your hands. However, much to your disappointment, the journey's end found you reeling the spinner in without even a nibble to its credit. It was a long while before you would use one again. So much for first impressions. (In later years you swore by them.)

You made a mess on your reel and Uncle Dave consumed ten precious minutes showing you how to guide your line and explaining the rudiments of thumbing.

Next Uncle Dave attached a hook and float to your line and hooking a lively minnow just under its dorsal fin he cast it in a promising looking spot on the edge of the lily pads. The float began to move around as the unfortunate little shiner strove to free itself. You trembled with excitement, and scarcely dared to breathe for fear of scaring the bass away from the vicinity of your bait. You kept your eyes glued on the float and after a while the sun's reflection on the water and the intensity of your gaze made you a little dizzy. You—Oh, gee, there it goes under! You gave a prodigious yank and the hook flew out of the water, alas, without a bass thereon and even minus the minnow. You turned to Uncle Dave with consternation in your eyes.

"Too bad, boy. I should have told you when you get a bite to let the fish take the bait awhile before you strike; I mean put up your rod. You must give him time to turn the shiner around in his mouth and swallow it. When you have fished a while you will be able to judge the time to strike pretty accurately. Well, put on another minnow and try again."

You did so but in casting your line ran out too quickly, it snarled and the minnow tore off of the hook and went sailing through the air. You said: "Gosh darn it," and tried it again; this time with better success.

Again the business of unceasing watchfulness. Then came the Great Moment. Once more your float darted beneath the surface, bobbed up a second, and started running out, going deeper and deeper. An eternity of suspense as the scant supply of line diminished on your reel. Then:

"Give it to him, son; not too hard."

You gave it to him and Oh, glory be, there was an unforgettable sensation all through your being; you had hooked your first fighting bass! Yes, you landed him and he weighed two pounds.

Since then many years have passed. You have angled in many waters for many kinds of fish and with many different lures; but never have you experienced such a thrill as when with shining eyes and delighted cries you caught your first bass.

Do YOU remember?

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

The Fisherman

(Continued from page 53)

Lorry clung to his hope that Homer had gone there with some older lads. The distance was quite five miles, which would account for the late hour. But he knew Homer might as well have gone to the mouth of Joe's Run, another forbidden swimming hole made dreadful by two drownings.

Only last summer Clarence Linden had been drowned there. The remembrance stopped Lorry's heart. He had seen Clarence when they brought him home—purple-faced, all wet and limp, so strange and cold. He remembered Mrs. Linden and Tom, and the sisters—how terribly they had carried on. Suppose Homer had—! But Lorry fought the thought that he had seen in his mother's eyes. He broke into a run again, stern and hard in his determination to find Homer.

Meanwhile darkness was coming on. The drowsy summer night was at hand. Lorry heard the chirp of crickets, the bleat of sheep, the call of a whippoorwill. This last always made his flesh creep, so weird and strange did it seem, so wild and lonely. Even when snug and safe in bed to hear a whippoorwill would make him shiver.

At length he came to the forks of the road, one of which led to Frazeysburg and the other to Dresden. Here must be his last decision. One road led round to Joe's Run, and the other straight out by Sunderland's lake. Lorry chose the latter. By and by he got out of breath again and had to slow to a walk.

The dusk seemed full of shadows and forms. Lorry had always feared the dark. As a child it had been peopled with ghosts, fairies, giants, monsters, ogres; and as a youth he still saw the same unrealities and believed in them. This time he was not afraid. But the pang of dread for Homer spread through his breast; and when pitch darkness settled down Lorry was close to panic.

All at once he heard a cry, far ahead in the dark. It halted him. How he trembled as he listened! His mouth was dry and his body cold. The cry came again, fainter, and it struck Lorry's heart. Swift as a deer he ran on up the dark dusty road, calling aloud.

Soon through the gloom he espied a dim little figure—a boy, in white cotton blouse and short pants—bareheaded and barelegged. It was his brother. Going the wrong way!

"Oh, Homer, I've—found you!" panted Lorry. He did not need to be told that Homer was lost and terribly frightened. The lad clutched him wildly and sobbed out incoherently. For Lorry the moment was tremendous; he felt that, but did not know just how or why. Then his relaxation from distress almost overcame him. Suddenly he thought of his mother and his heart swelled. Homer was safe. He had found him. He must hurry home so as to reassure her. Whereupon he took his brother's hand and set off down the dark road, walking so fast that Homer had to trot to keep up.

After a while Homer ceased crying.

"Where are the other boys?" asked Lorry.

"They got on a wagon before dark," said Homer. "I couldn't ketch it."

"You should not go with boys who run off from you."

(Continued on page 65)

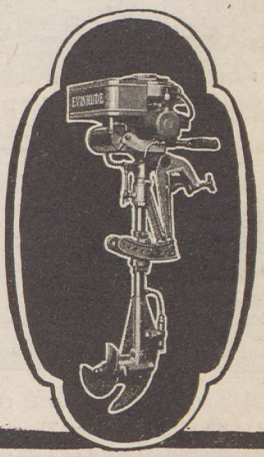
Your Choice in Boat Motors

A flash of glistening aluminum, a gleam of bright blue cylinders, a low hum of power—and your 40-pound Sport Twin speeds your boat away. Smoothly and quietly the little motor drives on—and a gallon of fuel will keep it humming for hours.

"Lightweight Champion"

—climax of fourteen years of Evinrude engineering experience! The '24 Sport Twin includes these new improvements: *New Flywheel Magneto*—hotter sparks for instant starting and smooth running. *New Automatic Reverse*—reverses drive at lift of tiller. Safe and certain. *New Safety Tilt-up*—Protects motor in beaching or shallow water. Can be locked for starting. *Easy Starter*—Engine fires at first pull. 2 H. P.

SPORT TWIN



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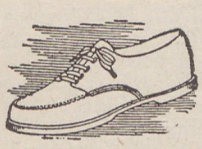

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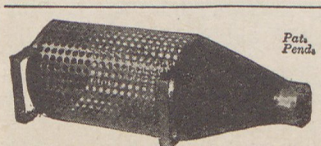
Nature's footwear—no breaking in—and for every need and use

AMERICA'S BEST and OLDEST LINE

Complete illustrated catalog with instructions and blanks for ordering sent (free) upon request

JOHN D. LUNN SHOE CO. 22 MONMOUTH, MAINE



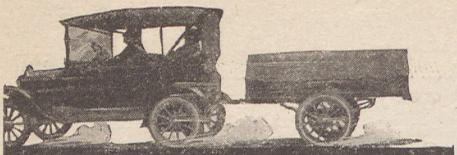
HOPPERBOTTLE
(Trade Mark)
Six Inches Long

TROUT, BASS, BLUEGILLS, Etc.

are now hitting the grasshoppers, crickets and helgramites. The HOPPERBOTTLE is all metal but light. It is thoroughly perforated for free circulation of air. Cone-shaped end releases bait one at a time as needed. Can be carried on belt, in pocket or will stand on boat seat. Don't carry cumbersome glass bottles. Try my HOPPERBOTTLE. Ask your dealer to show you one.

Sent Postpaid for $1.00

AL. HEUEL, 74 Reservoir Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.



LIPPMAN KAMPRITE TRAILER

The Rajah of Mysore, India

Chose this trailer; likewise the Carberry Big Game hunters bought it for use in British East Africa; because it meets every camping demand. Kamprite Trailer follows any car easily wherever you can drive—carries all duffle and baggage—eliminates crowding of tonneau or front seat with luggage—all can ride in comfort.

Top raises like an awning

Canopy and beds fold all together as simply as an awning—erectable in storm with safety to outfit.

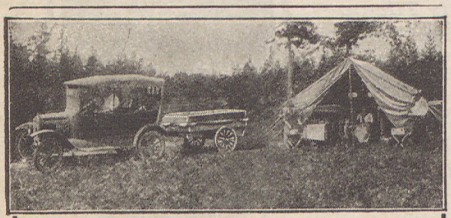
Kamprite Trailer provides home comfort in the heart of the wilds or along any road at a downright saving over usual methods of stopping. Deep, restful sleep assured by clean, comfortable beds—full protection against rain or wind storms, insects and reptiles. **Beds for four**—a mat on the floor makes room for more—partition for privacy—4 by 7 floor space—hammocks for clothes. Tail lamp and Battery.

Write for booklet "Lure of the Long, Long Trail"

A Real Camp Home

In Three Minutes

LIPPMAN KAMPRITE TRAILER CO.
1116 Olive St., ST. LOUIS



A Summer Home on Wheels

The Clare Auto Tour Trailer is equipped with comfortable beds, a 12x14 ft. tent, waterproof.

Space under tent in which to cook and eat meals. Every convenience for comfort. Light and rigid, trails perfectly. Ideal for campers.

Trailers $78.00 and up.

Write today for catalog and prices.

CLARE MFG. CO. Clare, Mich.

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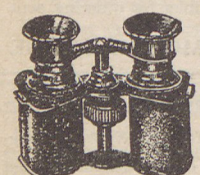


Brand new. Clear, white crystal 8 power lenses. French make. Central focusing and width adjustment. Large field of vision. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Fishing, Hikes, etc. Guaranteed perfect. Well made and serviceable. Will last a lifetime. Black morocco-covered body. Strong case and shoulder straps included.

8 Power Big Value **$8.75 C. O. D.**

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

BENNER & CO. D-6 Trenton, N. J.

Superior National Forest News

By PAUL B. RIIS

Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

WITH a heavy heart, saddened by the grief of bereavement, we chronicle the death of James A. Lawrie, Treasurer of our Association, at his home 4202 London Road, Duluth, Minn., May 21st, after a brief illness of pneumonia.

Jim Lawrie was identified with the interests of our Association before it was formed and was glad to add the burden of office to the many duties that claimed his time, that he might lend his influence in this field of service also. It has been a pleasure and honor to be associated with him, and his sagacity and clearness of vision have been guiding stars through a maze of complex problems.

A splendid type of citizen, stalwart, genial, courteous, sincere and loyal, his efforts were in behalf of conservation and Boy Scout work. With that courage of conviction of the true sportsman, he consistently spread the gospel of conservation in his community and state long before its dire needs were apparent. His was the voice in the wilderness which after these many years has found its reward in an undeniable attitude of sympathy and understanding, with groups and organizations following the direct trails he blazed in the long ago.

Mr. Lawrie was a delegate to the last Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America at Chicago, where he met and made many friends. It was there we took leave, as we feared, for the last time. We hoped to meet in the future in Duluth, time and again, at the pleasant home on Lake Superior, and out in the open spaces that reveal the man. We now know that Duluth will not seem the same again to us, but we also know that, through his efforts it has come to appreciate its resources of wild life and forests.

An editorial from the Duluth News Tribune of May 25th reflects the sterling worth of Jim Lawrie. It is a tribute to the life's work of a man that belongs to the people of the United States, that they too may pay homage to his unselfish devotion. We quote it in full:

A Glorious Record

"In the death of James A. Lawrie, whose funeral occurred yesterday, Duluth has sustained a greater loss than the average citizen may realize.

"Mr. Lawrie had two hobbies—boys and outdoor America.

"He was 'the father' of the Duluth council of Boy Scouts and one of the real pillars of the work of the Scouts in this city. It was largely through his activity that Camp Magney was established.

"Mr. Lawrie always found time to give to Scout work. Nothing was 'too much trouble' if it would advance the cause of Scouting. He even found time to examine personally many of the applicants for Scout degrees. His interest never lagged, and the boys of Duluth had indeed a staunch friend in him. The results of this work cannot be measured. They are shown in cleaner manhood and better citizenship.

"And as a sportsman, Mr. Lawrie was equally active and equally enthusiastic. He worked untiringly for preservation of the wild life of Minnesota woods, and for conservation of game, forests and streams.

"Mr. Lawrie's devotion to both of these causes must have been wholly unselfish. There was no possibility of gain for him in either. But many a man of much greater wealth and supposedly of greater prominence in the community has left behind him a record that would not compare with Mr. Lawrie's if judged on the basis of usefulness to his fellow men."

James A. Lawrie

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Angling Memories

The Damndest Lie I Ever Heard

By BENEDICT MELLINGER

IT was told by a preacher too, with a perfectly sober face and as sanctimonious an air as ever graced the countenance of an Episcopal bishop. He was not a bishop, but he might have been one, for he had more sense than most bishops. He was a good looker, too, good size, compactly built with good hard muscles, a fine head and face, graceful movements and the air of a gentleman at all points.

We were sitting at the club (half a dozen of us), drinking something cool and nice that called for more now and then, and by the time we had finished the war and the tariff and the doctrine of infant baptism and had got onto the solid ground of common sense and began to talk about fishing, we could see rainbows and birds of paradise and such like things. **Tempora mutantur** and all that—more's the pity. But we are adjusting ourselves to it nicely and, whereas the other was better, we **can** exist on root beer and iced tea and lie just as consistently and artistically.

But, as I was saying—oh, yes, the domine presided at St. Smith's—(I don't like to say St. Luke's, for fear of giving him away). He was a bully fellow, not a good preacher, for the Episcopalians can't preach, they have no pulpit orators, it takes us Methodists for that; but he was loved by everybody and many men who wouldn't otherwise go to church dropped in occasionally at St. Smith's just to hear this particular domine intone the service and to wonder at the candles and crucifix in a Protestant church.

He had been a good soldier, though on the wrong side in the Civil War, and he bore himself in a very soldier-like manner.

The Governor had told about the tarpon he caught at Ft. Myers. Lawyer Fitzgerald had descanted on tying flies the way they did it at Innishowen. The doctor was exciting in his'n about the school of black fish that nearly got 'em when they went for Tuna at Catalina. And so on down the line—the poet, the artist and all the others, and there was only the domine left. He was looking straight at his rainbow when he began:

"It was in the wildest part of Canada —way up in the mountains above Lake St. John, and I was quite alone, having wandered many miles from camp. I was coming down the side of a mountain, following one of those wonderful

(*Continued on page 68*)

Send in your
FISHING STORY
Five Great Prizes

Dickey TRADE MARK
Look For The Dickey Bird On Good Tents —

Dickey KAMPER TRADEMARK

"The Tent That Has No Center Pole"

"The Best Tent I've Ever Had; a Big Improvement!"

Scores of enthusiastic letters have been received from outdoor lovers who have found new tent comfort in the "Dickeybird-Kamper." In practically every case the buyer claims the "Dickeybird-Kamper" is the BEST tent he has ever owned.

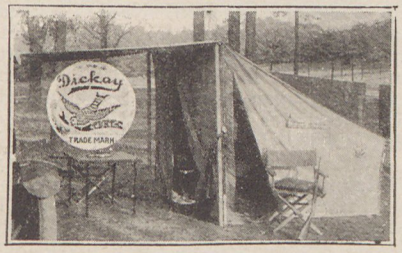
Look for the DICKEY BIRD!

ERECTS in four minutes!

Tent can be erected in 4 minutes. **Patented** Dickey sta-lok and screw shaft arrangement makes tent drum-tight. Won't blow down in storms. Is waterproof. Wearable parts made of bronze. Two sizes, 7x7 ft., 9½x9½ ft. THERE IS NO CENTER POLE!

Good-bye to the obnoxious center pole!

Patents covering the exclusive Dickey device which **eliminates center pole** have been granted. Thus, when you buy your "Dickeybird-Kamper" you get the tent that really brought a new joy to camping and touring. The obnoxious center pole is gone!



The "Dickeybird Tent"

The "Dickeybird Tent" is going stronger than ever this year. Sturdily built, sewed-in-floors, two doors, two windows, size 7x7 ft., awning extension 7 ft. sq. Snake, insect-proof. Resists all storms.

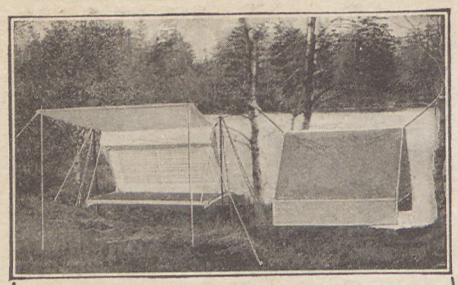
Get Catalogue and Prices!

THE DICKEY MFG. CO.
Exclusive Makers of "Dickeybird" Products
330 Tenth St. TOLEDO, O.

A Reminder! Take with you
G. Washington's Coffee
ORIGINATED BY MR. WASHINGTON IN 1909

Convenient-compact-saves weight and space. Ready instantly-simply add water. No coffee-pot required. Trial size 10 cents. Booklet free.

G. WASHINGTON COFFEE REFINING CO.
522 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



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The Travelite Swing Bed

A Practical Outfit for the Tourist, Camper, Sportsman and Woodsman. Gives extreme comfort, full ventilation and absolute protection from insects. Used with a fly, as shown, on a porch or within a wall tent. Easily converted into a table. Light, yet strong and durable. Built to support 1,000 pounds. Woodsman's type of double bed weighs only 12 pounds. Best of materials. Types and sizes to meet the different needs.

PRICES

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Write for Circular

The Travelite Mfg. Co.

Box 204 DULUTH, MINN.

Real living!

Your next vacation can be the best you've ever had if you camp out. There's nothing real men enjoy more. Our

TENTS *and* *Camp Equipment*

are the result of long experience. They're the kind used by guides and trappers—waterproof, light, practical, full weight and full size. Send for our new catalog—it's a guide to the outdoors.

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.

Tentmakers for 80 years

Send for our Catalog No. 612

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Bob White Quail Eggs

May and June Delivery

Booklet on Quail Hatching and Rearing Under Bantams, 25c. Free with Orders

QUAIL FOR FALL DELIVERY

Book Your Orders Now for November

M. E. Bogle, HUNTSVILLE TEXAS

Trapshooting Department

(Continued from page 55)

of the United States and purely from a commercial angle to encourage and create a market for their wares. As the game birds decreased and the sentiment to preserve our wild life increased, the clay target sport took firm hold of the American sportsmen who have had born in them the desire to inhale burning gun powder with the result that the sport outgrew the basic control of commercialism and in 1918 the first step was taken in Chicago at the Grand American tournament to have the control of the sport taken over by the amateur trap-shooters. The next four years were consumed in working out plans, disposing of jealousies, internal friction and differences of opinion until in 1922 the American Trapshooting Association was formed and a working basis developed. Then in 1923 the problem of a National headquarters and home was presented and Dayton, Ohio, was finally selected as the center of the trapshooting fraternity and ground is now being broken for permanent improvements costing some $60,000.00 which will be ready for the holding of the annual premier event in trapshooting, the Grand American Tournament August 25th to 30th.

Thus another strictly American sport assumes a position of National importance and interest and our boys and girls and the old-timers as well can enjoy the thrills of shooting without going through the hardships of cold and wet days and our feathered friends of the swamps and prairies and woods will be preserved to a greater extent for posterity to enjoy.

United States Trapshooters Enter Olympic Games

THE United States trapshooting team upheld the reputation of our country for skilled marksmen at the last Olympic Meet when they returned home, having won everything but the traphouses. A team made up of the cream of the gun toters of the United States is again on its way to foreign lands to show the marksmen of other countries how it is done. The team will sail on the steamship Minnewaska from New York on May 31, and is made up of Frank M. Troeh, Frank Hughes, W. H. Fawcett, Paul Earle, C. B. Platt, Fred R. Etchen, S. H. Sharman and W. S. Silkworth with alternates in G. L. Becker, Fred King, C. M. Powers, John H. Noel, E. C. Wheeler and Harve Dixon. They will take part in the English Championship to be shot in London June 19 to 21, and then proceed to Paris. Our country is well represented in these marksmen and may look for high honors in the trapshooting games.

DR. GEORGE C. FRANKLIN,
1006 Patterson Building,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Sir:

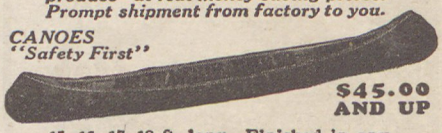
Having been interested in trapshooting for a number of years and being associated with the Detroit Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, naturally the articles pertaining to trapshooting in the Outdoor America were of great interest to me. Like all red-blooded sportsmen are, or ought to be, I am also interested in the Izaak Walton League movement from start to finish.

Being a member of the Detroit Pastime Gun Club, which is one of the oldest and largest organized Gun Clubs

THOMPSON BETTER-BUILT BOATS

The best that skill and experience can produce—at real money saving prices. Prompt shipment from factory to you.

CANOES "Safety First"



$45.00 AND UP

15, 16, 17, 18 ft. long. Finished in any colors. Strong, swift, safe and beautiful.

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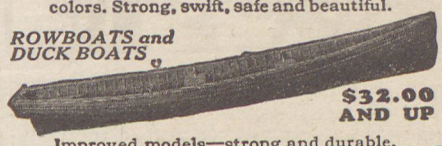
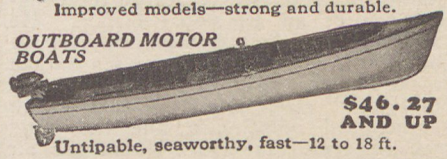


$32.00 AND UP

Improved models—strong and durable.

OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATS



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Untipable, seaworthy, fast—12 to 18 ft.

MOTOR BOATS 2 to 45 miles

$325.10 AND UP

With or without engine, 18 to 26 ft. long. For lakes, rivers, shallow water, weeds.

Catalog Free—Save Money—Order by Mail

Please state kind of boat you are interested in.

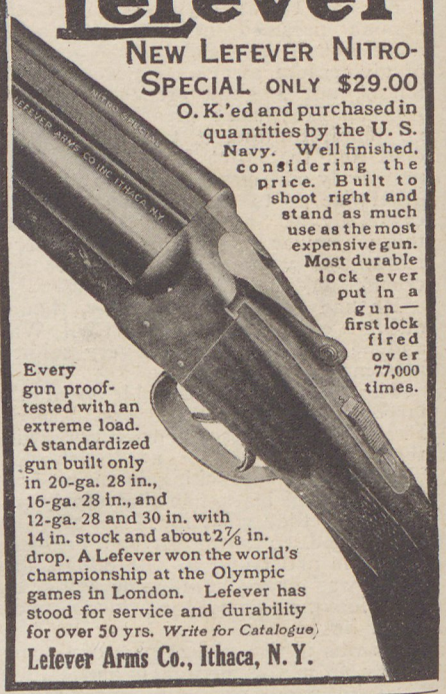
THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.

407 Ellis Ave. Peshtigo, Wis.

Lefever

NEW LEFEVER NITRO-SPECIAL ONLY $29.00

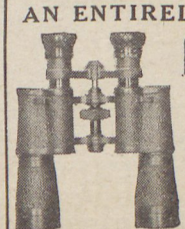
O. K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished, considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun—first lock fired over 77,000 times.



Every gun proof-tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., and 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. with 14 in. stock and about 2⅞ in. drop. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for Catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N.Y.

AN ENTIRELY NEW KIND OF



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8-10-12 Powers in One At the Price of One

Every Type and Power of FIELD GLASSES, TELESCOPES, Etc.

3 to 60 Power

Catalog Free—200 Glasses

DuMaurier Co., Dept. 97, Elmira, N.Y.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

The Fisherman

(Continued from page 65)

"I won't—never again," replied Homer, soberly.

"How'd you get lost?" asked Lorry.

"We was in a field—when the old farmer chased us," said Homer, breathlessly. "We come to a fence an' a cross-road. A wagon drove along. I couldn't ketch it. . . . . I run an' run. The wagon went out of sight. It got all dark. The road went into another road. An' I didn't know which way to go."

Lorry took advantage of the occasion to impress upon Homer's mind the need of always watching where he went, looking at fences, trees, farmhouses, hills, and roads so he would remember them.

"Oh, Lorry—I was glad—you come," returned Homer, as if throwing off an oppression. "I was scared turrible.—First when I found I was lost—I thought you'd come—then when you didn't I thought you never would."

"It's lucky Tom Linden heard you talkin' about Sunderland's," observed Lorry.

"Is pa very mad?" asked Homer, as if suddenly confronted with an entirely new and direful phase of the situation.

"Yes, an' he's goin' to whip us both with an apple switch."

"You! What fer? You didn't do nuthin'," declared Homer.

"Pa thinks it's my fault you run off fishin'—an' I guess it is."

"Lorry, I won't run off again. I won't have you gettin' whipped fer me."

"I don't mind whippin's or how mad pa gets. It's mother I feel bad about."

"Oh, is she mad, too?" asked Homer, in changed voice.

"No. She was just scared. I know she was thinkin' you'd gone to the mouth of Joe's Run, where Tom's brother drowned."

Homer was silent for a long time. Lorry heard the catch in his breath and felt a closer clasp of the little hand on his. Thus they tramped on homeward over the dusty country road in the thick starless night.

"Lorry, you'll have to take me fishin' more," averred Homer, solemnly, as if propounding a grave and momentous conclusion, from which there could be no deviation.

"Looks like it," replied Lorry, in as serious a tone. "I'm sorry I didn't."

(To be continued)

The Fisherman

by

ZANE GREY

will continue to
run intermittently
for several years

in

OUTDOOR AMERICA

Every Burch Tent Shipped Day Order Is Received
Burch Automobile Camping Tent
FROM ROAD TO CAMP IN 5 MINUTES
Two Burch A.C. Tents as used for Larger Parties
Tents for Any Size Party
Burch DeLuxe Auto Tent
Photo Courtesy of Earl Wilcox
Burch Tents Are Waterproof

Burch Camp Equipment and Tents for Any Size Party or Use

With vacation, auto touring and camping season now at hand, you should know about the lightest, most convenient, easiest to handle type of tents and equipment.

Burch tents are made from genuine Burch Balloon cloth, water and mildew-proofed with Burch-Bark and guaranteed to please.

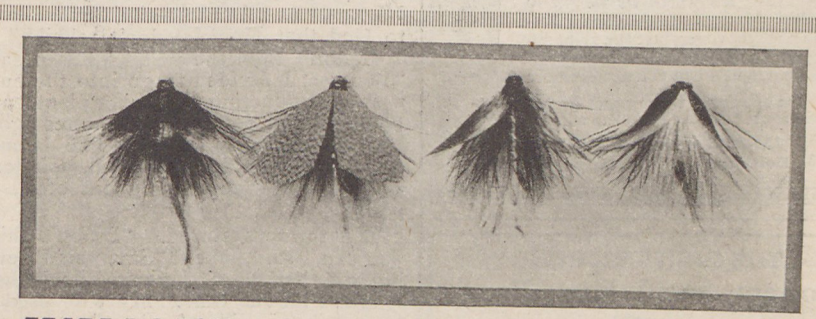
Outfits of eight pieces with 7x7 tent as shown in upper corner, 2 Gold Medal cots, etc., for $38. Similar outfit of 9 pieces with Burch Ideal double folding spring bed for $48. Fine outfit with 10x10 Nifty Tent shown below, bed, chairs, table, etc., for $80.

All made out here in the west where camp equipment must make good.

You Should Have Our No. 60 Catalog MAILED FREE

Free information bureau to help solve your camp problems.

F. J. Burch Mfg. Co.
301 Burch Bldg.
Pueblo, Colorado



WINGED BUCKTAIL KILLERS

A wonderful new Bucktail Type Fly. Tied with double wings in the flat or "exhausted" position of an insect alighting on the water. Tied in all standard fly patterns—every one a killer. Hook sizes 4 to 14, snelled or without gut. Sample 25c.

Price, Winged Type, per dozen	**$3.00**
Price, Hackle Type (without wings) per dozen	**2.40**

GLEN L. EVANS, Caldwell, Idaho

Our new catalog showing the famous Craftsman Flies in all types is yours for the asking.

Ithaca Wins

The amateur championship of America!

Howard Voorhies won the new American championship at the New York Athletic Club Tournament.

Ithacas win ten times their share of championships because Ithacas have twice the lock speed of any other gun. Ithaca's lock speed will improve any man's shooting

Double guns for game $37.50 to $700.
Single barrel trap guns $100. to $700.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY
Box 14 Ithaca, N. Y.

An Outdoor Home for Every Trip

THE SIGN OF SATISFACTION
DeMOIN TOUR TENT

Go anywhere, stop anywhere. With a DeMoin Tour Tent you can live outdoors in privacy and comfort. Be independent. Save hotel and garage expenses. The DeMoin Tour Tent shelters both you and your car. Rain-tight, wind-tight, it protects you in every storm. Packs into a snug bundle, 12x24 inches. One man can put it up in five minutes. Tent can be packed wet for the day's travel, without danger of mildew. Used with or without poles.

Our Book of Outing Conveniences gives full details of the DeMoin Tour Tent. Also describes all the latest outdoor equipment that saves time and trouble. Send for free copy of this book. Write today.

Des Moines Tent & Awning Company
949 Walnut St. Des Moines, Ia.

You'll Want This Book Send for it TODAY

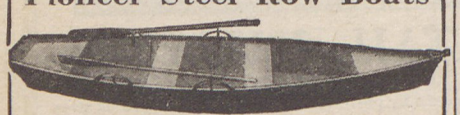
HAVE DRY MATCHES IN WET WEATHER

It's possible if you have a **Marble's Water-Proof Matchbox.** Holds enough matches for several days. Thousands used by men who say "it's worth its weight in gold." Made of seamless brass with water-tight cover, just the right size for the pocket. Get one today and have a light when you need it most.

60c at your dealers or sent by mail postpaid. Ask for our complete catalog. 325

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.
5731 Delta Ave. Gladstone, Mich.

THE LIGHT RUNNING
Pioneer Steel Row Boats



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Pleasure—Fishing—Hunting—Trapping

***Safety, Beauty,* and *Service* are combined in the Pioneer. A safe boat for the family —a popular boat at the summer resort.**

Your catalogue is waiting for you —write today.

PIONEER MFG. CO., Dept. E, Middlebury, Ind.

The Pasture of the Blessed

(*Continued from page 18*)

the whole river bank would stink for a century unless every stick connected with this place is destroyed. It's better this way."

The crackling within the building grew louder, and the smoke came in dense clouds from the doorway.

"I wonder," John Madsen said, "if this is contrary to law—to burn this place down. No matter; God never intended for His streams to be defiled, for His out-of-doors to be profaned. . . . There are places, I suppose, where the business of 'rendering' is conducted decently, and the filth is not dumped into a river to pollute it in such a horrible manner. But this wasn't one of them, and it's got to pay the penalty."

"But the dead horses," said Billy Pringle, "and pigs? What'll folks do with them?"

"Bury 'em," Sam replied. "Burn 'em. I wish Artie Burns was here. . . . Maybe he is. . . . We would have enjoyed this bonfire when we were kids, eh, Piecrust?"

"We're enjoying it now, Sam."

From far up the river road came shouts and the sound of approaching cars. The flames mounted to the roof of the doomed rendering plant, and a tawny column of writhing smoke was twisting above the trees.

Madsen glanced anxiously at his watch. "How far is it to town, Sam? They haven't got a fire truck there, have they?"

"Sure thing," said Baker, "Millerstown is progressive now. But it's a good mile and a half, and they won't get here in time to do anything."

"It's red," cried Billy, "the fire department—and they've got ladders and a siren. Oh boy, you orter hear that siren! She goes 'Wooo—!'"

"I think that's her going 'wooo' now, Billy," remarked John, "and here come some volunteer firemen."

Several farmers, hatless, fresh from their work in the fields, broke through the underbrush on a run.

"Where's Hoglifer?" one of them shouted.

"Hittin' the high places towards town, the last I saw him," Baker answered. "I guess the place is a goner, Jake."

"I guess she is," replied the red-faced Jake, not at all regretfully, "and I hope to God that Hoglifer don't rebuild."

"I don't think he will," Madsen said. "You see, I decided to go into the business of conducting rendering plants, and I bought this place a few minutes ago—and then, can you beat it? The damned building caught fire and—well, you don't think I can save a thing out of it, do you?"

The farmers stared. "I don't think you can," said Jake. "Say, you'd never bought that place if you'd known how it stunk all the time. My wife used to have to go inside the house whenever that Ford went by with a carcass."

Automobiles began to appear; sweating horses were ridden through the woods by shouting farm-hands, and the fire truck roared grandly up the river road. The roof of the building, a crimson crest of flame, crashed into the roaring pit between the smoking walls. There was no chance of saving a single plank from the structure.

Madsen turned away. "Sam, I'm going to walk back over to the Rainbo

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DAN KIDNEY ROWBOATS
CANOES, LAUNCHES HUNTING BOATS

BUILT staunch, seaworthy and honestly, for many years of dependable service. Oldtimers, men who know, insist on Kidney Boats; most fishing clubs throughout the country use them and recommend them.

Write for New Catalog

Contains descriptions and specifications, and beautifully illustrates the entire Kidney line. Don't choose your boat until you've seen this catalog. Six cents in stamps brings it by return mail.

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MAKERS OF HONEST BOATS FOR 40 YEARS

THE JOY OF CAMPING
Can Be Fully Realized with

LINCOLN
The Tourist's Favorite

Folding Furniture

Big, Double Comfy Bed
Strong, rigid, steel frame, reinforced canvas top, with heavy springs. It really folds; no detachable parts. Can be set up or folded in 30 seconds.

Strong, Sanitary Table
Strong, rigid, sanitary, compact; smooth, flat solid top. Makes a fine card table, excellent writing surface. Set up or fold in 30 seconds.

The best little stool on the market. The exclusive folding features, unusual comfort and convenience, places this handy and serviceable equipment in a class by itself. For touring, camping, fishing and hunting trips.

Ask your dealer or write us today.

McGREW MACHINE WORKS, 1101 North 22nd St., Lincoln, Neb.

Joe Welsh Leaders

Proven, Tested and Pronounced Perfection by the most discriminating anglers. Let me send you a sample card showing the six sizes, no knots, no splices, transparent and of great strength.

25c for a 3 ft. Trout or Bass—50c for a 6 ft. Trout or Bass

Registered in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain under the name of

TELERANA NOVA

Manufactured by William Robertson
Glasgow, Scotland

JOE WELSH, Pasadena, Calif.
Sole Agent for United States and Canada

Trail through Millard's pasture. . . . You want to come, Billy?"

Billy turned adoring eyes to him. "Maybe I'd better stay and see that it burns down all right," he whispered hoarsely.

"Maybe you had," said John. "In any case, I'll see you again soon."

"And I'll see you tonight," Baker grinned at him. "Tell your aunt that Sam Baker is comin' in to talk some business with her, this evenin'. So long, kid."

. . . They walked through the underbrush that once was a glorious pasture in the valley of Brewer Creek.

"Sam," remarked John Madsen, presently, "I've been a fool. I used to let my wife and daughter drag me off to Florida resorts for vacations. Do you know what I'm planning? I'm going to come back here next month and build a cabin on that piece of ground there by the river, and that is where I'll spend my vacations from now on. We'll plant trees. We'll stock the river with fish—"

"I've been more kinds of a fool than you, John," said Baker. "Just think, this afternoon I came rarin' down there to the creek to chase that kid off and scare him to death. I wouldn't have shot his dog—that was just talk. But I was an old bear, Piecrust. And tonight—I'm goin' to town and talk Billy's aunt into lettin' him stay with me till fall. We'll try it that long and then—"

They had reached the Rainbo Trail. Far into the west stretched the fields of their boyhood, a dull haze of late afternoon fading the distant groves into sleepy twilight.

"Take care of that rendering plant affair, Sam," Madsen told him, "and see that Hoglifer clears out. If there are any complications, wire me at the Western Exchange Bank, Chicago. I'll be back in a week or two. . . . It's not far to drive."

They shook hands and parted, neither daring to speak. John Madsen walked slowly up the road toward his waiting car and anxious chauffeur, humming to himself.

And Artie Burns, with blue eyes and red hair, and his toe tied up, was walking beside him. He left no tracks in the warm dust, but John Madsen knew he was there.

Spring Balm

By PAUL PICKETT

BLAMED old winter time's a-leavin'
An' I'm glad to see it go;
Tired a-sittin' by the fireside
Lookin' out at frost an' snow;
Tired a-plannin' for the future;
Tired a-dreamin' of the past;
Want to get out by the river
There to soothe my weary soul
With the healin' balm that's hidin'
In my good old fishin' pole.

THERE'S a tonic in a fishpole
That no doctor's pillbags hold;
O, I thrill through all my bein'
Like a song that angels sing
An' I'm pretty close to heaven
With my fishpole in the spring;
So I'm glad when winter's leavin'
I can doctor up my soul
With the healin' balm that's hidin'
In my good old fishin' pole.

"Red Seal" Camp Out Equipment

For all your camping needs. Thousands of satisfied users everywhere. Built to give long and thoroly dependable service. Our *"RED SEAL" Auto Bed,* for use either in tent at side of car or as an extra cottage bed, is compact, sag and stretch-proof. More quickly erected than any other Auto Bed. Our *Umbrella Tent* is a high grade, roomy, one-pole tent, strongly reinforced at all vital points and guaranteed proof against water, mildew, wind, insects and reptiles.

THE SCHAEFER TENT AND AWNING CO.
1421 LARIMER ST., DENVER, COLO.

Send for *Free* Catalog and Reduced Price List No. 410

E-Z-HARNESS

PATENT APPLIED FOR

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Another NO-C-UM Product

COMFORT FOR TROUT FISHERMEN. No matter how you may twist or bend, or stoop to crawl through fences, the **E-Z HARNESS** holds your equipment always comfortably in place. Easy to don; easy to wear; easy to adjust.

BOOTS HELD FROM SHOULDER STRAPS. The **E-Z HARNESS** eliminates that distressing pull of the boots from the hips. Suspended from wide shoulder straps the boots are always held up snugly and without strain.

EQUIPMENT ALWAYS HANDY. The waterproof bag, a part of the **E-Z HARNESS,** holds all the necessary equipment of the trout fisherman and does away with the need of an awkward, hot, cumbersome coat. No annoying search for or loss of equipment in pockets of coat or trousers—it's all right handy in the waterproof kit bag.

PERFECT BALANCE. The kit bag and creel are in perfect balance, and are always held in place, despite the position of the wearer. The **E-Z HARNESS** prevents the creel and bag from flopping.

BEST MATERIALS—GUARANTEED. Made of the best grade of leather and baked black enamel fittings, the **E-Z HARNESS** is built to last a lifetime. It is **FULLY GUARANTEED**—your money back if not entirely satisfactory.

THE PRICE. At your sporting goods dealer's, or direct on receipt of remittance, $5.00. (Price does not include creel).

"One Day on the Stream and You Will Never Be Without It."

The Kinnickinnic Tackle Co.
River Falls, Wisconsin

A Little Rod With a Lot of Authority

Weight only 10 oz.

Dewey's "GETUM" Rod & Reel

Fits your pocket and your pocketbook too. Length folded, 14 in. Length mounted, 4 ft. A Rod that is easy to handle. Has single action detachable self-oiling reel; bronze bearings. Send for one today.

The Handle is the Case

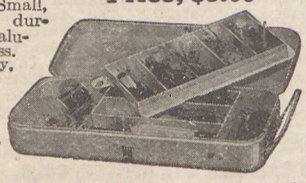
Price Complete **$3.75**

Rod only, with Reel Seat, $2.50

"Durabilt" No. 220 Tackle Box

Price, $3.00

The pride of your fishing outfit. Small, Roomy, light, durable. Built of aluminum and brass. Has swinging tray, round corners, fool proof lock. Water tight and rust proof. Carry in your hand, your pocket, or your belt. Try one at our risk.



"GETUM" LURES Land Fish

Be the first in your crowd to discover this new bait—the sensation of the 1924 season

Six Colors

Dewey's Feather "Getum"

The wounded minnow action fools the fish.

⅜ oz., 70c; ½ oz., 75c; ⅝ oz., 80c; ¾ oz., 85c.

Dewey's Porky "Getum"

Some wriggler and a sure hooker. Practically weedless. Indestructible metal body and removable hooks. Four colors.

⅜ oz., 50c; ½ oz., 55c; ⅝ oz., 60c; ¾ oz., 65c.

Ten Days' Free Trial

Special Introductory Offer! If your dealer cannot supply you, we ship on approval. Send no money, just name and address. Postman will collect. Money back if dissatisfied. FREE circular on request.

DEALERS write for proposition. AGENTS and DISTRIBUTORS wanted in open territory.

Outing Mfg. Co.
558 East Jackson Blvd.
ELKHART, INDIANA

Angling Memories

(*Continued from page 63*)

streams which tumble over big boulders, ripple gently over snow-white pebbles, fall precipitately down a cliff into a placid pool where they rest peacefully except for a circling ripple here and there where rests a log of ancient growth, slip away again at the bottom of the miniature lake only to resume the trouble business of rushing, falling, tumbling, broiling,—evidently in a hurry to get to the sea. The sea of Oblivion. Just like human life, you know.

"I had followed the stream down the mountainside several miles and was having wonderful success. The stream was full of good, big, fat trout, and they were hungry. I was using a bright winged thing in the way of fly—I don't remember the name of it, but every time it settled down on the water—biff! there was a trout and I always got him. My creel was full and I began to put them in my pockets. Soon these too were full and I stuck a few in my boots.

"By this time I had filled every available space about my person—my trousers, my shirt front, my pockets—even my hat. I despaired of disposing of them. What could I do with the next one?

"Just then a slight rustling of the bushes caused me to take my eye off my line and look around, and I gazed into the face of a big Black Bear whose snout was so close to my face that I could feel his breath warm on my cheek.

"I drew in the pound beauty whose disposition I had just been so painfully debating and handed him to my new friend, for I was sure he had come after fish. One gulp and Salvelinus Fontinalis was gone and there was no more worry about his disposition. Then, in deference to his majesty, I removed my hat and gave him one by one the three or four I had hidden in it. He seemed still hungry and I began on my pockets, handing them out to him daintily and gingerly till pockets, pants and shirt front were relieved, and nothing remained but the creel, and Bruin was still hungry.

"By this time some realization of my position had come upon me and I sought mentally some way of avoiding the complete depletion of my treasury. I bethought me of the camp and the boys there and the need of something for supper. But the definite argument stood beside me, imperturbable, fixed, hungry still, so I kept on till my creel was as empty as my costume and, as the last fish was handed out, Herr Bruin licked his chops, backed out of the bushes and lumbered up the mountainside.

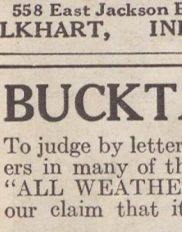
"On the way back, I debated seriously as to what kind of report I should make and whether to tell the truth or lie about it. Whatever I said would not be believed, so I just grumbled out "No luck whatever" when I had to face the music.

"But the truth must come out sometime and this is the first time I have had an opportunity to tell the truth to a company of truth-lovers—experts as it were."

The domine ceased. Every man of us still gazed at his own rainbow. I expected to hear the domine say, as he closed his narrative: "Let us pray." But he didn't. Instead he said not another word but winked at the Kellner and motioned with his head affirmatively.

BUCKTAIL FLIES

To judge by letters coming from customers in many of the northern states, the "ALL WEATHER" fly is living up to our claim that it will take trout in all conditions of weather. Mr. Robert Page, of Standish, Mich., has given us permission to print his letter, which reads in part, "I have been in this old fishing game for some 25 years, but such a trout fly I never had before. Last week I fished the North Branch of the AuSable. The weather was so cold my line froze to the rod. Nevertheless I caught thirty fine trout, and though I fished with three flies all my trout were taken on your bucktails."



Six assorted "ALL WEATHER" trout flies, or three assorted "ALL WEATHER" bass bugs, will be sent promptly on receipt of $1.00.

L. M. Thurston, Owosso, Mich.

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It is full of fishing lore. Relates fishing facts and hints compiled from the experiences of expert anglers. Tells the kinds and colors of baits to use—when and how to use them, under varying conditions of weather or water. Contains advice on the care of your tackle equipment.

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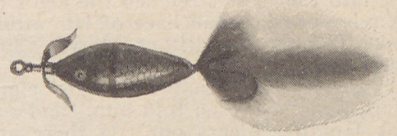
The trade-mark known for QUALITY TACKLE *dependable tackle by all Anglers.*

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.
1362 High Street South Bend, Ind.



The Walton Feather Tail

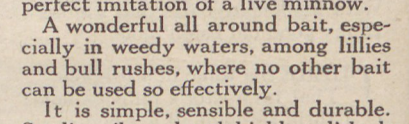
This popular one-hook lure combines three principles that have long been successful—the minnow body, the spinner and the feather and hackle tail. Small and compact, it casts with beautiful accuracy and the action gets results. One of the famous Heddon family of baits. In the 1923 Field & Stream Contest more prize-winning bass were taken on Heddon Baits than on all other wooden baits combined.

Ask for Heddon Tackle at your favorite store.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
807 West Street *Dowagiac, Michigan*

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Heddon Made — Well Made

JOHNSON'S



SILVER MINNOW

Has a fast wiggling motion, a most perfect imitation of a live minnow.

A wonderful all around bait, especially in weedy waters, among lillies and bull rushes, where no other bait can be used so effectively.

It is simple, sensible and durable. Sterling silver plated; highly polished.

Right weight for the Fisherman.

Right size for the Fish.

YOU ought to have one.

By Mail, 65 Cents

LOUIS JOHNSON
519 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

A Little Story of a Big One

(*Continued from page 30*)

with little jerks that scare a salmon fisherman out of his growth. Mike got all ready with the gaff and as the salmon worked nearer and nearer I began to feel that the fight was about over. He looked big out there with his tail showing above water. Just as he got opposite us and Mike was reaching out for him with the gaff, he made a shoot away out into the river again and started down stream like a bat out of Hades, straight for a snag, a great dead tree with all its limbs and roots lying in the water almost against the bank on our side of the river. If he got into that I knew it was all over. Yelling for Mike to get down there as "quick as God will let you," and pound the water with his gaff to scare him off, I began to put on strain again, expecting every minute that something would break; but he was tired and slowed up just enough to allow Mike to get to the snag first.

The water around this snag was about seven feet deep, but Mike, taking his life in his hands (I believe I remarked that he couldn't swim), jumped out on it and when the fish made a run to get into it, instead of trying to scare him off as I had told him to, reached out and very skillfully hooked that long-handled gaff through the salmon's back and came leaping ashore again with him struggling on the end of it. It was one of the most beautiful exhibitions of gaffing I have ever seen.

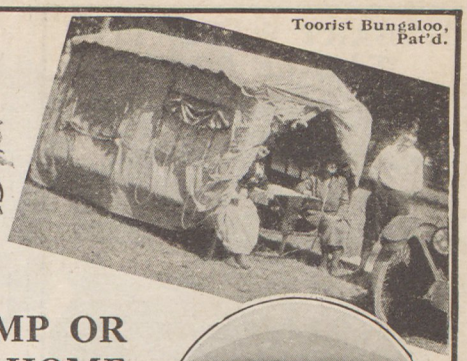
If there is any joy greater than veiwing a big salmon after you have landed him in a fair fight, I have never experienced it. How beautiful he is, and how big he looks! You review the whole fight, you grow expansive and pat Mike on the back and tell him what a great gaffer he is, forgetful of how you intended to give him the devil if by any chance he had failed to gaff him the first time. You apparently forget how you snapped the Mrs. up every time she tried to speak, and you put your arm around her, expecting that she has forgotten it also. And you all fill your eyes with the beauty of that fish and feel sorry for those who have been denied the joy that has been yours in the capturing of him. Then you pick him up by the tail and carry him back to where Henry and the others are still trying to raise one at the old snag.

Henry looks him over critically and makes a few remarks about "A fool for luck," and how an inexperienced fisherman generally strikes hard enough to break his rod or something; but he can't fool me, for I know away down deep in his heart he is rejoicing with me. We speculate on how much he weighs; he looks mighty heavy to me —at least thirty pounds. He does not seem so big to anybody else, and Henry says: "Maybe twenty"—but he is prejudiced.

At last the ladies suggest that we weigh him, so Henry gets out his little spring scales that register up to twenty pounds, but they won't do. So we start for home, with me carrying the salmon by a string tied through his gills and around his tail. At the house we hunt up an old steel-yard and with Mike's mother showing us how, we weigh him and find he tips the beam at exactly twenty-four pounds, which is not so bad with a broken rod.

Umbrella Tent, without Center Pole. Pat'd.

Toorist Bungaloo, Pat'd.



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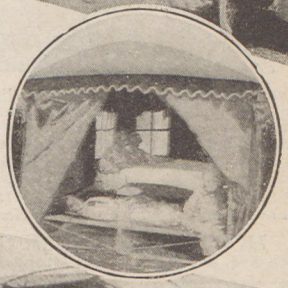
Outodoor PRODUCTS — United States Tent & Awning Co.

Make your vacation dream come true. Do not spoil your trip by taking along a cheap, flimsy, leaky tent . . . Buy "OUTODOOR" Equipment and have no after-regrets.



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At the right is the "OUTODOOR" Toorist Bungaloo—a completely furnished camp home. Full size bed, large dining table, and benches for six. Absolutely water-proof and insect proof. Complete outfit packs into trunk (which is the table) 55"x21"x10" for carrying on running board of auto. Can be erected by one person in a few minutes. Nothing like it. Price complete **$99.75**

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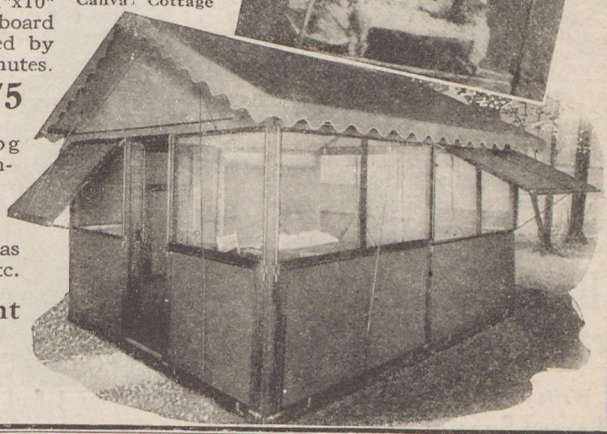

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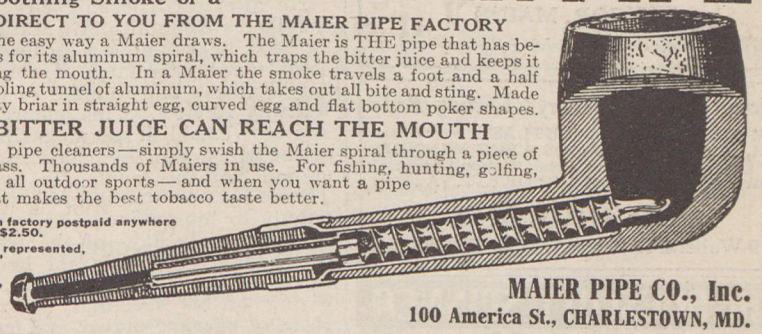

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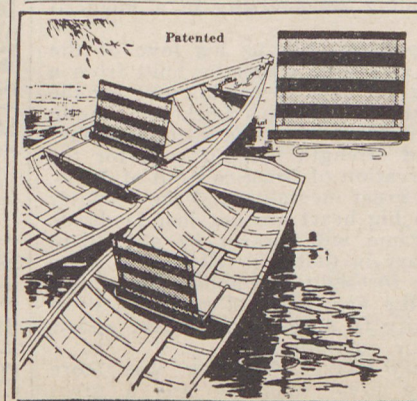

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Fish or hunt all day long in a boat without backache to take the edge off the day's sport. This flexible canvas BACK REST attached in a jiffy to any size boat seat; no screws or bolts necessary; nothing to rust or get out of order; collapsible, adjustable, strong, easily carried; size 17 x 19 folded.

Price $1.50 each postpaid. Money back if not satisfied.
Order through your dealer—or write direct TODAY.

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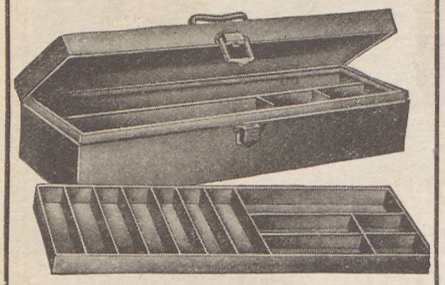
HOBART WATERTITE
TACKLE BOXES



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"The every-day bait for every fisherman." Made for the man who does his fishing on his afternoon off or in the evening after working hours. Cast or troll, fish it slow and deep. You will be surprised how slow it can be retrieved and its lifelike action. The two hooks ride up, lessening the chances of snagging and dulling the hooks.

Bass Size, $1.00; Trout Size, 75c
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Write for Special Booklet describing
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will "OUTCAST" and "OUTLAST" any other rod. My "OVAL" rod IS A BIG WINNER. 10% off to members of Izaak Walton League of America. Rod Dope FREE. "GET IT." Address
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In Memoriam

ALL lovers or real sportsmanship were dealt a terrific blow May 11, when Henry Haven Windsor, a national director of the Izaak Walton League of America and founder of Popular Mechanics magazine, died at his home in Evanston after a brief illness.

Henry Windsor was a man who worked from his heart—he thought simply, hated pretense and his contagious enthusiasm was an inspiration to all with whom he came in contact.

Born in 1859, his early schooling was received at Marshalltown, Iowa. When twelve years old he assembled his own printing plant and devoted most of his time after school hours to its operation. When he left high school he worked in the village post

Henry Haven Windsor

office and contributed articles to Chicago newspapers until he entered college.

He afterward became city editor of the Times-Republican of Marshalltown. In 1883 he came to Chicago and was soon made secretary of the Chicago City Railway and founder of the Street Railway Review. This inspired the desire to establish a magazine giving scientific news in language simple enough for the layman to understand. This magazine stands today as a living tribute to his genius.

In the early days of the Izaak Walton League, Mr. Windsor became one of its most ardent supporters, not only giving of his seemingly inexhaustible store of energy, vitality and enthusiasm but aiding substantially in a financial way.

Secondary only to his love of the great magazine which he built from a struggling weekly, was his love for the League. He gave his work and time in a spirit of worship and spent his magnificent strength without stint for the conservation of America's out of doors.

His great mentality and the modesty of his big heart are not lost in death. His name will forever be a brilliant luminary in that constellation of stars whose foresight and ability made possible the first national move to allow posterity to enjoy some of the sports of their ancestors.

Henry Haven Windsor was more than a great man—he was a great sportsman.

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I will send you one on approval
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Weight ½ ounce Patent applied for
A Real Fish Getter
(Made by a fisherman to catch fish)
Can be used with feathered fly, Bucktail, or Plain hook with Frog, Minnow or Pork Rind. Change hook in a few seconds without tools or detaching Lure from Line. Keel weights keep hook upright avoiding weeds and snags making it more effective when fish strike.
B-K-Bait with our assortment of flies can't be beat.
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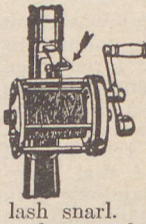
Fishermen, Prevent Back Lash Snarls
By Attaching a
Gem Self-Winder



to your reel. It automatically winds and spools your line WITHOUT THUMBING or FINGERING, and you positively cannot get a back lash snarl. Can be attached to any reel or rod. No more sore thumbs.
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Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 46)

stations, owned by your government, so you are always welcome to come in there with your canvas water pails and fill up at the station pump.

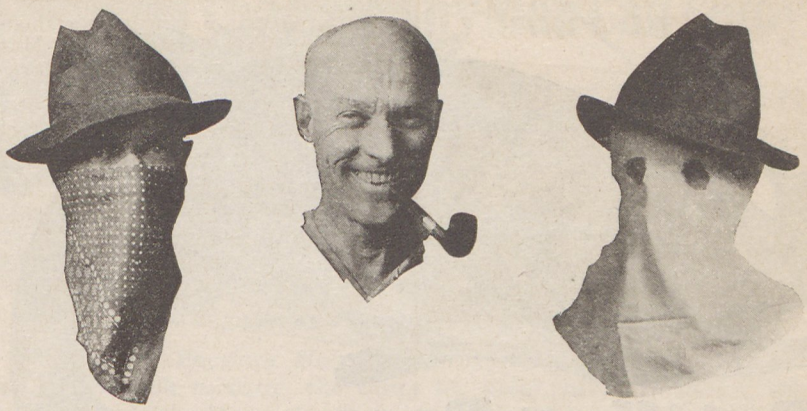
If you are wise you have brought several small tents instead of one large one. The wind is always to be reckoned with on the sea-coast. It takes hold of a big tent with all the power of a sail, and no stake driven in the sand will hold fast against it. Also long poles are difficult to find in the beach driftwood, while there are plenty of short ones. On the whole I prefer a tent sleeping two, with three of its sides walled with stout netting and the canvas sides openable to the breeze. The reason is because the best fishing begins at sundown and lasts until after midnight, so that you need the daytime for sleeping. A closed tent on the beach in the daytime becomes an oven in which no man can sleep. One that can be opened around three sides, yet is protected against beach flies by netting, is the thing; it provides a shady and breezy place for sleeping in o' mornings after a strenuous night of fishing.

Assuming that you have come provided, presently three small tents are erected on the beach, well back from the sea and under the lee of some huge green dune. The next thing to build is the kitchen. For this you have miles and miles of beach driftwood, boxes, crates, boards, timbers. A packet of eight-penny nails helps mightly in constructing a kitchen, with eating table and benches, enclosed against the wind on three sides. The wind blows steadily and strongly all day and all night, drifting sand into everything, blowing the flames out from under the pots, filling the cook with despair. But, with a windbreak and suitable boxes arranged as cupboards and places to set things on, he can go about his labors in peace. One rule only, nothing can be set down in the sand.

For bedding, the bay shore provides unlimited dried sea-grass. Bring along suitable mattress-bags, two feet wide by seven long, and fill them. If you have a boat and can bring folding canvas camp cots, so much the better, so as to have the bedding up out of reach of the sand. Warm blankets of sleeping bags are also essential for the wind is cold at night.

These matters attended to, the rest is snugging down and making one's self comfortable amid conditions as one finds them. At night the mosquitoes are out in force, except on the edge of the surf where they do not bother the fishermen. But nothing short of good netting sewed permanently to the tent openings is secure against them when one would sleep.

Now for the sport of ocean fishing: The fascination of it lies in that one never knows what sort of whale is like to take hold, and the certainty that, with the exception of skates and dog sharks, the catch is sure to be toothsome, gamy, and edible. By sundown everyone is avidly fishing the hole, where saltwater fish congregate to see what they can find. There is no sense in fishing a sand-flat! As night comes on, a big beach fire is built of driftwood. Its bright glare lights up the beach and attracts many a fish. It gives light to bait up, and to take off the weakfish, kingfish, bluefish, flounder, or croaker that is hooked and landed. It warms cold fingers and backs and is



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EXECUTIVE OFFICES

February 22, 1924

Mr. S. E. Strong
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Dear Mr. Strong:

I am glad to write a few words regarding "Noburn."

Both my brother and I have very fair complexions and thin skin and very easily sunburn. In fact, my brother during fishing trips or continuous days in the sun, has been obliged to wear a handkerchief over the lower part of his face and I have manufactured a mask for myself which I have worn for hours at a time to prevent excessive sunburn.

During my last two trips to Florida, I have used "Noburn" with the greatest success. In fact, in my last trip, I was able to discard the mask entirely and by putting on "Noburn" suffered no discomfort from sunburn. My brother's case was similar.

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The Book of the Black Bass is tremendously interesting and I whole-heartedly advise every fisherman to buy a copy and to buy it NOW. It is a book to be read over and over again, and personally I would not trade my copy for a hundred dollars if I could not buy another for four dollars and fifty cents.

—Will H. Dilg

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Our Outdoor Calendar

altogether a blessed thing. One should gather a quantity of wood for it during daylight.

For salt water tackle one can spend a fortune, or very little, depending upon ambition. The ideal is a Jersey spring-butt rod, with six-foot thirteen-ounce tip; the butt of bethabra, the tip of greenheart or split bamboo. It has an agate top and one pair of agate guides, about fourteen inches from the top. Use either guide, depending on how the rod is sprung by the last battle. The reel may be a very expensive affair, with cast-off, click, automatic brake, and a drum holding six hundred yards of eighteen-strand linen line. Or it may be a simpler one, costing about seven dollars and provided with only the cast-off to throw the handle out of gear when casting. Knitted thumb-stalls will then answer for a brake. In the same way the rod may be an ordinary boat rod, without spring butt and with trumpet guides, much cheaper but enough for a beginner, even though he will be limited in his casting. The tackle will be a three-way swivel attached to a loop at the end of the line, a four-ounce lead pyramid sinker at one eye of the swivel on a short bit of line, and a wire cord or gut leader about two feet long at the other eye. To this is looped the hook, of hand-forged steel, from 4/0 to 12/0 in size. One must cast this at least two hundred feet, so as to land between the first and second rows of surf. It is there that the better fish congregate; for the beginner, who will do well to land just outside the first line of surf, there will be nothing but the meek and lowly flounder, who, nevertheless is a remarkably good panfish.

The expeditionary bait may be squid, menhaden steaks, and shedder crab. It is well to take all three, but squid is the main reliance, for it is so easy to carry. Buy a few pounds and cut up to bait size, putting the pieces in a friction-top tin with much salt, so that they will not spoil and a horrible stench arise in camp. If their royal highnesses will not touch squid that particular day, shedder crabs carried in a cigar box in wet sea grass may tempt them. Again, when bluefish are in and biting, the ancient and smelly piece of menhaden seems most attractive. When all these fail, approach the life-saving crew for hardshell clams. Often the combs of these prove fatal when no other bait attracts anything but skates and dogfish.

To sum up for the case of beach-camping as a good time: If you have one or two small tents, like the two foresters in the picture, and they are well protected against mosquitoes, do not hesitate to buy a ticket and go. Beach camping is a misery if you do it wrong, but any experienced camper can make himself at home in the wide spaces by the seashore, guarding himself against wind, sand, and mosquitoes. You will get sunburned black; you will bathe in the surf three times a day; you will catch a host of toothsome and gamy salt water fish; and your days will be a loafer's glory. A new and inexpensive way to have a vacation at the seashore.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Idaho Game

(Continued from page 57)

East who wish to drain all the natural lakes and rivers and sloughs. After the completion of most of these ditches, the only use the soil will be put to will be by the ground spiders building their nests in the cracks of the sun-baked mud.

You have a good start, Outdoor America, keep the good work going! As you carry on these ideas your sponsors will multiply and your righteous sentiment will prevail over any individual or company that would grasp-ingly take all for themselves and leave nothing for those who follow. May all of us old-timers live to see the day once more: "When Game Was Tame"!

Shenandoah Reminiscences

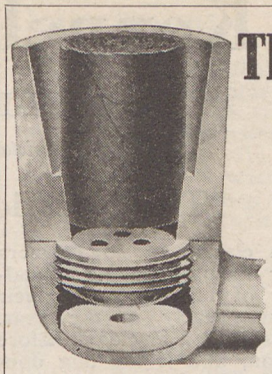
(Continued from page 34)

arrived at the cave they stooped down and peered cautiously into the rocky recess. At first they saw nothing in the dark interior. After a short time, when their eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, the woman said, "I see him!"

Keister peered in the direction that she pointed but could see nothing. His wife persisted that she saw two small, bright objects that appeared as two little balls of fire. Fred then directed her to shoot at the objects. She poked the rifle into the den and fired. After the smoke had cleared away they looked again, but could now see nothing. Fred noticed a long, thin slab of stone which partially obstructed the opening of the den, and bidding his wife remove this, he took up a commanding position with his rifle ready to fire should the bear attempt to rush out at them. Mrs. Keister put both hands over behind the stone and pulled it toward her out of the opening. As the stone came away there was a deep, fierce growl, and the bear's teeth came together with a vicious snap within a few inches of the woman's hands. A well directed shot from Keister's gun stretched the big black fellow dead almost at their feet. Examination showed that Mrs. Keister's bullet had only wounded the animal in the neck and shoulder, and it had been able to crawl behind the stone near the entrance to the den.

They now found themselves in the

(Continued on page 77)



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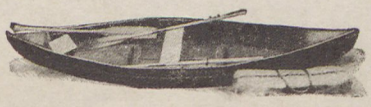

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The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS

Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

The Question of Trainers

THERE are classes of dog owners who suffer disappointments annually on account of failure to get their dogs in training early in the year. One type waits until a few days before the open season, and if the dog does not work nicely the first day he goes hunting his owner thinks the dog is no good and has not sufficient sense to learn what he was bred for. Another class waits to train their dogs during the shooting season and usually the result is that they never have anything but a half broken dog. The cause of this should be understood, because the shooting interest is greater than the work of training the dog, and the unfortunate animal's education is neglected, though much is demanded of him.

Jack Lindberg, member of the Pittsburg, Kansas, Izaak Walton chapter, submits an unusually splendid picture of his two bird dogs on point.

Another type, with the welfare of the animal at heart, waste day after day in yard breaking and they feel sure that they will be able to hunt with the dog after the first day he is put down on birds. They fail to regard the sporting dog of today seriously. With dogs of little aggressiveness or possessing the high strung nerves of the real class dog everything goes nicely; that is to say, the ordinary dogs are easy to maneuver in this manner, and every man who tries this on great going youngsters fails ninety-nine times out of a hundred to get results. Yard breaking is nothing more than yard breaking, obtaining early control and it will prove of much value in field days, but when the field trial dog of today gets his first whiff of birds and becomes excited over them, he forgets all about yard training in his enthusiasm; and if he has a dub as a handler, a man who does not know when to take hold, he will do about as he pleases, no matter how many months of yard training he has had.

This is not written to prejudice people against teaching lessons in the kennel yards, but it is to warn them considering that they have accomplished everything needed by it. There is just one thing to say against yard training, and that is, that most times it is a waste of energy. You are doing a lot of work on many animals that may be mentally bright, but without the proper natural field qualifications, the latter never being in evidence before the dog is given an opportunity on game. And still there exists another nigger in the woodpile at this point. Strange as it may seem, there are very few men who can tell a class youngster when put down in the field, and most men will cast a real prospect aside because they construe real class and future bird ability as intractableness that can never be cured and in every way against the dog.

Whether the man should train his own dog or not is a question to be decided by himself. In the first place he must be certain that he can do it—is unquestionably capable—and be able to tell in advance whether he can by tryouts forecast aptly the dog's future. He must sacrifice everything to the welfare of the dog. Another thing of great importance which should never be neglected is whether he is in the right kind of bird country where he can daily train and give the dog the actual experience on game that he must have for his progress. No dog will progress without game, no dog will progress unless gradually developed, instead of being trained. The fault with the amateur, nearly every time, is in training dogs. He trains them perfectly, but so many of these dogs are trained to point, to retrieve, to be bidable under every kind of circumstances, and still they never develop real bird sense, classy going and the right kind of stride and estimate of the location of birds the minute they enter the field. Ofttimes a dog of surpassing intellect learns these things in spite of a poor trainer, but usually it is because he is headstrong, and by his

The Kennel Department

very hunting forcefulness overcomes the handicap of a poor trainer.

I can remember an old pointer which had one of the most perfect bird brains anyone ever saw. He was a very large wide-going fellow, and though his owner handled him annually, he reported he was worthless and simply could not be handled satisfactorily, and in the end consented to part with him for the sum of twenty-five dollars. Just one glimpse of him as he cast out for game was sufficient to close the deal, and the first day he was taken out showed that his value was nearer a thousand dollars if handled properly than twenty-five. The owner was one of those who believed in one method for all dogs, and when he could not make this dog point and hold a quarter of a mile off from him, he just thought he was worthless. The dog came around all right and very quickly, especially when he found that the new owner would help him cultivate range and his great fondness for finding birds. From foot, horseback, or buggy, the old chap soon would work wide or close. He would take any field the hunter wanted without necessity of his being followed. He found birds a half mile away or ten yards and he stuck on them like glue, and yet that owner who first had him could do nothing with him.

This big pointer worked in cover well, too, and if ever he found birds in a field he knew just where to go for them next day. One of his greatest achievements was after he got quite old, but still fast, though his nose was none of the best, was to find covies accurately that had already been flushed from a field. With rare discernment he located where they had been feeding, the exact spot from which they had been flushed, then he immediately ceased hunting the field, rushed to scale the first fence close to the woods or thickets and if the old rascal did not turn up in five minutes, all you had to do was to go out in the cover and find him fast on points on those birds, which when he was in the old hands he would never have known a thing about. He had bird brains galore, and they stayed with him until the last day he was shot over, when he fell dead at fourteen years old on point.

The man that wants to train his own dogs usually has not all the time he ought to give them, nor the number of birds to work on that are necessary. If he is favorably situated and is competent, then he can train the dog to suit his hunting territory and in every manner he wishes. He has this in his favor, time is not wasted in becoming acquainted with a dog, or becoming acquainted again when it is returned by the trainer.

A trainer has these advantages. He can tell usually if the dog is a real prospect better than the average amateur. He is situated in a game country, and uses more satisfactory methods than the average man, if he is the right kind. Also unless he is loaded with dogs he will give the dog more work than most amateurs, and even before he actually starts on the dog's education he sees that it has an opportunity to develop a bird brain, something many never think is at all necessary.

Trainers are condemned when dogs die. They will die in the owner's hands, but when they die in a trainer's hands then the trainer is slandered from one end of the country to the other except by the real dog man. But trainers are all prepared against such a contingency, as they photograph the dogs immediately upon death, though seldom do they say anything about it unless it is demanded. They have long ago learned that the majority of men who lose a dog are very unfair in their judgment. They talk before the trainer has a chance to prove his side of the dog's death, and the talk passes on to that class, who, like some women, love to repeat what they have heard, and the tale goes on to the injury of the trainer long after the owner has apologized for his false charges.

Any man who intends sending a dog to a trainer can bear this well in mind. The trainer is the loser and not the owner when the dog dies, and usually he is far more apt at treating a dog during illness than the owner. Furthermore there is not a five cent piece for a trainer to make by disposing of a dog. People don't go to trainers for dubs, and for years and years back the man that would pay any kind of price for a dog would not spend a cent on a dog that had no papers. Yet there are worlds of fourflushers who, year after year, every time a trainer has had the misfortune to lose a dog, peddle news

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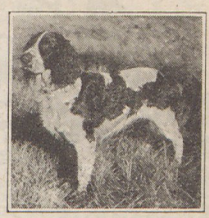

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Policy covers Death from any cause, theft and loss by escape at reasonable rates.
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From best imported Field Trial and Show Bench strains. Puppies and young stock, usually, for sale. Eligible to registration. Prices reasonable. **DR. W. B. STEWART, Monessen, Penna.**

The Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Dept. C, Berry, Kentucky

The Kennel Department

of the dog's illegal disposal by the trainer and yet without the slightest chance of verification. This is not written to bring about the sentiment that all trainers are moral models, but that when you send a dog to a trainer advertising in Outdoor America or any other paper of the kind you need have no fear of its being disposed of for gain to another and reported dead. A dog sent to a trainer is too easily traced, and if you want to see how easily dogs are lost in the city just look over the Lost and Found columns of the big dailies, and ask yourself if all those dogs had been lost in trainers' hands would not an awful row have been raised?

When sending a dog to a trainer don't expect everything, but demand things that are due every client. A trainer cannot make a class dog out of a dub, but after he has had a dog in his care thirty or sixty days he should report whether the animal is worth spending further effort on him. There are trainers who will report and have reported dogs as developing along nicely and are the real things, but actually are worthless and fortunately they soon clean themselves out of the field.

"Oh Min Gump," owned by Frank Kinsley.

You have your part to act toward the trainer, despite the responsibility he accepts for a few dollars a month payment for which the average man would not work for a few days. You must tell him how you want your dog trained, what kind of grounds you hunt over, whether you want him a retriever, and everything which coincides with your ideas, provided the pupil has the right material in him to develop along these lines.

This does not seem much, but so few ever tell a trainer in their letter how they want a dog worked and most of all the kind of country they shoot in. One man says he wants his dog to have lots of speed and

dogs get acquainted with new handlers and conditions in a day or so, and others take some time. This should be reflected on before passing judgment on the dog. Then the next thing you must familiarize yourself with is the whistle or word of command which you should use. A trainer may for your sake have used words for commands, and yet that very dog goes out in the field with you and you issue commands, using words that the dog never heard and it requires him a long time to discover what you mean, and yet when he fails to pay any attention to them you go up in the air and criticise the trainer for it.

Most dogs will come home from trainers, if they have been doing their duty, gaunt, and with little flesh on them. Don't immediately run to your fault peddling neighbor and report that the dog was half starved to death, but recall something else. To get your dog ready for your shooting season the trainer had to work him through the hottest part of summer and fall, further he had to work him through the rankest vegetation which will pull the flesh off any dog, no matter if he is crammed full of feed. Frost has not arrived before you get this dog, and he has had to work in the worst kind of growth, the very kind that you complain about early in the shooting season if the frost king is running that year on a late schedule, which he often does. Only frost or freezing weather kills vegetation.

Just visualize the country your trainer has had to work your dog over in hot weather. If the dog comes to you in full flesh, he has not done his duty, but if he is down light and the muscles stand out well the symptoms are very good that he has gone through the necessary daily grind. Once more referring to this advice as to telling

Shenandoah Reminiscences

(Continued from page 73)

predicament of being quite a long distance from home, and high on a precipitous and broken mountainside with three hundred and fifty pounds of dressed bear and no mode of transportation excepting bare hands.

But these hardy mountaineers were never daunted by difficulties of any kind, so they began rolling the carcass down the mountainside with care and deliberation lest they injure the hide or meat by bruising.

Keister, by going in from over the roughest places and bracing his feet against trees and boulders would ease the body down while his wife held on from above. After much laborious and tedious effort of this kind they succeeded in getting the bear down to open ground, when it was hauled home on a wagon.

The following day Fred had a more thrilling experience even than the incident with the bear. He left home early on a still hunt for deer, and after climbing a steep, eastern slope of the mountain from which the snow had melted, he came to a bold, clear spring near the crest of a knife edge ridge. This was a common watering place for deer and other denizens of the forest, and Fred had often concealed himself in the brush to windward of this spring and brought down a fine buck.

On this particular morning he cautiously approached the spring, but seeing no sign of his quarry, he decided to have a drink of the cold, limped water before taking up his vigil within shooting distance to await the arrival of the game.

When he came to the spring, he laid his rifle down, but within easy reach of his hand, an intuitive process. Past experience had taught him that this was an expedient as well as a safe precaution. Then he knelt down to drink.

But just as he put his head over the spring he caught the reflection of an enormous cougar lying prone upon the limb of a tree that projected out over the spring at an altitude of thirty or forty feet. The crouching beast was apparently in the act of springing when Fred fixed his eyes directly upon those of the panther, and without closing a lid, reached back for his rifle, brought it up under his side while still maintaining his rigid position and put a ball through the cougar's head. So deadly was his aim that he was compelled to jump back instantly to prevent the big cat from falling on him as it came hurtling down into the spring, where it lay still.

Fred often afterward expressed the belief that the cougar was in the tree for the purpose of leaping upon an unsuspecting deer or some other wild creature upon which it preyed, and not on a man hunt, as some would suppose who do not know the habits of this cowardly, sneaking game killer.

Since the day of Fred's experience with the cougar this beautiful mountain spring has been known as "Fred's Spring"; and I have had many a grateful draught from its cold, and placid depths, while hunting ruffed grouse in that section, for alas, with the exception of a few black bears, that have become so wary they cannot be killed except after a long chase with dogs, big game in the Shenandoahs has disappeared forever.

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THIS advertisement worth $10.00 on any make new outboard motor at regular price. Factory guaranteed. Grossmann, 1630 Pine St., St. Louis, U. S. A.

16 FOOT Rowboat—easily made. Construction blueprint 30c. Wee-Sho-U Co., 31st St. Branch, Detroit, Mich.

BOATS and Canoes at reasonable prices. Write for catalog now. J. A. McSorley, Box 463, Eau Claire, Wis.

ROWBOATS—Easily made. Interesting literature free. Wee-Sho-U Co., 31st St. Branch, Detroit, Mich.

Camps and Cottages

FOR Sale—In beautiful Isle Pines 40 acres pine timbered land; Lot 5—Block 16—2 miles from Los Indios. Terms—write Buelah Robinson, Iron River, Mich.

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks $100; hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans.

SUMMER Cottages for sale on fine stream for game fishing; boating, bathing. Will sell lots on the stream; write for lists. Earl Minnis, Sandy Lake, Pa.

FREE Rent—3-yr. lease forty acres, new cabin, new well, good water. Harry Blow, Milford, Utah.

Coins and Curios

GENUINE Indian curios prepaid at following low prices—Terms cash with order. Buckskin Moccasins, $5.00. Beaded watch fobs, $1.50. Beaded belts, $5.00. Beaded hatbands or headbands, $3.00. Ladies necklaces loom beaded, $2.50. Bow and arrows, $1.50. Chief Flying Cloud, Harbor Springs, Michigan.

CALIFORNIA gold $¼ size 27c; ½ size 52c. 1,000,000 German Marks and Catalogue 10c. Norman Schultz, Colorado Springs, Colo.

RARE Coins—Silver, gold, copper and paper money of the world; Mexican bill and new catalogue 10c. Alexis Mengelle, Box 387, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

OLD Coins for sale. California gold, 50c size, 53c; quarter size, 27c. 100,000 German marks and catalogue, 10c. N. Shultz, Colorado Springs, Colo.

ANTIQUES—Flint lock guns, rifles, pistols, swords, daggers; catalog free. Nagy, 33 South 18th St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Dogs

5 LLEWELLIN Setter pups, both sex, whelped April 1st, 1924. Black, white and tan. 6 generation pedigree. Photos. $30 each; $50 pair. Paliacho's Ceda by Paliachos Jr's. Buddie. Also 8 month old pair out of Paliacho Ceda by Highland Pride $40 each; $75 pair. Harriette Areaux, R. 4, Scottville, Mich.

FOR Sale—Well broke four year old Liver and White Pointer dog. First check for $50.00 takes him. He minds well and has a wonderfully good nose. Also a fine litter of Llewellin Setter puppies all ready for shipment, price, $12.50 and $15.00 Nebraska Prairie Grass Kennels, Atkinson, Nebraska.

FOR Sale—Registered pointer, setter and beagle pups and grown stock, close up to our great Champions; all papers; Stud Service in each class. Golden Rule Kennels, John W. Chapman, Mgr., Palmyra, Ills. P. S.—I deal by rule also.

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BEAUTIFUL litter longeared coonhound puppies. Purebred. Trained parents. Open trailers. $15.00 pair C. O. D. Satisfaction guaranteed. Photo and particulars free. Robert Fry, Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

Dogs

FOR Sale—English Llewellyn, Gordon, Irish setter pups, trained dogs, pointers, Irish water spaniels and Chesapeake Bay retrievers, both pups, trained dogs; enclose 6 cents stamps for lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa.

SIXTY-MINUTE Worm remedy for dogs. Vegetable compound administered with food. Harmless; results guaranteed. Prepaid, 15 doses, $1.00; 36 doses, $2.00; 75 doses, $3.50. Chemical Products Co., Ellsworth, Minn.

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FOX Horns—30 days' trial—money back guarantee—illustrated booklet. Karl W. Kahmann, 2513 Lincoln Ave., Box 62, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Springer Spaniel, 6 months old; or trained one. A. Kalivoda, Wheatland, Okla.

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SPORTSMEN Exchange—We exchange guns, rifles, field glasses, cameras, watches, etc. Or will buy for cash. Write us what you have, what you want, or send us the article with a letter, and will make you an offer by return mail. E. Wanger, 502-O, Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR Sale—100 guns. 410 to 8 ga. shot guns. 22 to 401 cal. rifles. 22 to 44-40 revolvers and pistols. Send 10c for big bargain list. N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minn.

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ENGLISH call ducks, wild mallards, wild Canada geese. Pure bred stock. Circular. J. E. Robar, Walworth, Wisconsin.

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PURE Bred English Caller decoy ducks—best callers on earth—$2 to $5 each. P. C. Stephens, Coulmbus, Kansas.

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MEMBERS Wanted, all year round club, on Virginia sea coast; duck shooting, canoeing, sailing. Fishing May to October; dues $100. Fisher, 688 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

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BLUE FINISH your gun. Complete instructions, rust remover, nitro solvent, etc., only 50c. Will Ziegler, East Dedham, Mass.

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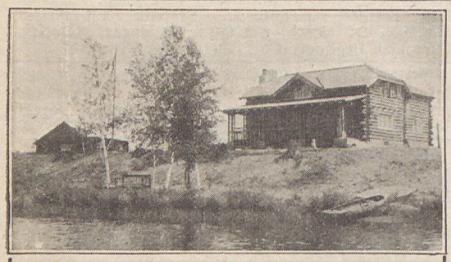

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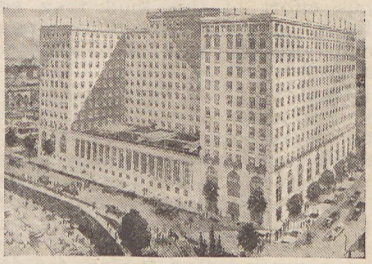

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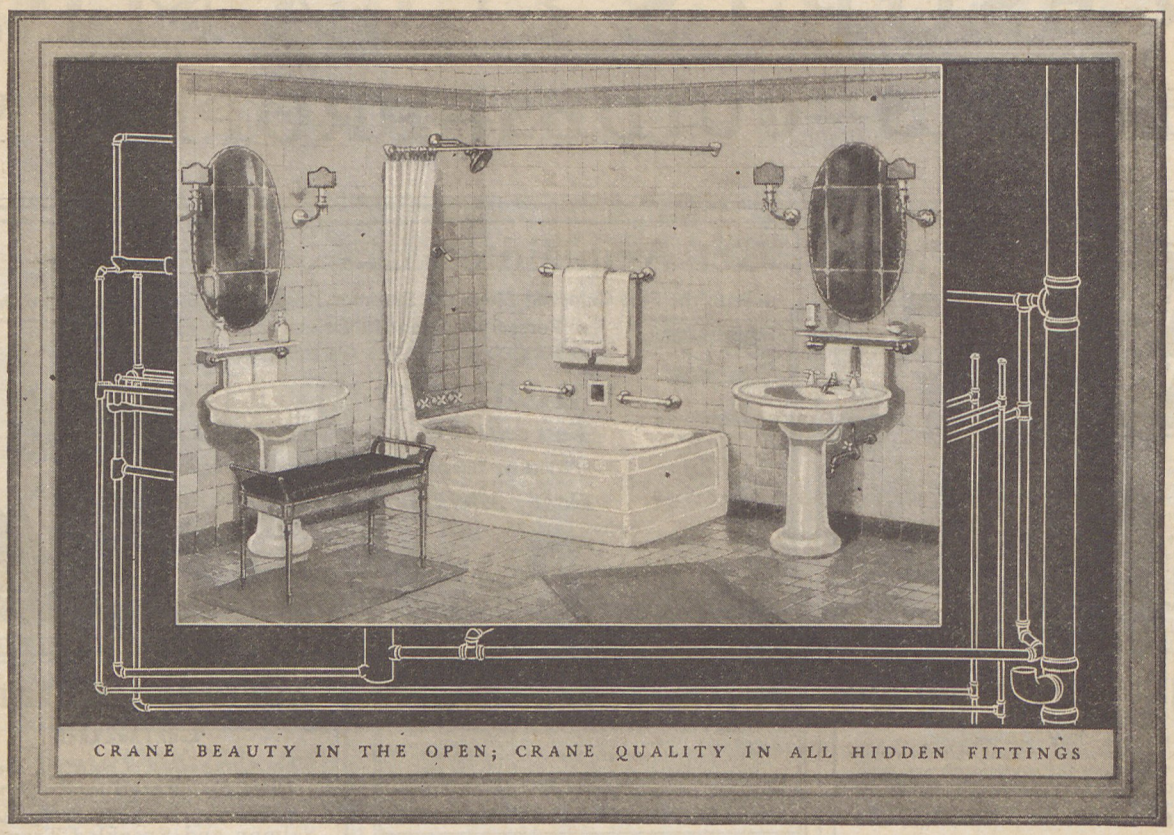

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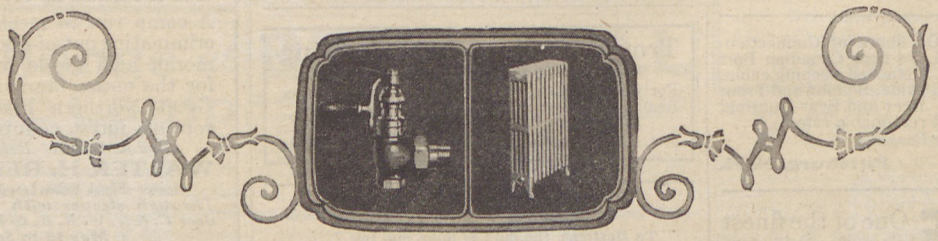
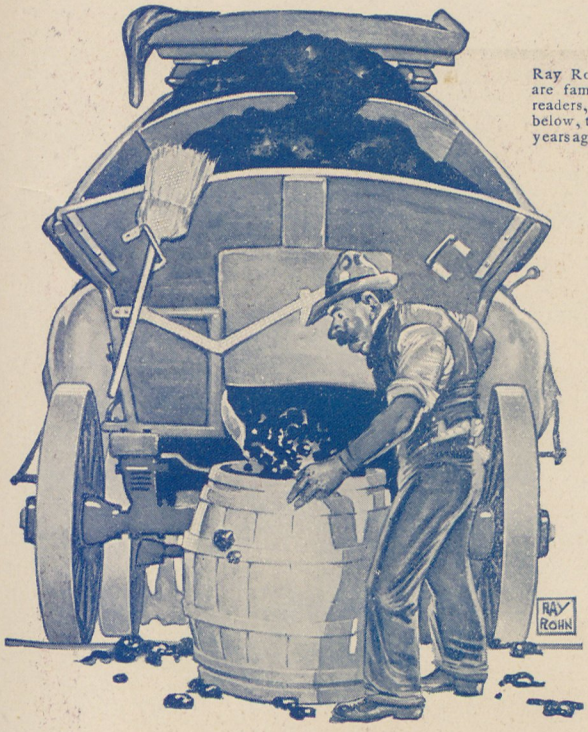


Radiator Valve No. 231 *"Corto" Radiator*



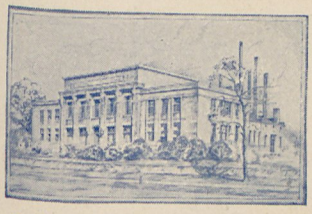
1900

Ray Rohn, whose humorous cartoons are familiar to millions of magazine readers, has satirized in his drawing, below, the cheapness of coal twenty odd years ago and its relative high cost today.

1924

Painted for A. R. Co. by RAY ROHN, © ARCO 1924

Where are the good old days of cheap coal?



Institute of Thermal Research of the American Radiator Company at Buffalo, N.Y., the largest laboratories in the world devoted exclusively to better warmth. Your Architect and Heating Contractor know that here every IDEAL Boiler and American Radiator have met tests far more severe than your demands can ever place upon them. It is their assurance, and yours, that IDEAL Boilers give the most warmth for the least fuel.

WHEN coal cost a few dollars a ton delivered, one or two tons either way didn't matter. But coal is now a nation-wide problem.

An old-fashioned heater often burns up enough coal to equal its original cost each winter!

What was your coal bill last year? Multiply it by 10, 20 or 30 years. What do you get?

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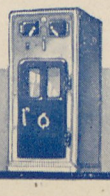
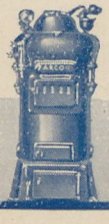
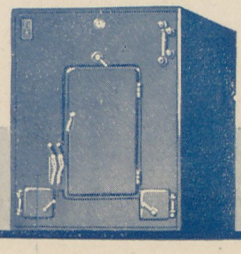
Ideal ARCOLA Heater *for* small homes



Ideal ARCO *for* medium-sized homes



Ideal TYPE A *for* larger homes



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